

The **WESTERN** Winnipeg
September 1917
HOME MONTHLY

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The Western Home Monthly - Winnipeg

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BIRKS BLDG. WINNIPEG

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVIII.

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada.

No. 9

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

Chat with Our Readers

September is here, and very soon now it will be time to consider your reading plans for the winter. The month of October usually starts the subscription season ball rolling. During the past year, The Western Home Monthly, realizing that money was scarce in certain districts—not many—very willingly agreed to extend subscribers a few months' credit. The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly is, as is well known, strictly payable in advance—just as any other commodity is paid for at the time of purchase—and we have no intention of changing our business methods in this respect. As stated above, however, we made exceptions in the cases of certain subscribers who were anxious to keep on receiving their favorite magazine, but whose financial condition did not warrant paying at that time. We now appeal to those readers to give us a ready response to our appeal for subscriptions. By remitting at once you show your appreciation in a very tangible manner, and incidentally save us a great deal of trouble in having to write you.

The months of November and December are always very busy for the circulation department, because we have between ten and fifteen thousand subscriptions expiring during the last two months of the year. Some subscribers are considerate enough not to wait until their subscriptions have expired before sending in their renewals, but forward us their remittance three or four weeks in advance. This is an excellent idea. It saves us the necessity and expense of sending out bills and saves you the annoyance of receiving them, while it is an iron-clad guarantee that your paper will not be stopped. We ask our readers to show us every possible consideration in this respect, and we believe that our appeal will not be in vain.

We have at the present time under consideration several premiums, some of which will be offered our readers in due course in return for a certain number of subscriptions. The Western Home Monthly premiums always bear the hall-mark of excellence, and this year's offerings will be no exception to the rule.

The publishers of this magazine have watched with keen interest the all-round development that has taken place in all the Western provinces, and have endeavored to keep the publication well advanced in the march of progress. That we have succeeded to a somewhat commendable extent is proved by the favor and appreciation of 40,000 subscribers. Yearly they spend their good money freely with us, and the general opinion expressed is that they would not be happy without their favorite magazine. It is now in the nineteenth year of its career, started when the territory which it now covers so well, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast, was but sparsely populated. Even in those days it quickly made its way, and found a place in the affections of all people who read the English language. We are told by our canvassing agents that in some districts it is rare to find a home that does not receive the magazine. We appreciate the fall is a busy season for many of our people, but even while in the midst of work in connection with the harvest, many opportunities are accorded our friends for saying a good word for The Western Home Monthly. Some of your neighbors may be recent arrivals in your district, and they would appreciate your courtesy in drawing their attention to a magazine which they would really enjoy reading, and which is essentially a western magazine, published in the west for western people.

We append a few extracts from letters which have recently reached us. "I was introduced to The Western Home Monthly last January, finding it at the house of a friend, who had been taking it for about twelve years. A magazine has to be pretty good to stay in a family for that length of time, so I took the copy home with me and decided that I wanted it too. It was the Christmas number, and everything about it, from the cheery girl on the cover to the very last page, looked good to me."

"I first became acquainted with The Western Home Monthly by receiving a sample copy. I got interested in the stories and went to our leading book store and asked them to subscribe for me. I think it is the cleanest, best paper I ever read."

"When I tell you that I was a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly in 1902, and have taken it without a lapse ever since, it will give you some idea of my opinion of it. Everyone who subscribes through me tells me that the quality of the magazine amazes them, and they wonder how it can be issued at the low price asked for it."

"I first became acquainted with The Western Home Monthly about six years ago, and ever since then, if I did not get the paper each month, I should think some very important part of my reading matter was missing. I intend to take The Western Home Monthly the rest of my days. All my subscribers are delighted with the magazine; in fact, I do not remember getting a single complaint about it. It is never any trouble to get renewals."

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

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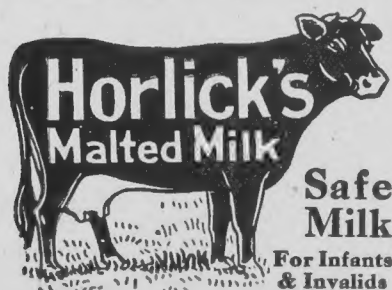


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THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
WINNIPEG - CANADA

Editorial

Winning the War

IN this business of beginning, carrying on and continuing the war, there are a few things that stand out with striking clearness.

1. When the war was declared we had to act with promptitude and decision. The temper of the Canadian people justified the action of the parliament in calling for volunteers and in assuming the financial obligations necessary at the time.

2. It is regrettable that the leadership in the call for volunteers and the control of the finances were in such poor hands. It is especially regrettable that so many of the chief officers in the army should have been appointed as they were.

3. It is nothing short of scandalous that advantage should have been taken of war conditions by producers and manufacturers of certain materials. This is something that could and should have been remedied by a government with backbone. It is most scandalous of all that a few of those who have stood most surely in the way of gain have had the ear of the government in all vital matters.

4. It is a matter of common knowledge that the high cost of living could have been lessened by governmental action three years ago. Belated attempts to remedy conditions are the surest confession and proof of this.

5. It is recognized that in the matter of voluntary enlistment three great forces have been more or less apathetic. These are: Quebec, the aliens and a section of the labor unions. The last named differ from the others in this respect that they object to conscription of men alone, wanting conscription of all resources or nothing. There are many sympathizers all over Canada with this view. Now it is clear that Quebec might have been educated, though not through the agency of party government. If such education were impossible this should have been known and recognized from the beginning. It is a poor time to be finding it out now. So also the aliens should have been disfranchised the moment war was declared, unless they came forward as other Canadians to do their part in the struggle. As for the labor unions and their sympathizers, they should have been appeased or at least challenged by legislation providing for full conscription. This dilly-dallying with full conscription, this trembling fear of the moneyed interests has been the most pitiable weakness of Canadian politicians during the last fifty years.

6. When, because of mismanagement or otherwise, voluntary enlistment, under party government, reached its limits, recourse had to be made either to conscription or to non-party government or to both. The party government decided to try conscription first and then add the idea of coalition. A more rational procedure would have been a conference as to programme and then a coalition if things were possible. This failing there could have been the formation of a government on non-party lines, with all the great interests in the country represented; the central planks being win-the-war and conscription to the limit. That is where we are heading now, and the new policy cannot come into effect too soon. It goes without saying that this government should not be selected by any one man, but nominated by the parties and interests concerned. A general election with the two historic parties lined up against each other would mean either one of two things—the dominance in the new parliament of anti-conscriptionists, or the immediate organization at the eleventh hour of a conscriptionist party without political leanings, which would in some districts, at least, carry the polls.

7. It will be said that it would be undemocratic to form a government of conscriptionists and place them in power without an appeal to the people. Theoretically this is so. Practically it is the only open course if we are to remain in the war. And it is the only just and wise course, for we must remain in the war till the finish, no matter what occurs. We must remain in it if for no other reason than self-defence. Suppose for a moment that we were not in the war, but in the position of the United States four months ago, we should find as they did that it would be immediately necessary for us to raise and equip an army to enter the field, for nothing is more certain than that Germany has her eyes on this Dominion. Her denial of this is the most certain evidence of the fact. As a matter of fact we should have had full-orbed conscription—men and resources—from the beginning, but as a people we were prejudiced against man-conscription because of our rational dislike of militarism. There is no escape from going into the struggle to the limit. Nothing else just now signifies.

8. It will be urged that such a course would be arbitrary and unfair to the elements mentioned, that in a matter of this kind our Canadian citizen has equal rights with his neighbor. This brings us to the heart of the question. The only ground to take in a matter where the fate of the Empire is at stake is that any citizen who is not as British as the king himself is not a good enough Canadian at this time. If any man claims any superior allegiance, political or otherwise, he should be ignored. Clearly we have made a mistake in failing to emphasize our British connection. We have been too careless in this matter. We have accepted into full citizenship those who at heart were disloyal to British connection, who indeed

were and are now out of sympathy with our ideals and traditions. Our immigration policy has been nothing short of a huge blunder. Groups of men, notoriously anti-British, are settled in scores of constituencies in Western Canada, and they hold the balance of power. These men have turned our elections, in other words they are dictating our policies. It must be understood from coast to coast that no one is worthy of enfranchisement who is not British in sympathy. If we do not find sufficient justification for continuing the war to a successful issue, on the ground that civilization requires it, we can find the justification in the fact that we are out to preserve the good name and honor of the Empire. Frankly, one must confess that if there is a general election with conscription as an issue, there is danger because of the mixed character of our population, that the result in many quarters will be most discouraging.

9. There are then two great duties for Canadians, the first to organize for prosecuting the war to a finish, the second to organize our life so that while we welcome every man to citizenship it is on the understanding that he will get a fair deal and in return grant us his unquestioned loyalty, which means not only loyalty to all that is Canadian, but to all the projects of the Empire.

The Liberal Convention

THERE has been held in Winnipeg what was termed a Liberal Convention. The title seems to have been unfortunate, for the resolutions passed did not seem to smack of Liberalism, and the discussions lacked the freedom that is usually coupled with the name. One can pass over the minor resolutions which were good of the kind and quite in order. The interest centres in the two main expressions regarding the winning of the war and the leadership of the party.

In the former there was a brave attempt to show earnestness, but when the veneer was removed by the proposed amendment, the barrenness of the thing stood revealed. The knowledge that the succeeding resolution was to endorse the present Liberal leader, who has avowed himself in opposition to conscription, made it impossible for the members to accept the amendment. The result was the resolution as drawn in committee, a resolution that may mean anything.

The Western Home Monthly feels that just now we do not want resolutions that are the offspring of compromise or the children of political hopes. What we need in Canada is a non-party government organized to win the war. The line up into parties after the war is over must look after itself.

It might be possible for the Liberals to swing into line all the non-conscriptionists of the West (and considering the number of alien voters, non-conscriptionists are quite numerous); it might also be possible for them to command a solid Quebec—but what then? What if victory under such conditions were won?

We have boys at the front. We have an Empire to support. We have a world to save. That is enough.

National Morality

ANY one who goes up and down the land looking at people and reviewing their actions must be convinced that the one great outstanding need for present and future is good old-fashioned morality. In some cases what is demanded is personal purity, in others commercial honesty, in others political uprightness, in others social righteousness. The great need is always the same, a sense of right, a passion for goodness.

Now it is clear that righteousness must begin with the individual. It must reach out from the individual to the group.

Individual righteousness depends in part upon heredity. Moral degenerates are born rather than made. The state can easily prevent the increase of the feeble-minded and morally depraved. In the next place individual morality depends upon environment. Under certain conditions people easily fall into sin and when conditions are favorable they find it easy to follow the path of virtue. It is easy for any community, through wise regulation of all that surrounds young life to make right-doing the course most easily followed. In the third place individual behavior depends upon education, especially upon the education of home, school and the social assemblage. It is difficult to say which of these exerts the greatest influence. The behavior of children at school is notoriously better than their behavior at home, and the lessons of both home and school often give way to the cruder and grosser ethics of the market place and the political forum.

So the remedy for the ills we have does not lie with any one power or agency. In particular the way of salvation is not by introducing into the schools formal religious instruction, as if the recognition of God would appease Him and work a miracle among the people. The school has many ways of directing young life and so has the home, and it would be foolishness for either to depend upon a formal exercise, when a living method may be employed. Among the living methods are personal example, the use of good literature

and history, formal instruction, and above all insistence upon good behavior. But even though the two fundamental institutions, aided by religious organizations do all that is possible, they cannot alone ensure national morality. The period when life ideals are most surely fixed is during adolescence. Then life is at a white heat. Then it is open to all appeals whether for good or evil. In one month in a wrong business house a young man may learn more of evil than in a whole life at school, in one week of a political campaign he may forswear all that he ever learned regarding civic righteousness. So strong is the power of custom upon growing boys and girls.

It is necessary then that every man regard himself as a teacher of morals, a teacher by example. The only hope for a nation is that the mass may approach the level of the highest. Temperance, personal purity and godliness in high places are infectious. Cupidity, dishonesty and bestiality are equally infectious. There is nothing so potent for righteousness in a community as a man or woman who lives the simple, pure and unselfish life. It was no accident that the Master of men used as a recruiting speech the simple phrase: "Follow Me."

Signs of the Times

ONE of the most cheering signs of the times is the passing of the resolution by the Liberal Convention in Winnipeg on the question of national prohibition. The resolution was brief but to the point:

"That the federal government prohibit the manufacture, importation, exportation, storage or sale of intoxicating liquors within the Dominion of Canada for the purpose of utilizing the food values to the fullest extent."

The reason given was perhaps not all that an out-and-out prohibitionist would like. Liquor is bad because of its effect on the mental, moral and social life of the community. Indeed there is nothing to be said in its favor apart from the fact that it has a use as a medicine or tonic. Yet it is a great thing to get a pronouncement from such an influential body even on the grounds set forth in the resolution.

Be Not Discouraged

WE need not get too discouraged because of the Russian retreat. The more territory taken by the enemy the more there is to protect. As one of their own number said: "There is little to be gained by advancing three or four hundred miles into Russia." Napoleon, in the same way, once said: "I have thought out four or five ways of invading England, but I have never found a way of getting out again." The war is going well. It may be one year or two years or ten years till the finish, but the finish is coming in the form of a victory for democracy. Only let us be worthy and in due time we shall have a glorious peace.

An Opportunity

KIND Providence has blessed us with a bounteous harvest. We may look upon it merely as a personal gift or we may regard it as a solemn trust to be used for our fellow men and for our Allies in the war. This latter thought should surely be in our minds. In these days no man can live unto himself. No matter how much any of us may give in time and money we cannot measure up to those young men who gave their lives in the great heroic cause. Therefore, as the fields begin to return their wealth, let the thought of wasting nothing and of giving away all we can afford be in our minds. And may this be more than a pious wish.

The Coming Day of Deliverance

NEVER before has there been such a turning point in human history. Never before has there been such a colossal struggle as is now being waged. Millions of men have died, millions of women and children have been driven from their homes. Human suffering and misery such as the world has never known before have replaced peace, happiness and orderly life in great areas of the old world. Wherever German armies have passed there has been a harvest of dishonor for women, of cruel death for children and old men, and of unprecedented ravaging and destruction. All that violence, deceit, ruthlessness and "terribleness" could accomplish has been accomplished over no inconsiderable portion of the European continent. For forty years Germany worked at her preparations to seize world dominion. But all her vaunted "efficiency," her savage ruthlessness in action, have failed. Those who will live in the years to come will have a better measure than we can have now of the grandeur and the horror of this present time, and of how much has been won for mankind by the defeat of the German assault upon civilization and freedom. For the defeat is already becoming manifest. The day of deliverance from the German menace to the principles upon which all free countries are built is coming. To hasten the day is the supreme duty of every Canadian.



Let your skin really breathe at night

Powder by day as often as you like, but if you really want the charm of "a skin you love to touch," do, do let your skin breathe at night

IF you care for the looks of your skin, if you really want a clear, fresh complexion, don't go to bed a single night with powder flakes and the dust and grim of the day still lodged in the delicate pores.

Use this special Woodbury treatment regularly each night and see what a wonderful difference it will make in your skin.

Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to the face until the skin is damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and go over your face with the cake itself. Then dip your hands in warm water and with the tips of your fingers work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing,

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antiseptic lather thoroughly into the pores of your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse thoroughly with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight this famous skin treatment. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks.

**Send now for a
week's-size cake**

If you would like a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, send 4c and we will send you a cake large enough for a week's use. Write today! Address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2409 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



A Strenuous Hour

By W. R. Gilbert

IT was on the edge of dark, and as Hugh Wendover toiled along the lanes of loose sand, which do duty for streets at Beira, he was aware that someone was following him. He wondered idly who it could be, and as the darkness came on apace, he was conscious of a little prickling about his spine. Newly arrived from Rhodesia, and meaning within the next few hours to take the mailboat homeward bound for England, he knew no one at Beira, who was likely to be interested in his movements, and was the more mystified that anyone should shadow his steps. He passed the open front of a lighted cafe, and when safe in the shadows on the further side, he looked back over his shoulder. The man who was following him was dressed in uniform, and just behind him there was another man in white ducks, and wearing a sun helmet.

Hugh Wendover considered the pair as they waddled through the soft sand, then muttered to himself:

"This is getting interesting. I wonder what their game is?"

In order to find an answer to the question, he turned back, passed the man in uniform, and seated himself at one of the cafe tables. Quite coolly he called for a drink, lighted a cigarette, and then examined the two men in the sandy street. The man in uniform he easily identified as a Portuguese policeman, whilst the other man who had now joined him, seemed vaguely familiar to his mind, though his identity eluded him. The two stood in earnest confabulation, glancing in his direction from time to time, and Wendover watched the man in white ducks, searching his own memory for the clue which persistently evaded him. Then suddenly he remembered and laughed.

"The fat German at Mozambique!"

His mind traveled backward two years. He was standing outside a shop, looking at the Birmingham-made curios, idols, knives and what-not which littered the window, when out of an alley by the side of the shop, had broken a small negro boy, yelping with terror. Curious to know the cause of the boy's fright, he had looked up the alley to see a big, fat Teuton in pursuit, sjambok in hand. It had been the work of a second to thrust out a gaitered leg, and the Teuton's discomfiture had been complete. As the German had picked himself up, he had looked around to meet Wendover's smiling eyes.

"Gott!" he had cried, "Gott!" and then made for Wendover with the sjambok.

The scene that followed had been a painful one—for the German, and it had ended with the latter lying in the garbage of the street, writhing with the pain that a whip of rhino-hide can inflict.

And now? Wendover saw something pass from the German's hand to the policeman, and the latter nodded, then moved slowly towards the table where he was seated.

"You come along with me, Senor," said the policeman in an authoritative voice.

"What for?" asked Wendover sharply.

The policeman waved a hand towards the fat German.

"De gentleman dere, he say you steal his purse, dat you knock him down at Mozambique an' den run away."

"And when did I do all this?" asked Wendover, glancing from the policeman to the German, who had drawn nearer, and was now regarding him with a malicious grin wrinkling his gross face.

The Portuguese consulted the German, and Wendover took the opportunity to consider his position. The thing was a mere plant of course, but if, as it appeared, the German was a person of importance on the coast, it might turn out rather serious, since Portuguese colonial justice is not always for the man who has the shortest purse. If the German testified that he was a thief, it would be difficult to disprove it, the more particularly as he knew no one in Beira. At the very least, arrest would mean that he would miss the boat for which he was waiting; and if there was anything in the rumor of war

which was floating through this East African town, it was important that he should get to England with haste. When the policeman turned to give the answer to his question he had already decided that at all costs he would not surrender his freedom.

"Senor Hatzold, he say two years ago. He never see you since."

"No, I daresay not, and you can tell him from me that he's the most infernal liar, like most of the breed he comes from."

The German ripped an oath, and took a step forward, as if he meant business, but as Wendover rose from the table, he evidently changed his mind; and said something in Portuguese to the policeman who again spoke.

"You vill come-a vid me, senor."

"No," answered Wendover, and sprang

It was like running between sand dunes, terribly hard work; and at any moment his flight was liable to interruption from the darkness in front of him. He looked anxiously around. An opening between two houses presented itself. It was little more than an alley, and for anything he knew to the contrary, it might end in a cul-de-sac, but that was a risk there was no avoiding, and there were risks just as grave in the open street. He took the opening, and followed the alley between tall, windowless or shuttered houses as quickly and as expeditiously as he could. He heard the pursuit pause at the entrance of the passage, and for a brief moment he stood to listen. The soft swishing of the sand and the sound of voices told him that the pursuit had divided, that at least two men were following him along the alley.

He ran forward once more, looking from right to left for any opening between the blind walls on either side of

steps of one of his pursuers pass the door, and three minutes after the sound of several men in excited conversation told him that others were following the narrow way. He wiped the sweat from his face and chuckled to himself.

"Lucky I found that doorway, they'd have had me, sure, if I had kept on."

Two minutes later, however, he was not quite so sure of his luck. A door opened somewhere at the far end of the yard, and as he caught the gleam of a kerosene lamp swinging towards him, he crouched lower between the sheltering packing cases, and waited breathlessly. The light passed quite close to him; so close that, as they passed his hiding-place, he caught sight of a man's legs encased in white ducks, and by stretching his arm could have touched them. He waited, wondering what was to happen, and then to his ears came the grating of a key in the lock, when the light passed him again, and somewhere a door crashed to. He guessed what had happened, and whistled softly.

"Phew! Locked in!"

A moment's consideration told him that it was well to make sure, and creeping out from his hiding place he made his way to the door and cautiously tried it. It was undoubtedly locked. He looked around, and then as quietly as he could, moved one of the packing cases, and mounting it, stretched a hand to the top of the wall. He drew back hastily as it encountered a chevaux-de-frise of sharp iron.

Escape from the yard was barred that way, and he began to prospect for some other way out. The edge of a low building outlined against the stars caught his eye. With the aid of a packing case he could climb that; and perhaps, from the height of it he might find some means of egress. He climbed on to the flat roof, and found another building immediately in front of it, with some steps leading up to it. He mounted them, and at the top found himself on the roof of a high building from which he could see the lights of Beira and of the shipping on the front. He surveyed the scene from this god-like height, and hummed thoughtfully to himself:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a——"

He broke off, as the awkwardness of his position thrust itself upon him. The view was admirable, but how to become part of the view himself was the thing that concerned him. His position, as he knew, was not merely awkward, it was positively dangerous. A stranger walking on the open roofs is likely to be suspected of a lover's ardor, of which he may be quite guiltless, and a knife-thrust is quicker than a question, and often more final. Wendover knew that, and knew also that it was imperative that he should reach terra firma at the earliest possible moment. He wondered if there was another staircase other than the one by which he had ascended, and began to walk across the flat roof. Then suddenly he trod on nothing, and shot down into an inky blackness, which, as his head came into contact with something hard, was momentarily illumined by the light of a thousand stars.

When Wendover recovered consciousness he found himself in almost complete darkness. He sat up, trying to remember what had happened, and very speedily realised that he must have fallen through some open trap-door in the roof on which he had been walking. His head felt sore, but as he stretched himself he realized that he was practically unhurt, and that no bones were broken. He rose slowly to his feet and lifted his eyes to look for the trap-door, and by that means to discover the steps or ladder that led to the rooms. A single star burning whitely, revealed what he sought, and groping in the blackness he found a flight of wooden stairs. His foot was already on the lowest step, when a sound broke the stillness, and made him pause.

"No, no, I will not; I do not want to marry you!"

The voice was a girl's, the tones of it betrayed great agitation, even fear, and it was unmistakably English. Wendover listened, and following on the first voice came a second, guttural and masculine, but in tones so low that the words were



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suddenly forward. The policeman was taken by surprise, and backing, pitched over a chair into the soft sand of the street. The fat Teuton imposed his bulk, but a straight left-hander knocked all the wind out of him and turned him half-way round. The policeman was already struggling to his feet, and a waiter was running to intercept the Englishman. The chance of escape was of the slightest, and there was but a moment available, but Wendover took it. He flung a chair in front of the hurrying waiter, brushed aside the hand with which the policeman clutched at his legs, and dashed into the street. A moment later, as he ploughed through the soft sands, a chorus of yells behind him told him that the hunt was out.

He tore his hardest over the loose, shifting sand of the street, and he had not gone twenty yards before he realized that straight racing would not do.

him. He found one at last, took the turn as it offered itself, and followed a narrow, tortuous way that led he knew not where. A little way down his new path he paused to listen a second time.

A babel of voices sounding from the direction of the street told him that the main pursuit was returning, and looking down the blackness behind him, he caught the red glow of a cigarette, and realized that one of the pursuers was almost at his heels. Silently, he began to run again, and as the passage turned, became aware of a large doorway with the door ajar. He hesitated, and peeped inside. All was in darkness, and within appeared some sort of yard, for outlined against the whitewashed walls he caught sight of some crates. He slipped through the door, thoughtfully pushed it to behind him and then concealed himself behind a couple of packing cases.

Crouching there, he heard the cautious

not clear to him; then came the first voice again.

"No, I will not. Not for worlds; I do not believe in your priest, and I—I hate you."

A man's laugh, brutal and dominant, followed on this outburst.

"Vot!" came the guttural voice. "You hate me, your lofer. But when we haf vowed before der priest, an' when my frau ben for von week, no, for von day, you vill change and you vill lof me like Cleopatra lof der Mark Antony. I shall show you how—how to lof."

Again the laugh sounded, coarse and brutal; and Wendover turned to the stairs which led to the roof. The voices sounded from the room below, and he was sure some devilry was in progress there, some devilry of which one of his own countrywomen was the victim. He groped about for the staircase which led out of the room downwards, carefully, for he had no desire to stumble again. His hand encountered a rail, and as it did so a sound of scuffling feet reached him, followed by a girl's anguished cry.

"No, no! No; I will not! Let me go, you brute!"

"Let you go, my bretty dear? No fear, you shall be my frau, my lovey one, my—"

The interruption came from Wendover, who, slipping down the stairs had found a stream of light issuing from a half-open door, and who stood looking with flaming eyes on a scene which in the light of the words which he had overheard, explained itself. Three men were in the room, one of them the fat German who had tried to square accounts with him an hour ago, the second was a lean individual, of the dissolute, denaturalised type that haunts the coast, whilst the third, though dressed in the conventional garb of a priest, had a villainous face, purple and bibulous, and probably not what his garb proclaimed. But it was the fourth person in the drama that took Wendover's eye. She was young, pretty, and had a freshness of complexion that proclaimed that she had not long been on the coast, furthermore, she was unmistakably English.

The look of relief that leaped into her eyes as she saw Wendover decided him, and he advanced into the room. The fat German stared at him, as he advanced into the room. The fat German stared at him with his pig-like eyes, as if the sight of them was not to be believed, whilst the dissolute one in sheer astonishment released his hold on the girl, who immediately put a couple of yards between herself and her persecutors. Then the big German found his tongue.

"Der—" he ejaculated in an amazed air. Then he spoke quickly to his companions, and a second later Wendover found himself looking into the black muzzle of a machine-pistol, held in the hands of the pseudo-priest.

"Oh," cried the girl, sobbing with fear, whilst the big German laughed aloud.

"Put up your hands!" he shouted.

"Quickly, or by—you die!"

Wendover recognized that for the moment the game had gone against him, and regretted that he had not been more discreet. He put up his hands, and the German chuckled with delight.

"I am very glad to see you," he said. "I have been looking for you all through der place. It is very goot of you to come here to my wedding. Just step forward to der table here, an' I tell you someding—someding that interest you."

Wendover followed directions, and stepped to the table in the middle of the room, and as he did so measured the distance to the lamp, then he looked at the German again. He had little hope of mercy at the German's hands, but he had not surrendered the hope of delivering both himself and the white-faced English girl, whose sobs filled the room.

"Gott," said the German. "You obey when der German speak, dat is vot all your dog of a nation do before vary long. Yes," he answered, as Wendover's eyes shot a question, "der day haf come. It is der war—der stupendous war, an' we make der beginning here in Beira. I kill you, and I marry your little country-woman, who does not lof me—yet—Der news arrive while we vos running after you, which thing is a parable. As I run after you, so der Faderland ran—"

"You forget that you did not catch me," interrupted Wendover, "and that I have come here of my own will."

"No, I do not forget. I remember. You run like the dog, but how you come here, dat I do not know, but I know you do not leave here—no, not by yourself. When I have you done vith, ve draw you oud ad der back—carrion. Do you understand dat, Englishman?"

Wendover understood quite well. With an affectation of helplessness he looked around the room, caught the girl's eyes fixed on him full of mingled fear and admiration. He caught her eyes, looked quickly first at the lamp, then at the door, and caught the girl's eyes again. An almost imperceptible nod told him that she comprehended his game, and looking again at the German he spoke:

"But will you not make terms? You won't shoot me here; surely at any rate you won't shoot me before the girl?"

"No. Me not shoot you before der girl. But we let you vot you say? Widness the marriage. Den you die like a dog. Vor I had not forgotten English swine. I remember der day two years ago at Mozambique. And now another

pistol cracked, and a bullet whistled over him. By the flash of the pistol he caught sight of the girl half way to the door.

"Hurry," he cried, and gripping a bent wood chair, stood upright as he caught the sound of a heavy rush across the room. He felt, rather than he saw, the German hurrying to intercept the girl at the door, and regardless of the window behind him, which would reveal his position to the man at the other end of the room, he swung his chair and struck with all his might at the fat Teuton. The chair splintered to kindling wood, but the gross body of the German went down and fell against the door, a second later the girl had passed through.

The pistol cracked again, and his left arm fell useless by his side as he caught the sound of rushing feet. He stooped, and still holding the piece of chairback that remained to him, tried to roll the German away from the door. He moved him but a little, and then as his second assailant flung himself at him out of the darkness, he jabbed at him with the

that seemed to him to be wonderfully composed. "Be careful. The stairs are here."

Her hand was on his arm guiding him, and two minutes later they were in the street. As they stepped into it, a steamer's siren sounded from the sea-front, three long blasts. Wendover knew that it was the steamer which he had to catch, that but half-an-hour remained to him. Yet he did not hesitate.

"Where have you to go?" he asked sharply, moving away from the house from which they had escaped. "Tell me, quick!"

"I am going by the steamer to England—my luggage—"

At the corner of the street stood two or three of the little trolleys which at Beira do duty for tramways, horse vehicles and motor-cars, with a crowd of Kaffirs standing by. In a twinkling they were seated side by side in one of these adult perambulators, and Wendover was giving orders.

"Ya, ya, we cut along like a lightning," answered a grinning Kaffir, and a moment later they were in motion, the two trolley-Kaffirs paddling quickly in the soft sands between the rails.

They were on the steamer before the girl noticed his arm.

"Oh, you are hurt," she cried, her face full of dismay, her eyes shining with sweet concern.

"I think the bone of the forearm is broken," he owned, "but if you will go to your cabin and rest, I will find the doctor. There is sure to be one aboard."

"No," said the girl with decision. "I will find him myself. You sit there. I will be back as quickly as ever I can."

It was early next morning and the ship was ploughing northward when Wendover, his arm in splints, met her under the awning. His eyes lighted with pleasure, and there was a welcome in her's to which he was not indifferent.

"How is the arm?" she asked quickly.

"Doing nicely," he answered, "the doctor has just seen it."

She looked at him, shyly, then she laughed a little.

"Don't you think we might get introduced to each other?"

"It would be as well, certainly," he laughed back. "But I haven't any cards with me. My name's Wendover—Hugh to my friends, profession nil, though for the last eighteen months I've been prospecting in Northern Rhodesia. I've some means, and for the rest, England is my nation, and as it turns out to be true what that fat German said, I dare say

(Continued on Page 9)



Miss Lloyd George, daughter of Great Britain's premier, with one of her charges in the playground of the nursery for munition workers' babies at Woolwich, England. This prominent young lady makes a charming nurse. She is "doing her bit" aiding in nursing and taking care of the little children of the workers in the munitions plants at Woolwich, where the great arsenal is located. Miss Lloyd George has the happy faculty of making friends with the tots and they enjoy her tender care. The nursery is sponsored by some of England's most prominent personages. Lady Henry Grosvenor and Miss Lloyd George are among the active workers and supporters.

day have come—der day of Germany an' der German."

He laughed again, and turned to the priest. "Antonio give der gun to Pete, and get out der Massbook. Der Englishman will be der second vittness, an' dat vill make id more legal—oh, mooch more."

He laughed consumedly at some jest in his own words, and Wendover flashed a look at the girl. Tears still lingered about her eyelids, but the eyes themselves were alert, and her bearing told him that she was ready. The man Pete stretched a hand for the pistol, and in the moment whilst the weapon was changing hands, Wendover swung back his arm, and his clenched fist crashed into the lamp.

"Now!" he shouted, "Now."

Himself, he stooped suddenly in the darkness that had followed his destruction of the lamp. A second later the

splintered wood in his hand. He encountered something soft and yielding, something that as he encountered it sent a shudder of horror through him, and a yell of pain broke on the darkness as his assailant staggered back. For the third time the pistol spoke, and by its flash Wendover saw the pseudo-priest with his hand pressed over his eye, and knew that the horror he had experienced was not unwarranted.

But something else he saw also. The door was bending back, it was opening a very little. He stooped to tug at the German with his one available hand, and as he did so the pressure of the door against the gross body aided his efforts, and a moment later he slipped out of the room, and encountered the girl just outside.

"Why did you wait? Quick! Which way?"

"This way," said the girl in a voice

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The Hunger Moon

By H. Mortimer Batten

IT was very early in the spring, while the region of Glacier Cutting was still a quagmire, that a half-starved, ragged and homeless Indian boy arrived at Lombert's shanty and offered to trade a straddle-legged, wild-eyed moose calf, clearly only a few days old, for food. The calf was tired and dejected as the boy himself, and as Lombert regarded the pair, the boy towing the calf behind him by means of a willow wand twisted to form a noose between her eyes and nostrils, a good-natured smile curved the heavy lips of the woodsman.

"Cheero, Sonny! What's the price of moose meat?" called Lombert jovially, but as the large, black eyes of the little woodlander met his own he saw that the time was ill-chosen for jesting.

"Where did you get her from?" he enquired more soberly. The Indian seated himself on the extreme edge of the verandah, and waved a shaking hand northward.

"Land of Little Trees. You trade?"

Lombert answered the question with another. "How far you come?"

Again the boy waved listlessly northwards, but he seemed not to have the strength to answer. Lombert touched his shoulder. "You hungry, little man? Come along in," said the woodsman.

Before the eyes of the starving boy Lombert spread a meal which filled that youth with wonder. It was just the same meal as Lombert would have spread before a travelling missionary, for color and station played no part in Lombert's code of hospitality, and having filled up the boy he turned his attention to the young moose. The tired animal had laid itself down just where they had left it and with the same air of dejection as one sees on the face of a calf trussed up in a sack on a railway station platform.

Lombert mixed a homely solution in the household bucket, and having convinced the young moose that the bucket was not some new instrument of torture, he induced the animal to drink out of it. Thereafter, incidentally, the affection of the calf was equally divided between Lombert and the bucket. From that moment onward, indeed, it shared its attentions equally between the two, either investigating the one or stumbling at the heels of the other.

Fate had thrown two new and curious friendships at the feet of Nat Lombert, who for two years now had wearied out his life in one man loneliness. Only the ugly scar over his right eye reminded the world how his last partnership had ended, but the soul of the man was still bitter. To-night, however, it was strangely refreshing to have new blood—young blood—sharing his shanty.

A long series of funny incidents enlivened the next few days. The boy and the calf between them were a source of endless amusement, though their dispositions were utterly the reverse. The boy hated to be laughed at, while the calf seemed to delight in it, Lombert's roars of mirth having the effect of reducing the young animal to a state of prancing jubilation. The boy was out to learn all he could by observation and thought, whereas the calf had doggedly turned its back upon anything which savoured of profiting by previous experience. She refused to accept the very obvious fact that soapbuds were entirely the reverse from food to drink; that they were contained in that maternal bucket was enough for her, and whatever the contents of that piece of household equipment, she would contrive to consume them. She never learnt that it was unwise to investigate the kettle when it hissed and spluttered in playful mood, and these investigations cost her a skinless snout ere the first week was up. Day after day she would blunder innocently into the same old mischief, day after day the frying pan clouted her out of it. Lombert divided his time between working his trench and clouting the calf.

As for the boy, his natural dread of ridicule was such that he never twice made the same mistake. Watching Lombert closely he soon learnt that it was incorrect to eat the soap, to take pepper with one's coffee, or sugar with one's caribou steak, and at every meal he would wait timidly till Lombert had shown the way in which the dish was tackled. Then, mechanically, and shadow-

like Kaswin would follow exactly Lombert's movement, drinking when Lombert drank, diving his hand into the salt or sugar tin instantly Lombert's hand was withdrawn, and so on. Thus he imbibed the habits of civilization. He learnt to eat canned peas with his hunting knife and with wonderful dexterity, though swilling down vast volumes of coffee with one's mouth full of dry bread was an act which took some days to master.

It never seemed to occur to Lombert that the natural result of their chance meeting was that they must part after the usual period of hospitality, and now, between intervals of lighting fires and grovelling the slush from the bottom of his assessment trench, Lombert amused

himself by "rigging up the kid with decent gear." An old buckskin parki of Indian origin, lavishly ornamented with stained porcupine quills and glass beads, was cut down for Kaswin. Kaswin, with eyes of pride, watched its development, as likewise he watched the skilful cutting down of an old pair of shoepacks, and the reduction of a pair of bags to fit his own diminutive members. The result of this absorbing process was that one gorgeous May morning Kaswin strutted on to the verandah—apparently for the sole purpose of allowing the calf to see him, resplendent in such garments as he had never dreamt he might live to wear. The tan shirt exactly matched the rich color of his skin, and the brightly tinted ornaments seemed in natural harmony.

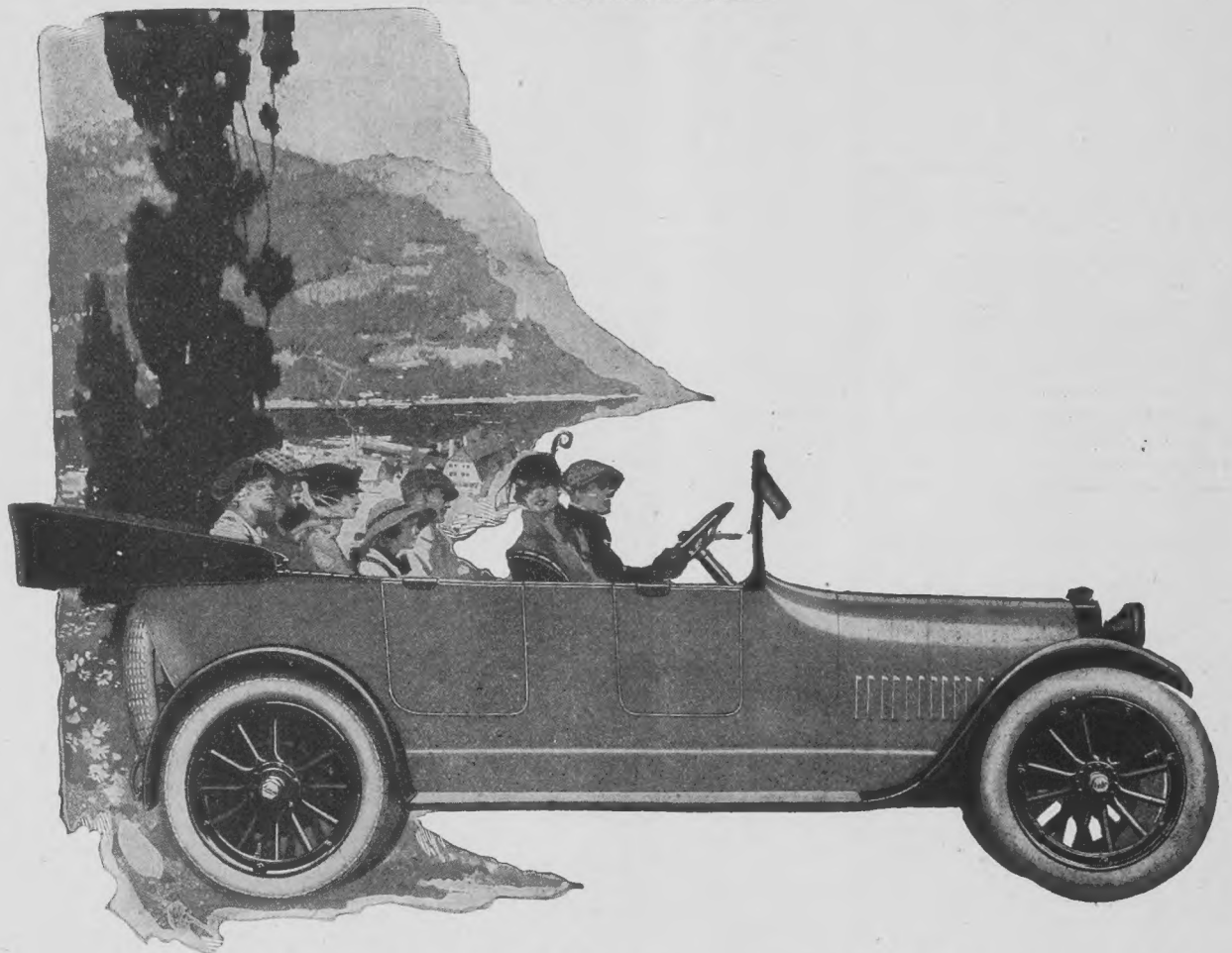
The moose calf regarded him curiously, then suddenly wheeled, squealed, shook her head, and bolted round the clearing.

But that day the heart of the boy was heavy, in spite of the pride that was at his soul. These two men had not yet come to know each other, as they came to know each other in later years. They could not read each other's thoughts by the passing of a glance, and neither knew what was in the mind of the other during that sunny May day. Out on the lake the loons called, and though to the boy the sad note was sadder than ever before, to the man it was the joyous voice of spring.

That night, when the fireflies flickered and vanished along the margin, Nat Lombert leant against the corner post and watched the last ghostly beams of the aurora fleet northward. "Nat, old boy," he soliloquised, "I guess a good thing's happened for you. Afore these youngsters came along there was nothing for it but whisky. It was getting you

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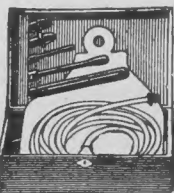
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down, safe as houses, after two years alone, but now you've got company, you want to cut it out and to get along striking that pay streak. It's there—you bet your boots it's there!" And he grinned contentedly.

There were no troubled thoughts in the mind of the prospector when he drew his blankets over him. He fell asleep with bright visions of the pay streak, which he might strike any day, but the boy who shared his hut did not fall asleep. This great white chief he worshipped had restored him to strength and generously equipped him for the long trail. It is not the custom of the Indian to outstay his welcome, and to-morrow Kaswin must depart, whither he did not know. To the teepees of his own tribe?—no, that was impossible, for would not the horrors of that winter linger in his memory like a nightmare, for it was the Winter of the Great Plague. To-morrow he must go, but whither the trail of fate would lead him he did not know.

When the sweet-scented dawn wafted, gossamer-like, into the shanty, Lombert awoke to find the boy, fully equipped for the trail, at his bunkside. How long he had been standing there at attention the white man did not know, but as their eyes met the boy spoke.

"My father," he said, "the creeks are now free of ice, the wild fowl are gone north. My heart is heavy in leaving thee, but see—I am wearing the things you yourself have made in readiness for the long trail! Little Moosewa I am leaving as a token of my thanks. Farewell, my father!"

Lombert stared and blinked. Hitherto Kaswin's conversation had consisted of nouns and verbs, and this carefully prepared string of eloquence left the prospector speechless. Had he wakened to find Moosewa sitting by his bunk smoking a pipe, had Moosewa offered him a silver-mounted pouch containing the same luxurious brand, he could not have been more surprised. He merely flung his scraggy legs from under the blanket, sat bolt upright, and gasped—"Ah?"

Then it dawned upon him that the boy might be homesick, and naturally anxious to return to his tribe. The red man cannot live happily with the white, nor the white with the red. Lombert took the boy's limp hand, and then, still staring sleepily, he watched the small upright figure depart through the door.

For some moments the white man sat motionless, then, as the quietude fell, the awful loneliness of the place enveloped him. The vision of striking the pay streak seemed to flit over the horizon and out of the frightening loneliness of the future rose the old dim phantoms. He had seen what the north had done with other men who dwelt alone. It was merely a matter of time—of time and whisky! The fruitless desolation of it seemed to pin him where he sat, but at length he shook himself free and hurried to the door.

"Hi!" he called. "Hi!" The boy turned and slowly strolled back. Soon they stood face to face, and the moose calf was for once ignored while she wrestled with the offensive frying pan.

"What you goin' for?" demanded Lombert gruffly.

Kaswin stared at him, then for the first time in their acquaintance the boy grinned. It was a strangely tearful grin, if an Indian can be tearful, but it gave the answer.

"Then you get along and cut the bacon, as I've shown you," ordered Nat. "If you cut it wrong, I'll sure cuff you silly."

Thus the partnership was sealed. Lombert gave his surviving liquor to a visiting trader, who all but died of hunger ere he reached the other end. Bit by bit the boy, by studious imitation, imbibed the white man's ways and customs. His one object in life became to do things according to the way of the whites, and his devotion to Lombert widened considerably in his sphere of usefulness. Each night Lombert explained to him, painstakingly and at length, that they were on the point of striking the pay streak. Each night the boy fell asleep in the midst of it. At first the Indian figured the pay streak as being a new type of food to be added to the long and wonderful array he had recently sampled. By repeated description he decided that it was not a food, but a vague and mysterious something which hovered over the tree tops of the white man's city—a something

the white man strove for, drank for, fought for, and which divided the grain from the dross of the white man's world. Several weeks elapsed ere the boy realized that the pay streak was the mother lode of the yellow dust he and old Nat wallowed daily in the trench to unearth.

But though the boy developed mentally with marvelous strides, Moosewa developed only in physique. By constant disputes with the culinary equipment she became bald of snout, but the baldness was replaced by pure white down, and far and wide she became known as Lombert's white nosed calf. All that summer she floundered from one wrong doing to another with clockwork regularity, but when autumn came a new restlessness possessed her. At times she would utter a foolish little squeal, and having uttered it she would stand for minutes on end, listening intently.

One night, in response to the squeal, there came a thrashing of mighty antlers on the nearby bush, and when morning arrived Moosewa was gone, but in the soft clay about the trench were the marks of gigantic hoofs, accompanying those of Moosewa.

Lombert looked at his partner. "Gone off with her husband, I guess," he said dolefully. "Seems we've lost our calf, sonny. Now you get along and cut that bacon, and if you cut it thick, I'll sure cuff you silly!"

* * *

As a matter of fact there was no more gold on Lombert's claim than would just pay for washing out, and at the back of his mind Lombert knew it. Nothing, however, would have shaken him from the steadfastness of his assertion that they were just on the point of striking a huge pay streak. For years now he had wallowed in the icy slush of thawed out trenches, from one claim to another, each claim being situated "just on the edge" of the illusive pay streak! His underlying principle as a gold hunter was to keep plugging ahead, ignoring science and modern application, and trusting entirely to one's luck. And like every old time prospector, he imagined his luck to be superlative, and this in the face of all contrary fact; so he ignored his commonsense promptings to chuck the claim and start an eating house as a more probable source of wealth.

Chuck the claim he eventually did, but not from choice. It was when, early that winter, one attack of sciatica after another made a cripple of him, preventing him visiting the town for stores. The attacks became more severe, and so it came about that just as he had saved the boy, so it was now up to the boy to save him.

Had Lombert been alone he would never have survived that period of winter suffering. The boy chopped firewood, caught fish for the pan, kept the stove going, and nursed his master hand and foot. Day after day, week after week, no visitor chanced their way. Steadily and mercilessly the cold became worse, so that the life of the boy was one ceaseless batter against the elements. Fish became scarce, the ice through which the fish trap was lowered almost impenetrable. The flour sack was becoming light—there was no bacon left. They dropped down to quarter rations. The man turned delirious; the boy, feeble and tottering, following his instructions with the blind faithfulness of devotion. Gamely he stuck to his guns, but as the long nightmare dragged by it was forced in upon him that only some mysterious power, which he himself could not understand, but which, doubtless, was within the comprehension of the white man, could save them. They had started the winter with no store of firewood, and now it seemed that the cold was slowly but surely permeating the shanty—striking upwards from the floor, downwards through the roof, and reflected from the very log walls surrounding him.

Thus, slowly, and remorselessly, the crisis came. No food—the boy, starved, chilled and exhausted, clutching the woodwork for support—too weak to chop more firewood, calmly resigned to their inevitable fate. They had shared the food together, and now there was only water to offer—the old familiar bucket, caked with cat-ice, by Lombert's bunk. It was merely a matter now of waiting till the stove died out, and through the window the "Hunger Moon" shone down with dazzling brilliance.

The reign of hunger was on the forest,



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and as the boy sat, dazed and numbed, a sound which at any other time would have struck instinctive terror to his heart, floated over the tree tops. Tonight he merely listened with vague interest, knowing it to be their death knell.

Kaswin possessed no vivid imagination, nor did it need any to form a mental picture of what the first men to visit Lombert's cabin would find—the window crashed in, the shanty a chaos, while certain grim remnants would strew the floor.

Nearer and nearer came the ghost voices of the hunting pack, till suddenly the boy awakened, as the bedlam of sound reached a wild crescendo, which shook the very shadows around him. Kaswin rose, stooping forward, every nerve of his slim body tense and alert. It seemed that, in the twinkling of an eye, the mask of civilization dropped from him, and he became the true savage—hunting or hunted, widely awake to the primeval battle for life.

What Kaswin's keen senses had discerned was that the creature the wolves were running was following the lake margin, so that it would pass within easy range of the cabin. Attempting to rob a hungry pack at this season, and in this locality, was to say the least, a form of suicide, but there are men who prefer to die fighting than to freeze sitting.

A new light was in the boy's eyes, new strength seemed to possess his limbs. He slipped across to the window, took down a sporting Merlin from its hooks, and tottering under his load, crept out into the moonlight, softly closing the door behind him.

All was very still and silent, and the cold percolated through his clothing as though he were immersed in water. Then came the sound of snow brushed from a branch—perhaps fifty yards distant, yet seeming loud and terrifying. Scarcely had it subsided when the whole night became hideous with frightening sound. It seemed to come from overhead and every side, enveloping him in a tumult of eerie echoes. The hunting pack was literally all around him!

But if for a moment Kaswin's courage wavered, it was only for a moment, for ere the echoes subsided a dark, ungainly shape burst from the edge of the clearing and struggled into the moonlight—a moose—a full grown cow moose, floundering weakly in the drifts.

Up went the sporting Merlin, and the trigger clicked. No report! It was like the spell of a nightmare—game so near, survival once more within sight, and—the harmless click!

Kaswin knew his weapon was useless—knew that the intense cold had, in those few seconds, paralyzed its working parts after the warmth of the shanty, yet he too was paralyzed by the peril of the moment, by the sight of that monster of the forest wallowing straight towards him, as though to seek his protection.

Then, as the moose drew near, Kaswin caught the gleam of the moonlight on white, extended nostrils. This hunted and exhausted creature was Moosewa, who, hard pressed by the wolves, had headed back towards the only place of safety she had ever known! For just as the redskin boy believed that the white man he served possessed some heaven-born power, so Moosewa, in the hour of her direst need, pinned her life on the same subtle belief, and sought the protection of man's omnipotent hand.

Straight towards the boy the cow moose came, ears extended, eyes wide and pleading, as an animal will so often go to man when hard pressed by other foes. Only a few paces away she stopped, breathing heavily, forelegs wide apart, and the two children of the forest stared into each other's eyes by the pitiless rays of the Hunger Moon.

Then the unexpected happened. Here, the dumb creature had felt—here, at her home—was safety and protection, but she had used up nature's narrow reserve in getting there, for even as her eyes met those of her master, a dullness of the long sleep overshadowed them. Her trembling flanks, caked and jewelled by the frozen breath from her nostrils, seemed to contract, her straddled forelegs lost their grip of the snow, and struggling a moment she fell, still and lifeless, at the feet of Kaswin—her friend of old.

I have said that Lombert chuckled his claim, but the why and the wherefore I

have not made clear. It was when, on their return to the city, Kaswin learnt that in the white man's world gold dust is the elixir of life. Still it was not till their slender store was all but used, and Lombert, still weak and sick, became anxious, that it occurred to the boy to speak.

"Plenty of dust in Land of Little Trees," he announced simply, and when questioned further he explained in effect that his own father, who apparently died of a mixture of consumption, tobacco smoke, and whisky, periodically became tired of bush life, whereupon he would shovel the necessary quantity of dust from a certain creek, and partake himself to the city for another jamboree!

Anyhow, Lombert risked his last few dollars on a trip to Kaswin's native land, and to-day he owes his existence as a mine owner to a simple act of charity extended towards two starving children of the woods, one of the two being today a highly educated Indian—a partner in the Kaswin Mines. But still Kaswin cuts the bacon, and still Lombert tells him—"If you cut it thick, I'll sure cuff you silly!"

A Strenuous Hour

(Continued from page 5)

when I get home I shall get a job in one of the services. Now tell me about yourself."

"Well, Mr. Wendover—"

"I said 'Hugh' to my friends," he interrupted.

She looked at him, laughed and blushed, and then began shyly:

"Well, Hugh—since you insist, my name is Eva Gaythorne—"

"Gaythorne," he broke in. "Have you a brother? Was he at Wadham four years since?"

"Yes. He is in the I.C.S. now."

"We were chums. He called me Hugh, and he was Dicky to me. I'm more glad than ever that I was about Beira, last night."

"Last night," Eva Gaythorne shuddered. "Oh, that was terrible."

"How did it come about?" he asked.

"I came out here four months ago as a governess to the two children of an Englishman who had married a Portuguese. The woman did not like me, and was at times unspeakably rude. I put up with it as best I could, but after the first month that stout German, his name is Hartzold—began to pester me, and the mother of my pupils, seeing that it worried me, encouraged him. I was helpless, except that I snubbed the German whenever I could. A week ago he asked me to marry, and when I refused, he threatened me, and I began to be afraid. My employer being away on business at Lourenco Marques, I complained to the Portuguese woman, who only laughed at me. I'm afraid I lost my temper, and she dismissed me on the spot. But I didn't care. I was glad to go. For a week I've been living at a cheap hotel, waiting for the steamer. Yesterday morning I sent my luggage down to the steamship offices, and after dinner last night when the steamer came in, I took a trolley, meaning to go on board. Hartzold must have been watching, he must have known, for just opposite the house where you found me, the trolley was thrown off the line, and before I could cry out, I was picked up, and rushed into that house. Where—Where—"

"Yes, I can guess the rest," he said. "Hartzold is a ruffian. I thrashed him two years ago at Mozambique, and I was actually running away from him and from a policeman whom he bribed to arrest me."

"Never," she cried. "Tell me."

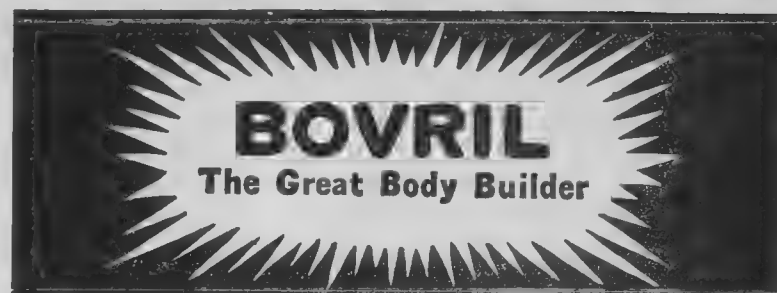
Wendover told her what the reader knows, and ended, "By good luck, I must have been unconscious for quite a long time, after I fell from the roof, and having revived, I was actually going back when I heard you cry out."

"It was Providence," whispered the girl.

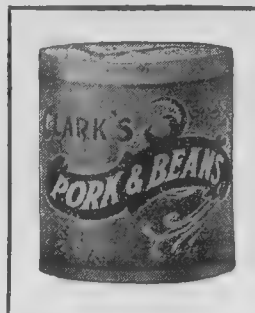
"Perhaps," answered Hugh Wendover gravely, but a week later, when she agreed to become his wife, he was quite convinced.

First Lady—"Too bad Mrs. S.—always has such abominable weather for her afternoon teas."

Second Lady—"Yes; she never pours but it rains."—Tit-Bits.



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Pass it by, and the corn will stay. You know that from experience.

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Apply it, and the corn pain stops. Leave it on two days, and the whole corn disappears. Only extra stubborn corns need an extra application.

Prove that once, and corn troubles end forever. You will never again permit them.

To millions of people—users of Blue-jay—corns are a pest of the past.

Do what they did—try it. See what a Blue-jay does. Learn why so many millions are now used each year.

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By Francis J. Dickie

Kitsilano, Capilano, Siwash Squaw,
Klā how, yu tillicum skookum wah,
Ki you no mucha much azepp-ppp,
B.C. Varsity! Rip! Rip! Rip!

THROATED shrilly yet musically by a score of female voices, the above is only one of the many strange work cries and songs of British Columbia trousered woman army, two thousand strong, now working among the berry vines and bushes on the fertile fruit farms on the mainland and Vancouver Island. From every profession, from every rank of life has this woman army come. Daughters of judges, lawyers, mayhap the offspring of a thief are gathering in the luscious crop of strawberries and raspberries on half a hundred farms. Here side by side you will find an ex-waitress from some Vancouver restaurant, a milliner, a college girl and a little Siwash maid or quarter breed.

And all are patriotic workers. It may be said they are patriotic workers plus,

about the way they finally put up their proposition to the worried government. "Instead of importing Chinese labor, why not give the women a chance. A woman army can be secured that will do this work!"

Thus was the matter settled. And a woman army has been supplied. To-day they are garnering the strawberry crops on thousands of acres, while more and more are coming for the raspberry season, which is at its height about the 10th of August.

The berry gathering is not hard work, though the peculiar crouching position necessary to gathering the berries is at first hard to get used to. A ten hour day prevails on most ranches, from seven to six, with an hour for lunch. Comfortable bunk houses, equipped with mattresses, and oil stoves for cooking purposes, are built on most of the ranches, and where there has not been time the girls are accommodated in tents. The rate of pay is 30c. a crate for strawberries and forty for raspberries, with an additional ten cents a crate as bonus to those workers



(1) Women workers on B.C. fruit farm doing heavy work of hoeing, formerly done entirely by male labor, mostly Chinese. (2) Gathering in the fruit.

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for their salaries run all the way from \$1.50 to \$3.50 a day. And this whole army is due to the initiative of the women of the Province.

Early in the season the fruit growers of the Province were faced with a serious problem; while they could manage their crops till harvest time, they saw no possibility of gathering more than a third of the promised heavy crop owing to the shortage of labor. Accordingly they petitioned the Government to allow the special importation of several thousand Chinese coolies to handle this work. Now of all things the Government was most anxious that every available bit of food might be gathered, for not only was this a supreme necessity at home, but the British Government and its Allies were crying for all that the Dominion could spare. On the other hand there had to be taken into consideration the problem of imported labor. That made extra people to feed, and besides the Chinese coolies are noted for sending all the money they earn out of the country. While the government was still heavily pondering, some of the leading women, who for many months now have been valiantly and successfully pushing equal feminine rights to the fore, got busy and looked into the question of supplying labor for the berry growers.

"We've got that idea beat a mile," was

staying the entire season. Many of the girls have reached a proficiency of nine crates a day, which places them on an equal footing with many of man's best paying trades; certainly by the end of the season there will be a goodly crowd of women with a nice stake saved up, and



Two little pickers—not chicken pickers.

unlike the average male worker, it is pretty safe to say the saloons will not get any of this cash. Also, instead of being sent out of the country, as in the case of the Chinese coolie, all the money will remain in the province.

Each picker is supplied with a tray, holding eight boxes (or hallocks) to use the term of the initiate. Into perhaps two of these goes green berries; into the rest prime, firm ones; the over-ripe fruit is thrown into a pail which the picker also has beside her. The green berries later on in the sorting shed are rushed to the nearest depot to catch a fast express for the prairie provinces. Here, unloaded at the principal cities of Edmonton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina and Winnipeg, they satisfy the longing of thousands of fruit hungry people, having ripened on the way. The firm ripe berries go to the nearer markets of Vancouver, Victoria and other B.C. cities; while the over-ripe ones are rushed to the canneries, and months after some lonely homesteader will feast upon some of them.

This idea of supplying female labor to the fruit farmers has been so satisfactory and grown so largely that instead of being a temporary patriotically born experiment, it now promises to become a fixed industry. Canada has learned many lessons, economic and otherwise through war conditions; and of the many this is among the most important.

Hygienic Use of Water on the Skin

By Dr. Leonard Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

Of the many virtues claimed by a multitude of home remedies, domestic medicines, herbs, patent medicines, and advertised drugs, perhaps ninety per cent of the value is to be found in the water present.

Camomile tea, sassafras tea, sage tea, mullein tea, and a legion of popular country and grandmother potions believed in as implicitly as a religion, owe their supposed curative properties not to any power in the harmless roots and herbs, but to the water in them. Plain water, hot or cold, would do as well.

"Water," says a physiologist of true scientific attainments, "is the only agency to my knowledge, which may be even partially considered a panacea for ills of the human flesh."

Traverse the desert, and then you can tell What treasures exist in the cold deep well;

Sink in despair on the red parched earth And then you may reckon what water is worth.

Water exerts a large measure of its medication upon one of the most sensitive of human structures, notably the skin. Water on the skin is to health, what April showers are to the earth.

The versatility of the sweat glands, the waxy glands, and the epidermis to the touch and go of life and the outside world depend upon the shifting sands and the weathervane of the skin. The well skin, forsooth, is Harlequin, Proteus, Chamelon, and Cynthia—Of-The-Minute in its responses to vicissitudes within and without.

Water is absorbed as well as shed by the skin. Its influence upon the integument depends upon whether it blows hot or blows cold. Water is held to be very cold when it is below 55 degrees. A bath is cold from 55 to 65 degrees. It is cool from 65 to 80 degrees; tepid up to 92 degrees, and warm up to blood heat, that is 98.6 degrees. Above 98.6 degrees and up to 104 degrees, it is hot, and over 104 degrees it is very hot. These are the definite, technical measurements, and their physiological powers over man differ accordingly.

Baths, to be sure, depend also upon their duration, the method of application, their infinite variety, and the contents of the water.

A rough wash-cloth used with the hand in a bath is called an ablation. This, of course, differs from a foot bath, a sitz bath, a tub bath, a salt sponge, a wet sheet, a shower, a needle, a jet, a Turkish, a Roman, a Russian, or an electric light bath.

One of the abominations in the bath-rooms of some homes is the sponge. It matters not whether it is a natural sponge, a rubber sponge, or one for each individual of the household. Sponges are veritable hot beds of nesting germs. They are eternally soiled and ever a menace to the skin for which they afford hardly any friction.

The hand, a rough Turkish wash cloth, or a towel will supply the rub which should accompany the bath. Properly used it will whip up the flogged and fagged muscles. The absorption and excretion of the skin are assisted, and the heart and lungs are thereby given a tonic.

Warm baths and soaps are needed to clean the skin. Cool baths scarcely loosen or dissolve the fats, invisibly caked in the recesses of the dermal pavement. Once a warm or hot bath has picked and shoveled the dust and dirt of the previous hours from the skin, cold water may be used for a minute or two to restore the balance of tone to the dermal cover.

One of the most unhappy architectural defects of American houses and apartments, is the disregard of proper warmth in bath rooms. Almost every other chamber is better supplied with heat.

Yet a cold bath room is a hospitable invitation to pneumonia, tonsillitis, bronchitis and the like.

Never take a bath, however quickly, in a cool bath room. In summer it is inadvisable, at other seasons it is an R.S.V.P. to the vicious microbes of the diseases mentioned.

Miss Smith's Manners

Some time ago an Alabama lady kindly undertook to advise one of her colored maids as to certain rules of propriety that always should be observed by young women to whom attentions are paid by gentlemen friends. One evening the lady, wondering whether her seeds of advice had fallen upon rocky ground, stationed herself in a rocker near the kitchen door, where she was entertained by the following dialogue:

"Ah say, Mary, would yo' jes' s soon change—"

"Look yere, Jim Jackson, don' yo' git fresh wif' me! Mah name's Miss Smith—not Mary. Ah don't 'low only mah best an' most pat'ic'lar friends to call me Mary."

"Ah beg yo' pahdon, Miss Smith. But say, Miss Smith, would you' jes' s soon shift to de oder knee? This yere one's tired."—Everybody's Magazine.

Dr. Price's CREAM BAKING POWDER Saves Eggs

In recipes for cake, muffins, corn bread, etc., fewer eggs may be used and excellent results and healthful, appetizing food obtained by using an additional quantity of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

EGGLESS MUFFINS

2 cups flour
1 cup milk
4 teaspoons Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening

DIRECTIONS:—Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add milk, stirring until all lumps are out; add melted shortening. Beat well and bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven from 20 to 25 minutes.

The old method called for 2 eggs.
Makes 18 Muffins

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The Canadian Farmer Faces Big Problem

ALONG with his American cousin the Canadian farmer faces the big problem of supplying foodstuffs to the Allied peoples.

A goodly portion of this task is being shouldered by the farmers of Western Canada who are looking more and more to the farm newspapers to supply them, not only with news of the day—financial and market quotations, etc.—but with information and knowledge pertaining to labor-saving, production increasing Methods, Materials and Machines. Thousands of farmers in Western Canada have found in

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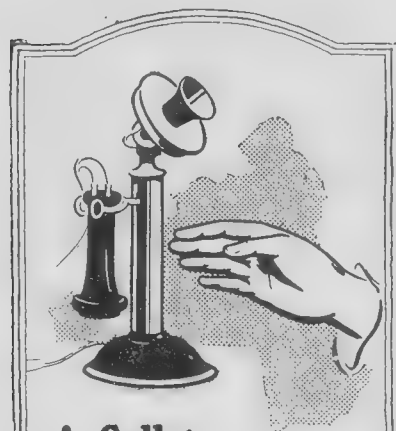
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Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

Household Suggestions

In the Kitchen

The arrangement of the kitchen equipment so as to eliminate unnecessary steps in the work of preparing meals is a very important matter to consider. The correct grouping of sink, table, stove and cupboards to save energy is worthy of serious thought.

In the modern home the kitchen is small, and is considered and treated as a workshop. There are many old homes with the equipment placed at the four sides of the walls, making miles of extra walking in the preparation of meals which could be very easily regrouped to make the work lighter. In Bulletin 607, published by the United States Department of Agriculture, there are several illustrations of old kitchens rearranged.

A convenient arrangement to have over a table and within easy reach is a shelf with the utensils that are the most often used hanging underneath, and on the shelves condiments, salt and such other materials as are used in cooking.

Hang the spoons, measuring cups and small things within easy reach and always place them there.

When washing dishes, if the sink and table are within reaching distance of the cupboard the dishes may be placed on the shelves when wiped, thus saving one handling.

A large tray to carry dishes to and from the dining table is a great step saver but better yet is the wheel tray. The first cost of this is rather large but the housewife might afford to indulge in one for its convenience can hardly be over-estimated.

A zinc covered table in the kitchen is another most desirable part of a well equipped kitchen. A zinc cover can be put on an ordinary pipe topped table at a cost of less than two dollars, and the saving of work in scrubbing is worth considering.

The sink, table and stove should be such a height as to permit the person using them to work with comfort without stooping.

If you have a pine floor, do not wear out your life scrubbing it. Cover it with a good linoleum, which will cost about a dollar and thirty-five cents a square yard. If varnished once or twice a year it will last five or ten years with good care. If rugs are kept where standing, it will save the feet as well as the linoleum.

If the floor is of hard wood, have it finished so that it may be easily cleaned.

Do away, as fast as possible, with the heavy iron kettles and buy aluminum. There is no short cut in house work equal to the handy devices like a meat grinder, a bread and cake mixer, a good egg beater and cream whip, standard measuring cups and spoons, all insuring against waste of time and materials.

Corners are such hard places to keep clean that curved brass corners may be tacked in them. These tips may be bought at any hardware store.

Small dishes on gas burners are so apt to tip. A piece of wire netting placed on the burner is a great convenience.

Save time in washing spoons by keeping old teaspoons in the soda and baking powder cans.

When cooking eggs in the shell use an old flour sifter. They will cook in it and can be taken out quickly and all together.

Shears in the kitchen may be great savers of time. Use them to trim lettuce, cut raisins and figs, dress chicken, prepare grape fruit and many other uses may be discovered daily by the thinking housewife.

Don't waste time scrubbing a sink with scouring powder as kerosene will do the cleaning in half the time and not hurt the enamel.

Rolling Out

I have watched many people rolling out pastry, and scarcely any of them use the same method. The particular housewife I am telling you about proceeded in this way.

She turned the dough on the pastry-board, after flouring the latter slightly, then she commenced to roll with a large rolling-pin. Backwards and forwards she went for all the world as though her rolling-pin were a steam roller, and the pastry a road!

I stifled my inclination to smile, and explained that here was one cause for her heavy pastry. It is best to use a light,

small rolling-pin, and to roll in short, sharp jerks.

This is rather difficult to get into, but it is the only method to use if you are to be sure of light pastry.

If you are making short pastry, only three rollings are necessary.

Roll into a wide strip the first time, lift the top and fold over to the centre, then lift the edge nearest you and fold over the top, so that the pastry is in three layers, sprinkling the pin now and then with flour. Turn the pastry so that the open ends face you, and roll it out. Repeat this and put the pastry aside in the cool for about ten minutes, and then use.

I demonstrated the above to my willing pupil, who always makes her short pastry in the correct way now.

Choosing Foods

It is both interesting and consoling to note how for the most part "straw" foods have found their own level upon the tables of unspoiled humanity as salads, trimmings and floral decorations generally. Nobody but a transcendentalist or a diet reformer would endeavor to live upon them. Almost the only place where these substances masquerade in the guise of real foods in sensible dietaries is as the nitrogenous element of the various whole meals, particularly brown, or Graham, bread, and in mushrooms under the absurd name of "poor men's beefsteaks." It is quite true that brown bread, for instance, contains more nitrogen than white; but the whole of this surplus is in the form of indigestible husk and woody fiber, and ninety-nine per cent of the nitrogen in mushrooms is in the same form. The grass-eating animals (herbivora), with their long and complicated food furnaces, can attack and digest a considerable amount of this cellulose and woody fiber, but our alimentary canal has never evolved to the perfection of theirs so as to be capable of this feat. When it comes to burning hay, our food tube is distinctly inferior to a cow's.

That the food should contain substances of which the body that it is intended to nourish is built is almost equally obvious; and this promptly places upon the menu for our choice a group of substances: proteins, or meat and the meat-like foods; starch, or the bread, flour and meal group; fat, including oil, butter and nuts; sugar, found chiefly in the juices of fruits and vegetables; and various salts which are scattered through all forms of living tissue. One or more of these great basic food elements will be found in varying proportion in almost every article of diet which comes upon our tables.

Why Proteins are Indispensable

So far all is clear sailing, but when we come to the question of just what proportions of these different great groups—the proteins, the starches, sugar, fats and salts—shall be combined in the ideal dietary, we enter one of the most hotly disputed realms of dietetics. Fuller discussion of this will be reserved until a later number, but simply as a working formula for temporary use it may be very briefly stated that of these three great groups only one, the proteins—which are nitrogenous substances found of course in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms—is absolutely indispensable to the welfare of the body, for the obvious reason that something like eighty per cent of the substance of the body is composed of proteid materials. As the human engine has to repair itself, it necessarily must have the steel out of which it is built supplied to it in sufficient quantities for repair purposes. This fundamental amount of protein is, however, probably not so large as we at one time supposed; and the vast bulk of our food is to be regarded chiefly from the point of view of its fuel power.

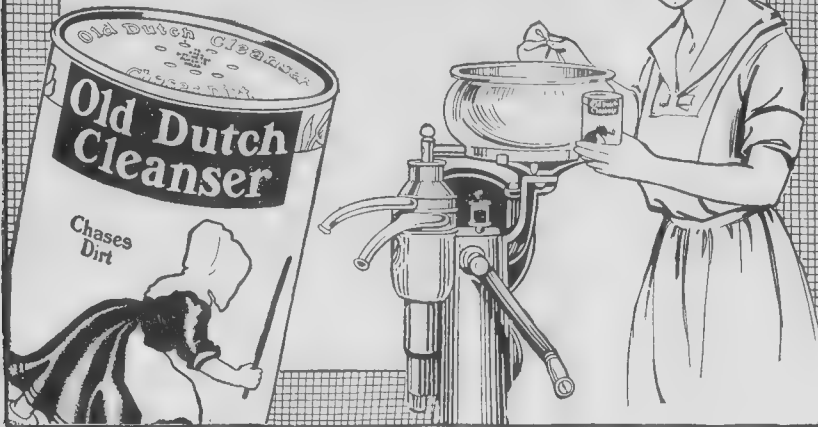
Of the three great groups it may be briefly said that the capacity of the body for burning clean and adequately disposing of one of them—the fats—is distinctly limited, possibly from the fact that fat always has been and is yet one of the rarest, most expensive and difficult to acquire of all the elements of the dietary, so that only a comparatively small proportion, usually not to exceed one-tenth or one-eighth of our total fuel value, can be derived from this concentrated source.

This leaves the proteins and the starch sugars as the principal source of our

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energy through food; and while either will yield the requisite amount of energy in perfectly digestible form, yet the proteins have the great advantage of supplying at the same time repair material as well, and what is even more important, elements which go to build up the resisting power of the body against disease. Both are first-class foods, and there is no adequate basis whatever for the widespread belief that either of them within reasonable amounts, or even in moderate excess, will produce any injurious effect upon the body. Starches have the great practical advantage of being usually much less expensive per calory. The best results so far have been obtained from a combination of the two with the fats.

Recipes

Chicken Fritters—Take some tender slices of cold chicken, put them into a mixture of lemon juice, salt and pepper, and leave them there for a short period. Then mix a batter of milk, egg, flour and salt, stir the slices of chicken into it, and fry in boiling lard, putting one bit of

oats, two cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of powdered ginger, then add two tablespoonfuls of cocoa or grated chocolate, two tablespoonfuls of milk, a pinch of salt, two well-beaten eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, and three-fourths cupful of lard or butter. Drop from a spoon onto greased baking tins and bake until firm.

Lemon Pudding—Take the rind of a lemon, grate it, and squeeze out all the juice. Make an ounce of cornflour smooth in a little cold water, pour it into a cupful of boiling water and stir till thickened. Add the juice strained and grated rind, two ounces of sugar, and one egg well beaten. Line a pie-dish with paste, pour in the mixture, cover with more crust, and bake till ready, about three-quarters of an hour or longer. If thought desirable, add an ounce of butter to the lemon mixture.

Meat Essence—Remove all the skin and fat from a pound of lean, juicy beef and a pound of lean mutton. Shred the meat up very finely, and put into an earthen-



Reflections.

chicken in each spoonful of batter. Serve very hot, after draining the fat off well. As a garnish, parsley may be used.

Coffee Sponge—Soak two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatin in one-fourth cupful of cold water five minutes, and add to two cupfuls of hot, strong boiled coffee; then add three-fourths cupful of sugar and a few grains of salt. Strain into a pan, set in larger pan of ice water, cool slightly, then beat, using a wire whisk, until quite stiff. Add the whites of three eggs, beaten until stiff, and continue the beating until mixture will hold its shape. Turn into a mold first dipped in cold water. Chill thoroughly, remove from mold and serve with sugar and thin cream.

Brown-Bread Pudding—The ingredients required for this unusual dish are a quarter of a pound of scraps of bread, two ounces of sugar, half an ounce of candied peel, one egg, one ounce of suet, two ounces of currants, half a pint of milk, a little cinnamon. Soak the bread in cold water till soft; squeeze the water well out of it. Chop the suet and peel finely, wash and dry the currants, and mix the peel with them.

Oatmeal Spice Wafers—Mix well together two and one-half cupfuls of rolled

ware jar with a little water. Place the jar in a saucepan, and add sufficient water to come half-way up the jar. Bring the water to the boil, and allow to boil for four hours, adding more water when necessary. Strain and press the meat well, drawing out all the goodness. Season slightly with pepper and salt. Only a small quantity of this should be given at a time; it is very nourishing and stimulating. The meat can be flavoured and potted if liked.

Old Curtains

A dainty use for old curtains. If the curtains are four yards long by two yards wide, cut off the lower portion, which, to the depth of one and a quarter yards, is generally the best part. Join neatly together, which gives a lace bed-spread with scalloped edges all round, measuring two and a half yards long by two yards wide.

Tack this to a foundation of satin, the color of which tones best with the bedroom wallpaper.

Make a duchesse set and two cushion covers of sateen to match, and on these buttonhole a lace design of roses, etc., according to design, which can be cut out of remainder of curtains.



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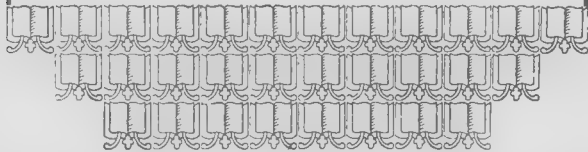
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The Summer Boarder

By E. G. Bayne

THE setting sun had dyed the western sky a deep carmine, which was gradually melting to rose, as a husky young prairie farmer, clad in milking togs and carrying a tin pail, made his way across a field of summer fallow to the "crick pasture."

He was in search of a runaway cow—so he told himself. So, too, he had told his hired man who was at this moment busy rounding up the rest of the herd, and fastening them into their stanchions.

But the real reason for John Ward's self-imposed walk away from the scene of his evening activities, the real, undeniable reason, was just emerging from a cornfield across the "crick," and it wore a pink sunbonnet.

It—or rather she, for of course it was a she—also carried a pail and was looking for a stray bovine. He saw the stirring in the tall young corn at the same moment that she caught the first glimpse of his big straw hat.

Both of them assumed great surprise. John, discarding his pail, negotiated the half-dry little creek in a single long jump, and was on his neighbor's land before one could count to ten.

The girl flung off her sunbonnet, disclosing a head of hair like the finest of corn silk, which hung in two thick braids down her back. Then very daintily she sat herself down on the mossy bank beside John.

"Dad's getting a summer boarder," she remarked, after they had exchanged views on various topics.

"That so?"
"A Mr. Fitzherbert. He's coming tomorrow."

John made no immediate reply. He reached forward and plucked a timothy head, and began to chew the stalk end of it.

"Make more work for you and your ma," he observed at length.

"Oh, we don't mind. If—if he's young he'll be good company."

"Huh," from John.

He removed his too-steady gaze from her face to the fading light in the west. Well did he know that he—John Ward—wasn't "good company" in the sense of being witty and conversational. Very suddenly now he became acutely conscious of his big brown hands. He stirred uneasily, shoved his hat to the back of his head, and made as if to rise. But the girl resumed:

"He must be awfully clever. In his letter he said he wanted a quiet retreat, where he could do a lot of writing. I'm sure he'll be—nice. He's a scientist or something."

She spoke dreamily, and with absent eyes gathered a spray of Indian grass and began to braid the strands together.

"Well, I must be hunting up old Red," said John, after a short silence. "Seen her up this way?"

"I heard her old tin rattle. I think she's in your upper meadow over there, John."

They rose and John Ward cast a hasty glance behind them, in the direction of the Carr homestead, which lay a quarter of a mile away.

"If your pa sees me here talking to you, Rosemary, he sure will throw a fit. I don't mind for myself, only he might light onto you like he did that time before."

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Your wheat's coming on fine, John," she said, desirous of changing an unpleasant subject.

"Isn't it now? I tell you I'm proud of that wheat!" The young man spoke from his heart. Such a lot depended on his crop this year, for if the grain measured up to his fondest hopes he intended to take a great big grip of his bashfulness and propose to Rosemary Carr. This was the proper juncture for him to give her at least an idea of his intentions. He tried, gulped twice, and—decided to wait. Poor John! He was a very plain fellow, and honest to the heart's core. He had no frills, no rhetoric. He was just as you saw him, every one said. But what he lacked in words he made up in deeds. Up in his bedroom at home, carefully concealed in the depths of a trunk, were two life-saving medals he had won. Somewhere else, also out of sight, was a gilded certificate which stated that one John Ward, of V—, aged twenty-three,

et cetera, was the winner of that season's inter-provincial plowing match.

John and Rosemary continued to gaze across the creek at the great, fenceless expanse of young wheat that represented the base and the substance of all the young man's hopes.

"Well, I must be going," observed the girl at length, and she sighed very softly and picked up her sunbonnet. Then she sent a furtive glance up at the broad shouldered brown young giant beside her.

"When Mr. Fitzherbert comes," she said, "you must come over, John. We'll have lots of good times."

"Your pa—"

"Oh, Dad's bark is worse than his bite. You haven't been over to the house for ages."

"I've been busy—and I guess maybe I'll be busier than ever now. Well—good-bye."

John crossed the little stream again, but not as before, in an eager leap. This time he walked thoughtfully over on the stepping stones. He found his missing cow and marshalled her home. Then, after his chores were done for the night, he flung himself into the old hammock by the porch and lay pondering upon the manner in which old Carr would probably view the possibility of himself, John Ward, becoming his son-in-law. His consent would likely be drawn from him like a sore tooth, if indeed it could be obtained at all, under present conditions.

But if the wheat was a bumper crop, as it now fairly promised to be, ah then—

And John gazed, enraptured at the shining planets overhead, wondering which was his own particular star, that he might be able to forecast to some extent the immediate future. If hail and drought and fire, the three great enemies of the prairie farmer, only kept off.

Rosemary was enthusiastic about the new boarder, the following evening when she and John met as usual on the edge of the Carr cornfield.

"I drove down to the village for him, myself," she said, "and he complimented me on the way I managed the roadster. He's really handsome—Mr. Fitzherbert I mean, of course—and I don't believe he's a day over thirty. He's got lovely eyes and a Charley Chaplin mustache, and he's slim and elegantly dressed, and—"

"I saw you driving him back," interjected John, anxious to cut short the description. "I was mending a culvert down there in my lower field, near the road, when you went past. You didn't see me."

"I guess we were too busy talking. He was telling me about places he has visited. Oh, he's such an interesting talker! He knows everything, I believe. He can tell you all about plants and minerals, and he's got a queer lot of instruments and things—a magnifying lens, a telescope, and tiny bottles full of acid or something. And he's awfully fussy about his things. He asked mother and me not to dust his room or move anything unless we told him first, so he could cover them up—"

"He sure must be a queer guy," said John, with ill-concealed impatience. "Ain't you going to sit down and chat a while, Rosemary?"

For she had continued to stand.

"I haven't got time to-night. I promised to play some accompaniments for him. He has a lovely tenor voice, and he said he would sing for us this evening. Will—will you come over, John?"

"Thanks, I—I have to look up that red cow. She's off again somewhere."

John was staring at Rosemary's hair. "How do you like the way I've got my crowning-glory up?" she demanded, preening herself before his gaze.

"I like it best the other way," replied John promptly.

"I put it up this way so's I wouldn't look like a rube from the tall grass," explained Rosemary, with a saucy air. "It's up on my head now for good."

"What! You put it up just on account of that—that—that—"

"Don't you call Mr. Fitzherbert names, now, John Ward! He's a perfect gentleman."

John was silent. He was whittling a poplar switch into the form of a flute.

"And, oh John," went on the girl, resuming her eager recital after a moment, "he's promised to teach me how to fox trot. Just think!"

John thought, all right! And a dull red

crept into the bronze of his cheek. The hand that held the knife clenched suddenly. That city dude, that little sawed-off, hammered-down thingummybob was going to put his arm around—

"He has a box with him," continued the girl. "It's only a small deal box, but I'm sure there's something valuable in it. He wouldn't leave it at the station for the men to bring up with his trunk, so he carried it home on his knees in the buggy. It was very heavy. He made as much fuss over it as though it contained minted gold!"

"Which it probably did. How do you know he isn't an escaping bank-teller?"

"John!"

"Or a crook of some kind. I was reading in the paper about a fellow who robbed a paymaster's car—"

"John! How horrid of you! You're—you're awfully glum this evening. You don't seem a bit interested in anything. What are you thinking about to put that scowl on your face?"

John closed and pocketed his knife and threw away the switch. Then he pulled his hat down over his eyes.

"I'm thinking of my wheat," he said. "Wheat!"

Rosemary put a great deal of scorn in the word.

"Yes—wheat," repeated John. "It means—oh you don't know what it means to me—"

"Wheat! How practical and unromantic and—and stupid! Wheat! Mr. Fitzherbert talks of poetry and grand opera and—and love."

Rosemary almost whispered the final word. Then, receiving no comment from her companion she gave a short laugh and started home. John remained standing where she left him, his eyes following the small figure in pink gingham until the whispering corn swallowed it up.

"Bye-bye, sulky old John!" called back a clear voice. But John did not deign a reply. Instead he turned on his heel and made all speed in the opposite direction. Once he stopped and looked back to where a faint light could be seen, emanating from the Carr home. His strong hands clenched and his mouth set in a straight line.

"Talked to her about love, eh?" he muttered. "I'll—I'll talk to him about love, I will! I'll smash the fellow's head if I ever get within arm's reach of him!"

The next evening Rosemary did not appear at the trysting-place, nor the next. Then John, stung by her indifference, and filled with seething resentment at the implied comparison in her last conversation, between himself and the newcomer, also avoided the spot where they had had so many stolen meetings.

The two homesteads, lying as they did, side by side, were yet quite unlike in many respects. Carr's quarter-section had been worked for fifteen years and was well fertilized and improved. It invariably gave the best returns for the labor expended. Carr owned good barns and his home was the best in the district. But the adjacent farm had belonged to a succession of thriftless and shiftless owners. The story of a ghost-haunted shack on this land had deterred several would-be purchasers, and for some years the farm had lain idle.

Then John Ward had taken it up. And, from the moment that his plow turned the first sod of the first furrow, good luck seemed only waiting round the corner to meet and embrace him. The supposedly-haunted cabin was turned into a machinery shed, and the optimistic young fellow erected a modest frame house and sent for his mother to come from the east. That was four years ago. The place had immediately taken on a degree of prosperity quite foreign to it. But the Wards had been hailed out twice, and in the autumn of the third year the old lady had died. Thus had young Ward and success eluded each other.

But John clung to the forlorn hope that a fresh start and a successful year would make up for two "bad" years and an accumulation of machinery debts. And there was Rosemary!

So like the tenacious young Canuck he was, he had squared his shoulders, and set his hand once more to the plow, refusing to recognize failure, or admit defeat.

On the following Sunday afternoon Rosemary, having coaxed her testy but indulgent father to allow her to drive the bay team, she and the entertaining boarder set out together for church,

twelve miles away. It was a splendid equipage, taking it big and large, and more than one neighbor in shabby old buggy, or dilapidated buckboard turned to stare after the handsome rubber-tired vehicle, the glossy bays with their nickel-plated harness, and the no less striking occupants of the rig.

But five miles from home, on a lonely stretch of road, some freak of destiny sent an old yellow sheet of newspaper careening across the path of the spirited team, and they bolted.

A solitary pedestrian in "store clothes" was walking moodily along the grass-strip half a mile further on. His head was bent, his great brown hands clasped behind his back. Suddenly he heard hoofbeats—swift, mad "thud-thudding" in the rear—and turning, beheld a runaway team, with foam-spattered manes, with a pale-faced, golden-haired girl standing up in the buggy and sawing desperately on the reins, and John Ward (for it was none other) darted out into the roadway.

Up went one muscular arm and caught the bit-rein of the foremost bay, which dragged him on for half a dozen stagger-

ing paces, but with a mighty jerk the young man succeeded in halting the beasts, and then with a gentle hand he stroked the neck of the animal nearest him and began to speak soft words into her frightened ear.

After a moment he turned to the thoroughly terrified girl crouching on the seat. His own face was no less white.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, and his voice trembled.

"No John. Oh John—thank God you came! Oh—"

"Are you hurt?" he repeated.

"No, no, John! But they nearly pulled the wrists off me. I—"

"Are you all alone? Was your father thrown out? Where—"

"No—I—that is, Mr. Fitzherbert was with me."

"Where is he?"

"He—jumped."

"Jumped?"

"Y—yes, a little way back."

John said no more. Quietly he climbed in beside the girl and took the lines from her trembling hands. He drove her home, by another route.

Two weeks passed, and then one morning as John Ward came out of the village post office he met his friend, Billy Wiggett, sergeant of the Mounted Police. Billy drew him back into the little building and sought a quiet corner. Then he began to speak in low, excited tones.

John rode home with knitted brows. Once or twice he jerked his horse to a standstill in the road, and sat silently pondering upon what Billy had just told him.

"If it's true—that she's engaged to him," he muttered, "I'll be the last one to place a stumbling-block in her way. But, my God! If that other piece of news is true, too, I ought to—but no, I can't! Someone else will have to do it."

It was plain that he was puzzled as to his proper course. With absent eye he gazed out across the yellow wheat that lay shimmering like a golden sea in the heat of the July sun. There was wheat, wheat wherever the eye rested. The grain was almost ready to cut. A week or so more of this ripening weather, and barring all accidents, the farmers of this district would have good cause for re-



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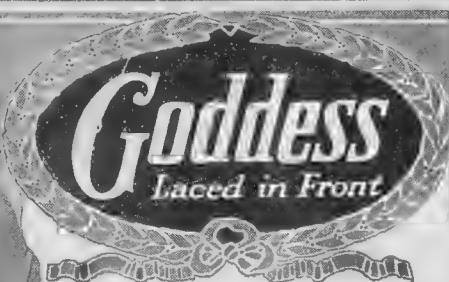
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joining. As for John's own grain, he had calculated that it would run thirty bushels to the acre, at the most conservative estimate.

But, somehow as he thought of his wheat now, he didn't seem to care how it threshed out.

Another week of dry, sultry weather passed. The sun went down each night like a ball of fire and the hot earth fairly begged for moisture. The wayside grass had turned to a dried yellow, and the farmers, from worrying about storms, began to pray for showers, and to dread a drought.

One night as John Ward was going over his acres on a tour of inspection, he came upon Carr's boarder. The scientist was trespassing, and John, generally the most hospitable of men, told him so. It was on the creek bank, and it was their first encounter.

"I merely stepped across the creek," explained the scientist, in a polite but cold voice, "to gather some fungi which I had been told grew here."

"I'll thank you to keep off my place just the same," was John's rejoinder. "There's plenty of that stuff on Carr's land."

Fitzherbert answered fully to Rosemary's description of him. He was slim and elegantly attired, but his face, while handsome after a way, was not an open one. It was a thin, ascetic face, and the mouth carried a perpetual smile which seemed to John Ward more like a sneer.

More words followed, and the quarrel was begun. It had started from nothing, but it was fanned by hatred and jealousy, and finally the young farmer, goaded to a fury, seized his adversary and flung him bodily into the creek. No sooner had he achieved this dramatic coup than he regretted it.

However, the water was scarcely three feet deep in its deepest part, and Fitzherbert soon scrambled out and up the opposite bank. Here he turned, and without a word, managed to convey in one look, a whole volume of meaning. Interpreted in one single clause, it seemed to say to John Ward: "I'll get even!"

Rosemary was picking wild raspberries the following afternoon, in the Carr's upper field—the one that ran down to the edge of the creek where John's finest wheat grew—when a pungent odor suddenly assailed her nostrils. She sat in the lee of a hedge, before a thickly-loaded berry bush, and not troubling to rise, at first, went on gathering the fruit, her thoughts busy.

But after a moment the odor again became noticeable. Smoke! And in this weather! With an inarticulate cry she sprang to her feet, upsetting her tin pail, which was nearly full of luscious red berries.

The prairie dweller well knows that fire in such dry weather is a rampant fiend! She clambered up a little rise and searched the landscape in all direction, sniffing the air like a young wolf.

There it was! Her eye caught a curling blue plume that rose stealthily from the farthest edge of Ward's wheat. It was probably a quarter of a mile distant. John's wheat!

Like a mad creature Rosemary sped across the stepping stones, and along the fringe of John's potato patch, then stumbled across the garden and into John's open door. John sat mending a piece of harness in his kitchen.

Pantingly she told him. Then, as if moved by a single impulse, they both ran to the cement well where some gunny sacks lay drying. Rosemary seized one and plunged it into the horse-trough. John followed suit with another, and the hired man, sensing the trouble rushed from an out-house and snatched up a length of old carpet. On the wings of the wind the three made for the burning area.

After three hours of unremitting labor the creeping fiend was beaten and stamped out, and John Ward, his brawny arms bare to the elbows, his hair a mass of wet black curls, stood panting on the outermost edge of the burnt grain. The girl, flushed and exhausted, had dropped down on the ground and was holding her throbbing temples.

"Thank God!" breathed John at last, as he drew his sodden red neck-handkerchief off.

"How much is lost?" asked Rosemary. "Just a dozen bushels or so, I should say, thanks to you it wasn't more! How did you happen to see it?"

But Rosemary did not reply. Her eye had caught the glint of something bright that lay at her feet. She reached for it, where it shone amongst the charred wheat.

They stared at the object a long, long minute. It was a nickel-mounted magnifying glass!

Old Carr sat smoking on the cool verandah of his home when the pair approached that vine-covered retreat. John Ward addressed the doughty old man with a degree of hardihood and assurance quite new to his usual halting bashful tongue. Carr's rocking-chair came to a full stop, and the old fellow peered over his spectacles in amazement.

"Where's my boarder, you say? Why—lemme see. I ain't seen the feller round fer quite a spell. Guess mebbe he's off gittin' some more weeds er somethin'. Set down, John."

"He laid a plan and tried to burn up my wheat," said Ward, ignoring the invitation to be seated.

"Tried to burn—"

"Yes, but we caught the fire just in time. That's quite a well-known trick—placing a lens in the crotch of a stick where the sun's rays will catch it. Here's the lens. (The stick of course was burnt.) Now where is this chap? I must find him."

Mrs. Carr was sent for. She remembered that Mr. Fitzherbert had taken a horse and buggy and gone to the village. That was about three o'clock. It was now five-thirty, but he had not yet returned.

"Did he take his suit-case with him?" demanded John.

No, all he had taken was the little wooden box.

"Has he paid his board?" was John's next question.

Carr stared.

"John, you got a sunstroke—er what? He paid me this very morning—a full month's board."

"In bills?"

"Wall, no—er—the fact is he paid me in silver. But he apologized fer it. Said he had a lot on hand, and—"

"Let me see that money."

There was no denying this determined young man. Carr swung open the screen door and the four entered the big living room. The old man went to his desk and unlocked a drawer.

"Thar," he said, flinging a handful of bright half-dollars down on the blotting-pad.

John Ward picked one up. He tried his teeth upon it and when he drew it from his mouth there were two faint indentations along the milled edge. Then he flung it on the floor. It gave back a suspiciously hollow sound. He tested half a dozen of the other coins. All were alike.

"Mr. Carr, you have been—buncoed," he said, at last.

"What!" shrieked the old man. "You mean t'say that feller's buncoed me? Are them false coins?"

John nodded grimly.

"And I very strongly suspect that the box your wife spoke of was full of more of them. Moreover, that trunk of his, you will find, is empty. He carried it out here for a blind. Now I want you to loan me the fastest horse you've got, Mr. Carr. (Mine are all too slow.) I want to make the village in an hour or less."

"But—what you going to do, John?"

"I'm going to get Billy Wiggett—who warned me about this coiner some time ago—and the two of us will gallop cross-country to the Utah border and catch him before he can get out of the country. He has taken the 5.03 train south, but we'll get him!"

Rosemary flew to the barn, and in less than five minutes had a saddle and bridle on the chestnut mare. John followed her and sprang into the saddle.

"John—oh John, be careful of yourself!" said Rosemary. "If he should fire on you! Oh, I never suspected he was—a criminal!"

"He's a pretty slick one! He's been in hiding in Canada ever since it got too hot for him on the other side. Billy had been notified weeks ago that 'Silver Sam' was out here somewhere, but of course he wasn't sure that it was your friend—"

"Friend?"

"They say—"

"They say what?" she demanded, as he broke off.

"That you're engaged to him."

"Well, I'm not, so there! I never had

(Continued on page 40)

Case of Potter vs. Cupid

By G. L. Redmond

ONE spring a queer thing happened in Dayton. It happened the day that Effie Potter went into Miller & Richards' general store to buy a pair of rubbers. In rubbers Effie took a small three. Mr. Smith, who clerked in Miller & Richards', knew this instinctively; it is the size all women take. But in order to find how much room she needed in a small three he had to get down on his knees and tug at the rubbers and grow red in the face, and get up and go away and bring other small threes a little larger, with the number smudged out, and try them on; and keep on like that until he found a small three that would do. Then, still kneeling, he leaned back on his heels and looked triumphantly up at Effie. By the strangest coincidence she was looking straight down at him, and like a flash he discovered—this is the queer thing I spoke of—discovered that she had blue eyes.

Mind you! blue eyes! He had known all along that she had eyes, of some kind, at least he had suspected it; but blue eyes! It was his favorite color. He decided right there that it was his favorite color. It flustered him so to think that Effie had blue eyes, that he could hardly make change. As soon as he was alone he had to hurry to the back of the store and gaze at himself in a mirror steadily for five minutes before he could go back to work.

Effie went straight home and told her mother that she didn't see how a young man of Mr. Smith's ability could be persuaded to stay in a little town like Dayton. He was so earnest, and took such an interest in politics. Mr. Smith had remarked, while tugging at the rubbers, that if the government really wanted to save the country from ruin, the sooner they abolished these mail order houses the better.

Mrs. Potter looked dubious. Her plans for Effie did not include Mr. Smith; they included young Dr. Robinson. The Doctor drank a little, but you'd never know it unless you were told. Mrs. Potter herself had seen to it that a good many were told, but that was when the Doctor was going with that Jones girl.

She referred to him then as "that drunken sot. It's queer, though, how you can be so mistaken in people. Now that the Doctor was beginning to frequent the Potter home on Sunday evenings, at Mrs. Potter's request, it turned out that he was only a very moderate drinker after all. Took it for his nerves. You know how doctors are troubled with their nerves.

Of course Mr. Smith was a nice young man and all that, but—Mrs. Potter left that "but" sticking there. It was really more significant that way than if she had finished the sentence. The truth is that Mrs. Potter for some time past had been privately rehearsing such speeches as "My daughter, Mrs. Dr. Robinson, is spending the winter in California," or, "My daughter, the Doctor's wife you know, is motoring to the city next week in her new car." The thought of having to forget these and learn a new set like "My daughter, Mrs. Smith, is nursing twins," or, "My daughter, Mrs. Smith, is prepared to do plain sewing at reasonable rates" was too much for mother Potter. She made it clear to Effie that Mr. Smith was not to be encouraged; so Effie did all in her power to encourage the young man.

Effie was a Methodist, and sang in the Methodist choir. Mr. Smith was a Presbyterian. The reason that Miller & Richards hired a clerk who was a Presbyterian, was because they were both Methodists. Of course you can see the significance of that. You can't! Well, you blockhead.

Mr. Smith began to attend the Methodist church. This made talk of course, and Miller & Richards began to speak vaguely of cutting down expenses by reducing the staff; but these things did not deter Mr. Smith. He kept on going to the Methodist church, and sat in places where he could get a good view of the choir loft, and yet appear to be listening to the sermon. Effie too seemed interested in the sermon. Only occasionally, and as if by accident, her eyes would rest on Mr. Smith for a moment and then flutter away again so quickly

that Mr. Smith really couldn't be sure whether she had looked at him at all or not. It was the most tantalizing thing. But fleeting as these glances were, they did not escape the eagle eye of mother Potter. She took Effie out of the choir. People said it was a shame the way Mrs. Potter was carrying on about Effie, but they were glad to have something to talk about just the same; it had been a dull winter in Dayton.

Imagine the joys of these gossips when, after Effie had been taken from the choir, it turned out that Mr. Smith was eligible for a place in it. He knew the leader well, had lent him money in fact; that made him eligible. But a Presbyterian

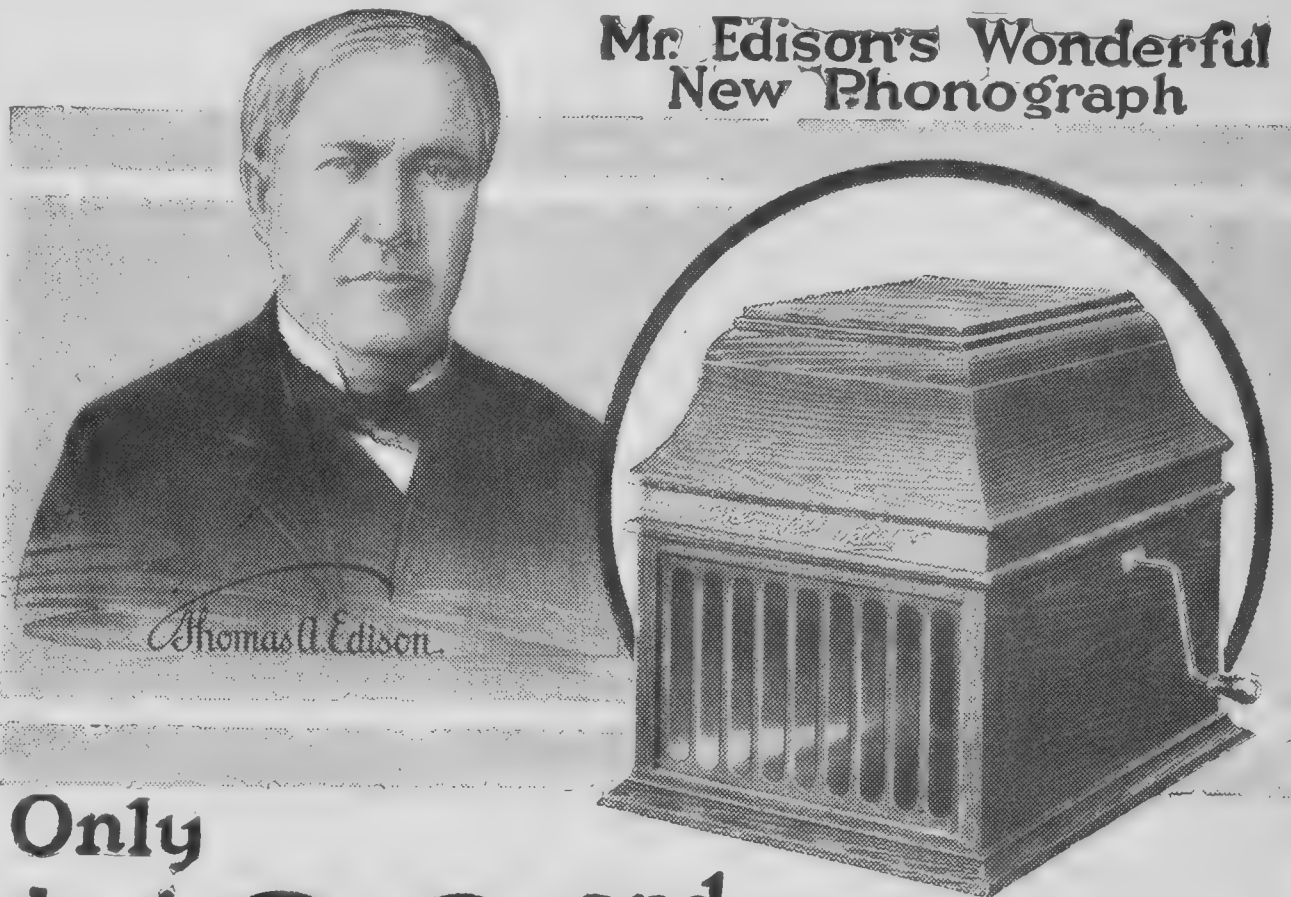
in the Methodist choir! It was a precedent in Dayton. People said, love will find a way.

So the burning glances continued to shuttlecock back and forth past the minister's bald head, without ever warming him up or getting into his sermons in any noticeable way. Mrs. Potter looked daggers, but where Effie was concerned Mr. Smith scorned daggers—that kind of daggers.

The young couple began to have stolen interviews, when they told each other that the course of true love never did run smooth, when they clung passionately to each other and said that nothing should ever come between them. It looked reasonable, too, if they always kept that close together. They sat together in the moonlight and said, wasn't it queer how, in such a big world, people who were in-

tended for each other always met just at the right time, and wasn't it queer how so many married people seemed to quit being happy after a while; they never intended to quit. It was just like a chapter out of a novel.

Meanwhile Mrs. Potter kept on discouraging the affair until she had it just about discouraged into an elopement; and then Mrs. Potter's sister in Brandon took sick and Mrs. Potter had to go over and take care of her. There was a trained nurse in attendance, but land sakes! what good is a trained nurse when there's anybody really sick around? A trained nurse don't know how to do anything, only charge like the mischief. It's a caution, the money those trained nurses ask for just puttering around with their charts and thermometers and that kind of truck. Charts, huh!



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On Sept. 28th, 1912, Mr. Ketcheson wrote as follows:—"I had suffered for many years from eczema and piles, and had tried doctors and everything I could hear of in vain. Reading about Dr. Chase's Ointment, I purchased it at once, and was soon completely cured. That was fifteen years ago, so there can be no doubt of the cure being a permanent one. I have met a great many people who have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment."

In this year of 1917 Mr. Ketcheson again confirms his cure, and expresses his wishes that others may benefit by his experience. Refuse to accept substitutes.

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Mr. Potter had been watching the game from the side lines, but he too had his reasons for disliking young Smith as a prospective son-in-law. Chief among them was the fact that he believed young Smith to be that most loathsome of all objects, a dyed-in-the-wool Grit. Believed him to be, I say, because if he had asked Mr. Smith out and out what his political inclinations were, Mr. Smith would have told him that he was a free-thinker. All young men are free-thinkers.

But Mr. Potter had not asked Mr. Smith out and out. He had "sounded" him, when he first came to Dayton. As leader of the Conservative faction in the town—ringleader the other side called him—he felt it his duty to sound all newcomers.

The sounding consisted of a series of artfully contrived questions, the answers to which were supposed to give an indication of the victim's political prejudices. Mr. Smith, who saw no significance in the conversation, answered almost at random; and was repaid for this carelessness by being branded as mentioned above. That settled it. He might as well have tried to marry into the family of the Czar of Russia as into the Potter family, after that—as far as paternal consent was concerned.

The very afternoon that Mrs. Potter went away, Mr. Potter dropped into Miller & Richards' and invited young Smith up to supper. Effie, at her father's suggestion, had baked a pan of biscuits. The wily old fox knew that biscuits

know what Mr. Smith would do if she were to die. Mr. Smith said he would take poison—he was intending to do this, anyway—but that was not what Effie wanted. She wanted to die herself—not permanently of course, only for a week or ten days—but she wanted Mr. Smith to keep on living so she could hang around and watch him. She wanted to learn how much he really cared for her. She said something seemed to tell her that her days were numbered. Mr. Smith, who began to find the conversation depressing, and wished to lighten it up with a joke, said that that was all right if the numbers only ran high enough. Mind you! Joking at a time like that. Of course if he had ceased to care for her, Effie said, she had nothing more to live for.

Mr. Smith took immediate steps to prove that he had not ceased to care for her, and they carried on like that until Effie was crying dismally and Mr. Smith was cursing himself for a cruel selfish brute. Altogether they had a dreary time of it.

Mr. Smith left early. He thought it better to do this; he was getting seasick. When he was gone Effie called her father in from the back porch to ask if he didn't think Mr. Smith looked kind of peaked at supper time, she thought he looked as if he had something weighing on his mind.

"Yes," the old man chuckled, "I reckon that's about the size of it. I reckon he was weighted down considerable."

Effie went to bed to toss miserably



Extensive articles have appeared recently in the Paris papers on Madame Pellequer, a young woman of whom France is proud. Before the war she was schoolmistress at Man-court, Oise, and her husband was schoolmaster at Baugie, the two are twin villages.

When the Boches invaded France, M. Pellequer hastened to the colors and in time became a lieutenant. His wife could not abandon her pupils. She remained to face the invaders, even hiding wounded French soldiers in the cellar of her home at the risk of her life. She gathered both her own and her husband's pupils in her little school and remained at her post for thirty months.

were a chancy thing at best and that with Effie they almost invariably went wrong.

Effie was just debating with herself the advisability of throwing the biscuits away on the dog, or rather throwing the dog away on the biscuits, when her fond parent hove in sight with the young man in tow. She left the biscuits on the kitchen table and fled upstairs to change her dress.

When she came down in a simple white frock, with her hair freshly combed and a dab of powder here and there, she was the sweetest, demurest young thing imaginable, so Mr. Smith thought. Mr. Potter asked after the biscuits.

Effie drooped. She had forgotten the biscuits. Now that the subject was to the fore, Mr. Smith declared that biscuits were his favorite nutriment, and there was nothing for Effie to do but bring them on.

Mr. Smith ate as many of the biscuits as he could, to show that he liked them, and afterward sat on the verandah in the moonlight, with Effie, and wished that he had eaten one or two less. Mr. Potter left them alone on the verandah; he did it on purpose.

The hearts of the young couple were strangely stirred as they sat there together in the moonlight; that was the biscuits. Effie had only eaten enough to make her melancholy. She wanted to

about, telling herself over and over again that she was the happiest girl in the world, and proving it by crying until her pillow was sopping wet and she caught a cold in her head from the dampness.

Mr. Smith was tossing, too—tossing and ruminating. Every few minutes he would lean out over the edge of the bed and ruminate violently. At times he fancied that he must have been living on nothing but biscuits for years. In the morning he was pale and weak, but his appetite was good, and his love for Effie remained undimmed. He said, if a cook was all a man wanted, he could hire one; what he was looking for in the girl of his choice was a companion. Even if Effie couldn't cook, she was an ideal companion, always so sweet and gentle and sympathetic. What were biscuits and such gross material things compared to that?

Things went wrong in the Potter household next morning. There was no particular thing that you could lay your hand on and grow abusive over and so work the venom out of your system; it was just things in general. Effie's temper crept slowly up to summer heat, hung there a moment, then went steadily on up to boiling point. Mr. Potter, who was taking down stove-pipes and scattering soot and ashes freely over the furniture, waited until his daughter's steam was just beginning to lift the safety

valve, and then went quietly off down to Miller & Richards' and brought Mr. Smith up to see about the linoleum for the front room.

The two men entered the house at a critical moment. Effie in curl papers and a dirty kimono was standing in the hall giving a piece of her mind to the hired girl somewhere in the regions above. It was a large piece and took some time to deliver, so that when Effie turned and saw the intruders she couldn't do a thing but fly upstairs to her own room and have a cry on the bed. The bed was getting fairly moist by this time, and beginning to mildew.

Mr. Smith liked a woman to have a mind of her own, but giving pieces of it away like that was a different matter; still it showed that there was nothing stingy about Effie. Mr. Smith hated stingy people. Come to think it over, he was rather glad than otherwise that she had a temper worth while. He would have to be firm with her of course—gentle but firm, was the way he put it—but once she saw that he was really the stronger character, and that he never lost his temper, he believed that she would be even more tractable than if she had given in to him from the first. Yes, if anything, he liked Effie the better for it; so he told himself. He was confirmed in this superstition the next time they met, for Effie was so ashamed of herself—or pretended to be—that Mr. Smith had to pile his kissing average away up out of sight before she could consider herself forgiven, and even then she said she

tried to be as much impressed with his clever sayings the third time she heard them as the first. She encouraged the young man in these things at first because she loved him. Later on she suffered in silence from a sense of duty; but the strain was beginning to tell on her nerves. She got so she wanted to scream every time Mr. Smith opened his mouth, whether to sing or recite. She discovered that he had little mannerisms which irritated her. He had a habit of trying to boss her around, too, that she didn't like. She had counted on doing most of the bossing herself.

For his part, Mr. Smith was beginning to lose interest in blue eyes that "didn't have anything behind them," in a daintily poised head that always had a cold in it, in lily-white hands that could plunk the piano to perfection, but couldn't cook for sour apples. He could remember the time when he was glad to write poetry about these different charms, but the memory gave him no pleasure.

There was no grand climax at the end. This part of it wasn't like a novel. They just drifted apart, and were content to have it happen so. They didn't quarrel; that would have precipitated another reconciliation; that would have been romantic; that would have cheered and refreshed them and set them on their feet again; but they didn't care enough to quarrel. It was the uneventful, hum-drum nature of the affair that killed it.

When Mrs. Potter came home and found how things were she said, she thought she had it pretty well discourag-



This is the most remarkable photograph of this kind received from France since the war began. The men are either fighting or in captivity. The horses and oxen have been taken away by the retreating enemy. The brave women have to take the place of the horses. Their courage and entrain are wonderful.

would never, never be able to forgive herself. This was like another chapter out of the same novel, the one we mentioned a while ago.

This reconciliation set Mr. Potter back a good deal.

"I got one more trick," he told the black team, as he bedded them down that night. "That don't loosen their bolt on each other, nothing will."

His plan of procedure was simple. He gave Mr. Smith a standing invitation to come up to the house whenever he felt like it, and backed it up with special invitations at the rate of one or more a day. He kept that young man hanging around the place until all the neighbors were talking about it. They said, "Why in the world don't that young Smith move his trunk up to Potter's and be done with it?"

The young couple enjoyed this kind of a program. It was true, there was no precedent for it in any of the novels that Effie had read, but what of that? Heedless child! She ought to have known that love doesn't prosper with smooth seas and plain sailing, but requires obstacles and opposition to brace it up and strengthen it, and give it some savor; she ought to have known that dulness in real life is no more tolerable than dulness in a novel. She ought to have known these things, but she didn't; and so she went on listening to Mr. Smith tell his funny stories over and over again, and endured the agony of hearing him sing "Darling I am Growing Old," night after night, and

ed before she went away. Mr. Potter didn't talk about it.

Effie is beginning to like Dr. Robinson. She buys her rubbers now at the other store.

A Tip for Young Husbands

The younger man had been complaining that he could not get his wife to mend his clothes.

"I asked her to sew a button on this vest last night and she hasn't touched it," he said. At this the older man assumed the air of a patriarch.

"Never ask a woman to mend anything," he said. "You haven't been married very long, and I think I can give you some serviceable suggestions. When I want a shirt mended I take it to my wife and flourish it around a little and say: 'Where's that rag-bag?'"

"What do you want of the rag-bag?" asks the wife. Her suspicions are aroused at once.

"I want to throw this shirt away. It's worn out," I say, with a few more flourishes.

"Let me see that shirt," my wife says; then, "Now, John, hand it to me at once."

"Of course I pass it over and she examines it.

"Why, it only needs—"; and then she mends it."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

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The Philosopher

The Price of Our Freedom

The sacrifices which we, Canadians are called upon by our own sense of patriotic duty to make, in order to help to keep the line of battle unbroken and to help maintain undaunted the fighting spirit of all the Allied nations who are within sound of the thunder of the guns are as nothing in comparison with the tears and the sufferings that would be the lot of the people of Canada and the people of the United States, if Germany were to triumph in Europe. The foundations of our freedom are rooted in the free institutions of democratic Europe. If despotic military Might be triumphant in the Old World, we people of the New World would find the foundations of freedom crumbling beneath our own feet, too. It is not in the power of the Allied nations to withdraw from the War and maintain their freedom unimpaired. The War must go on to its decisive end. For world democracy it is either liberty or death.

The Returned Soldier

The problem of the returned soldier is a big and complex one. It is with us now, and it will continue to bulk larger and larger until the end of the War, when it will be in Canada, as in every other country engaged in the War, the foremost in the multitude of reconstruction problems. All the Allied Governments are taking up the problem of the returned soldier and his welfare in a manner which gives proof of a determination that the very best which is at their command shall be at his service, as it is only just it should be. In Canada this great problem is being grappled with in a manner which gives every ground for confident hope that the returned soldier will not be dealt with any less generously, less wisely and less justly in our country than elsewhere. It is a problem to be dealt with by the State, because while it will always be the privilege of individuals to do all in their power, casual sympathy and assistance must mean inefficiency and consequent suffering for those who deserve attention the most. Only highly organized State action can be thoroughly efficient in this work not of Charity, but of Justice.

The System, and Its Results

May it not be that one partial explanation of German madness and brutality lies in the fact that so many things have been forbidden to the German people during the past forty years? During those decades of preparation, physical, mental and spiritual, for suddenly rushing upon and crushing first France and next Great Britain and seizing of World Dominion, the German people, have lived under a regime which regulated every moment of their lives. The System trained them to the idea of War, and to its practice; and at the same time it restricted them in everything, as part of the method of shaping all the growing powers of the national life in the one Diabolical mould. The Germans, during all those decades have been obliged to repress themselves and conform to a multitude of restrictions. The individual has been nothing, and the State everything. All their emotions have been bottled up. War pulled the cork out of the bottle, and these individuals, previously so docile, so submissive, so orderly, so obedient to authority, rushed insanely into license in the regions which they invaded, and did so all the more violently because such license was part of the programme of Schrecklichkeit, or "Terribleness," deliberately planned for them.

Why Are Boys and Girls Hungry?

The problems of food conservation which the War has brought to every country in the world have led to an unprecedented dissemination of information of food values and right dieting. We read that the average farm laborer requires 3,750 calories per day in his food. This statement does not convey anything very definite to the ordinary mind. But when we read that an active, healthy child requires every day half as many calories again as the average farm laborer, and that the "basal requirements of boys in metabolism of food are 25 per cent above those of adults," something is conveyed to our minds, even though we may be completely at sea about calories and metabolism. And the thing that is conveyed to our minds is something that all the world has always known, namely, that healthy, growing children, girls no less than boys, have healthy appetites. Every mother knows that bread, butter and milk and sugar supply the greater part of a child's nutritive requirements. She knows it, even though she has never heard of calories and metabolism. Why is Willie always hungry? Because he is always playing. Because, thank heaven, he is healthy, and because he is growing fast. Is not that the scientist's elaborate conclusion in a popular nutshell?

Germany's New Food Dictator

A new Food Dictator, Herr von Waldow, has been chosen by the Master of the German Empire, Kaiser Wilhelm, and set over the people of that Empire. The fact that the All-Highest by Divine Right, as he proclaims himself, has seen fit to supersede Herr von

Batocki, who has been Food Dictator for two years, during which there have been bad harvests and who, by all accounts, has filled his office efficiently, would appear to indicate the introduction of a food regime of greater stringency than ever in Germany. The retirement of von Batocki has nothing to do with the retirement of von Bethmann-Hollweg, for the work of the Food Dictator has from the beginning of the War been kept distinct from the activities of those other personal servants of the Kaiser (appointed by him, and responsible solely to him, and dismissed by him at his sole will and pleasure) who are styled the Imperial Cabinet, the chief one of them being the Imperial Chancellor. The appointment of the new Food Dictator means that the German food regulation system is to be recast and made more strict, consequent upon the refusal of the United States to allow any more feeding of Germany by "neutral" bottleholders with food from the United States. The probably meagre German crop of the present season combines with the rigid shutting off of supplies from this continent to bring the food situation in Germany to a more serious pitch than ever. Hitherto the regulations appear to have been tempered, with some slight regard for the people's feelings, and especially for well-to-do people's feelings. The rich man's family, for instance, could hitherto go and live on a farm, where plenty flowed and was largely consumed before it could be counted by the Imperial food authorities. A much more rigid system of food control is now being instituted.

Russian Women in the War

Has there been anything in the War more amazing than the accounts of that body of Russian women-soldiers known as the Legion of Death? One of these young women, we read in the dispatches, lies in a Petrograd hospital, suffering from shell shock, but with a German helmet on the bed beside her, to bring her the same joy and consolation which come to little girls sick with the measles from toys cuddled up close. Many of these girls were killed in battle; but the Legion of Death displayed extraordinary fearlessness in action and accounted for many Germans, besides making many prisoners. Every member of the Legion, we read, carried a ration of cyanide of potassium, against their capture by the Germans—a terrible commentary on their desperate heroism, and on the extra hazards which everywhere dog their sex. Surely Russia needs such mothers as these young women.

In Regard to Circuses

Hearing a small boy expressing a fervent wish that "a circus would come," The Philosopher was carried back in thought to his own boyhood. Of all the joys of boyhood surely there are few, if any, that exceed the joy of going to a circus—or perhaps it should be said (for it befits a Philosopher to endeavor to think exactly and make a true use of words) the joy of looking forward to going to a circus. It is true of most of the joys and pleasures to be experienced in this world that the expectation is greater than the reality; but it may be that The Philosopher is unwarrantably imputing to boyhood a feeling that belongs to maturer years, when he suggests that a circus ever fails to more than fulfil a small boy's expectations. Dwelling on his boyhood recollections of circuses, The Philosopher suddenly remembers a small girl, who gazing round-eyed on the posters which announced the coming of a circus, posters on which "Denizens of the Jungle" were depicted in all their fearsomeness, exclaimed: "Wouldn't it be dreadful if the lion swallowed the elephant!" That little girl had an imagination. Which leads The Philosopher to another train of thought. The true circus is ever in our own imaginations—where Barrie so wisely locates Cinderella's ball. There the most wonderful things happen, the lion and the elephant dance a jig, and the performing dogs can talk perfectly, and the lady riders fly upon invisible wings, never touching the backs of their beautiful Arab steeds with the points of their exquisite toes!

An English Girl in Germany

An illuminating book which The Philosopher has just been reading is "Christine," published by the Macmillan house in London—the letters of an English girl to her mother in England, written before the War, and at its outbreak, from Germany, where she had gone to study music. The letters are intimate, and convincingly true and unstudied. That they should ever find themselves in print is plainly an idea that never entered the head of this young girl when she was writing them; and this makes them real and valuable "human documents." They picture German life and manners before the War; still more valuable are they for the light they throw on the German mind. Thus, when the Austrian Crown Prince was assassinated at Sarajevo, a reverend pastor in Leipzig exclaimed from his pulpit: "It is typical of the world outside the Fatherland. Lawlessness and its companion, Sacrilege, stalk abroad. Our Rulers, whom God has given us so that they shall guide and control us in all things and in return be reverently and submissively taken

care of by us, are blasphemously bombed!" And a very distinguished German lady, when asked by this young English girl if she thought that Austria's ultimatum to Serbia was just, replied: "You cannot suppose that our Kaiser's ally would do what is not just. It is our Kaiser's business to think these things out for us, and in his hand we can safely leave them." "As if they were God," the English girl remarked. "Precisely," said the German lady of high degree. This book contains strong proof of what all the world must believe, that the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia was dictated at Berlin. The writer of these letters, Alice Cholmondeley, was betrothed to a German army officer. She was brutally murdered by one of his fellow-officers in Belgium.

Part of the Cost of "Efficiency"

One of the most significant facts in regard to Germany in the years preceding the War is that of the increase of suicide among school children, who were driven to self-destruction in large numbers by the sheer cruelty with which they were overworked. The evidence of this stands on record in well-known official German statistics. As Dr. Liebnicht, whom the Kaiser has recently liberated from prison, dying from tuberculosis (his liberation being ordered by the Kaiser, so that it should not be recorded that he died in prison) said a few years before the War: "We Germans are mad. It is in this reign that we have gone mad, mad with the obsession to get at whatever cost to the top of the world. Who cares if these school children kill themselves? So many fewer 'inefficients', that's all. The State considers that they are better dead." This was part of the ruthless system of German preparation for World Empire. Thus Kultur did its work on not a few German children, before it began doing its work on the children of Belgium and France and Serbia.

"Treasury Romances"

In the innumerable multitude of books and pamphlets to which the War has given rise, one of the most interesting is a pamphlet entitled "Treasury Romances," compiled by James Douglas, and published in London under government auspices. Mr. Douglas begins his pamphlet by telling us that the War has created a new kind of citizen—one who does not lend his money to the State, but gives it. This new citizen is sometimes a man, sometimes a woman, sometimes a child. He or she lives in all parts of the Empire, and in all parts of the world. He or she gives his or her money to the State because he or she cannot fight. From Sandaken, in British North Borneo, a firm sent £500 to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in London, with a letter stating that "in this territory we contribute nothing towards the Imperial finances, while at the same time we enjoy all the advantages of British protection." From St. Louis, Mo., came £100. Another contribution came from Fanning Island, in the Pacific Ocean. Many are the instances of such voluntary contributions, some large, some small, some of the givers rich, some poor, that have poured into the British treasury from all parts of the world, showing how profoundly felt is the appreciation of the fact that the British Empire stands for justice and freedom.

As to Self-Styled "Citizens of the World"

Among the self-styled "conscientious objectors" to the War in the United States is a small group of self-styled "Citizens of the World" and "Internationalists." In the truest and best and highest sense, the real internationalists and citizens of the world are the patriotic men from this country and in the United States and from every other country that is fighting Germany, who are staking their all in the struggle to save world democracy from the menace of Prussianism. True internationalism cannot remain indifferent to the outraging of Belgium, to the crimes perpetrated by the invaders of France, to the massacres in Armenia. All this, however, is too mundane and practical for the "pure idealism" of the self-styled "Citizens of the World." They profess to be the neighbors of everybody in the world, but they do not want to have the trouble of being neighbors to anybody in particular. It is as if they should forswear eating potatoes, beans, turnips, or any other vegetable, and proclaim loftily that they would satisfy their appetites on vegetables in general. The plain truth is, of course, that one who is a citizen of Everywhere, and so of Nowhere, is a bad citizen Anywhere. All sound citizenship is the outgrowth of concrete loyalties somewhere grounded. For a person to profess to be so loyal to mankind in general that he cannot be loyal to any section of it in particular is nothing but sentimental intellectualism gone mad. Any self-styled "social morality" which is so full of "universal love" as to be unable to make any distinction between the brutal terrorism and savage outrages committed by the Germans and the courage of freemen in resisting the Germans, is lacking in one of the essentials of the moral sense—the power to discriminate in ethical value.



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The Young Man and His Problem

By Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

Guiding Principles

The life of every man needs to be steadied. We need a variety of motives to keep our careers constant. It is not a poor plan to keep certain plain, humble rules incessantly before the eye of our minds. A motto on your desk, or in your bedroom, may not seldom save you, either from dilly-dallying away your time, or from positive failures or recreancies. Brief snatches from the writings of heroic men like Robert Louis Stevenson have safeguarded many people. Suppose a man were really to adopt and carry out the rule of making happy those about him. This is a rule which, actually applied, would go far to solve all the problems of life. For one thing, nearly the whole gospel of altruism would be found to be involved in it. Furthermore, the number of individuals whom it could include in its scope would grow constantly greater, until at length it would comprise all whom one in anyway came in contact with. It is a touchstone that can be applied on the spot. It represents one of the grand objects of our living. For, make no mistake about it, one of our chief temptations is that which consists in spoiling the present for the sake of the future. The present is our grand concern. The past is gone, irretrievably. The future will be what the present makes it. To-day, with its humble details, is the staple of life. Make to-day right, and to-morrow will look after itself. Many of us are mutilating the present in anticipation of a future, which, on this basis, can never come. The man who makes it a major principle of his life to make those about him happy, cannot be beaten, no matter how life nominally goes with him.

Superiority to the Casual

Mrs. Parker, the able literary critic of a *Winnipeg Daily*, sometime ago made some interesting quotations from the Reminiscences of Tolstoi. She quoted him as writing in his youth: "When shall I learn the secret of being superior to casual circumstances?" Most of us are the merest creatures of accidental happenings. We make plans, and usually fail to carry them out because untoward accidents occur. This means that instead of being masters; we are mastered. Remember those stirring words of a modern poet: "I am the captain of my soul, I am the master of my fate." The Romans had an adage: "Quisque faber fortunæ suæ. Each one is the architect of his own fortunes." There is a sublime fact here. My body is not me. Even my mere mind, as such, is not me. My real self is my Personality, an offshoot of, an emanation from, the great oversoul. I am linked mysteriously, mystically with the Source of Power. By relaxation we can fall into the arms of this great spiritual force. This means recuperation, revitalization. The trouble is, most of us are working away with the little cupful of spiritual energy that we got at the start, or at some time now remote. The secret of wise living is not isolation from, but contact with, the source of perennial energy. A thousand great figures illustrate this principle. Aurelius, Epictetus, Jesus possessed this great secret.

Wonder

Carlyle was always lamenting that wonder, curiosity, and reverence had vanished from among men. The criticism is always true. Most of us pass our time regardless of the marvels by which we are surrounded. It is only the occasional man that has a keen sense of the marvelous phenomena of the universe. Think of the gorgeous glory of the sunset, when the west is piled with cloud-rack. A castle like that of Windsor is imposing, as it looms over the valley of the Thames; but the ramparts reared by man are trivial beside the battlements of the clouds. Tennyson has a great line in "In Memoriam" that runs "a looming bastion fringed with fire." I remember that the first glimpse I had of the Alps I got at Schaffhausen, where the Falls of the Rhine are situated. The sight thrilled me. But neither Alps nor Himalayas nor Rockies are comparable with the massed mountains of the summer clouds. What could be more exquisitely beautiful than the moon, sailing across the sky, either alone or convoyed by patches of cloud? I saw it last night just emerging from a bank of vapor in the eastern sky. Its upper arc was like a sickle of silver. The next time I looked it had sailed into the open sky, and was gazing blandly down upon the world. If men were to contrive any exhibition that faintly approximated to this in beauty, we would go wild with wonder.

Curiosity and Knowledge

Wonder is the mother of curiosity. Curiosity is the mother of knowledge. What a man wonders over, he will be inquisitive about. The man who does not ask questions about things in one way or another, is on the road to mental death. Young men should realize that there is a rigidity of mind that should be guarded against jealously. The really old man is the man who has ceased to ask questions. A man may be elderly in this worst sense at thirty-five. Gladstone, Burroughs, Charles Eliot of Harvard, Edison are examples of men whose minds and spirits

defied age. The elixir that they drank was that of quenchless curiosity. Curiosity, I said, is the mother of knowledge. Here is a man, forty-five years of age, who knows no more about electricity than he did when he was six. What a shame, and yet this is the position most of us are in, with respect to the most ordinary and yet important of matters. A modern city house is alive with electric wires—telephones, push-buttons, electric light wires themselves. Does this make the house more likely to be struck by lightning-bolts? I declare I don't know. I'm as ignorant as a baby about it. I ought to be ashamed of myself.

The thing is the more serious because, always, the well-posted man is the man of power. He is the man whom all the world is looking for. Start in somewhere to acquire definite knowledge. It doesn't matter so very much where you begin. The mental attitude is the main thing. The well-informed man speaks with authority. I am going to commit the indiscretion of mentioning a name. Take a man like Adam Shortt, the chairman of the civil service commission at Ottawa. He is a mine of information. His conversation is full of substance. I never talk with him without being impressed with the finality with which he speaks. His resources are systematized. He has worshipped facts; and as you chat with him, you feel yourself confronted with real substances. Very few men that I meet produce this impression on me. Make a point of getting in touch with the people you know. Don't talk to a banker about wheat. For that talk to a practical farmer and then to some man who understands the organization of the grain trade—say Dr. McGill, now of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange. Most experts like to be questioned. And whether they do or not question them anyway. Even their monosyllables about their own business will enlighten you. Goldsmith the Irishman, once wrote a comedy entitled: "She Stoops to Conquer." You always have to stoop, in a certain sense, to conquer. You need not "stoop" morally, but mentally. Admit your ignorance with the expert; then, by comparison with the unquestioning rank and file, you yourself will be something of an expert. Don't go through life clothed in the coat and mail of your own knowledge. Get out of yourself and into the shoes of the other man. Emerson quotes an old saying, "Out of my country and myself I go." Many people travel and learn nothing, because they are eternally pluming themselves on their own little stock-in-trade of knowledge. There are many men who have traveled all over the world, who might almost, as well have never stirred from their own firesides. Coming back to the matter of questioning experts. A short time ago I was in Wolfville, Nova Scotia. Wolfville is in the heart of the old Acadian settlement. I found there a watchmaker by the name of Herbin. He is the only descendant of the old Acadians now resident in the pretty town. Well, for my information about the Acadians it was to Herbin that I went. Two conversations of a couple of hours with him, I am persuaded, taught me more about the life of his ancestors than I could have learned in any amount of miscellaneous talk with citizens generally. The reason was that he was a specialist in the subject. Begin somewhere, I say. The starting point doesn't much matter. Cobbett, I think it was, said he made up his mind to learn all the facts about his municipality. Then he went on to the county. Then go on to the country at large. Then to the world. Almost any subject will ultimately become for you the centre of a world of knowledge.

Public Speaking

I use that heading rather than Oratory, because most of us like to shy clear of the words orator, oratory, oration. Anyway, we might as well shy clear of them because they represent qualities that very few can attain. Not many men can be orators, but almost anyone can be a moderately effective public speaker. Oratory is a matter of temperament, and if you haven't got the temperament you can't buy it. The orator is the speaker, plus something. The "something" is genius, endowment. But I say most men, if they set themselves to it, can make themselves efficient public speakers. And the man is rare who does not wish to be able to speak creditably. What is the natural thing to do if we want to be able to speak well? The obvious answer is, study the work of great speakers. The speeches of the great orators are easily accessible. Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, and the rest are near at hand if we please to read them. Why shouldn't we store our minds with the sentences of the great world orators. Mere familiarity with these will inform our own power of expression. Scarcely any English poet is more noted for felicity of expression than Tennyson. A little instance of this felicity occurs to me. It is unimportant in itself, but it illustrates my point. Tennyson is describing a little fact of reflection, and he uses the expression "the shadow of a lark hung in the shadow of a heaven." It would be hard to beat that for the acme of expressional power. The lark is poised in the air. The air is transparently clear. Everything is reflected with startling vivid-

ness in the water. In the water what is it the poet sees? "The shadow of a lark hung in the shadow of a heaven." Tennyson had worked a long time before he could pen that. A novice simply could not have done it. It is at once the acme of simplicity and the acme of art. Or take a stanza from Coleridge.

Day after day we stuck
Nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

I do not know whether I have quoted this correctly or not. It may not be a full stanza, but what I want to direct attention to, is what I have had set up here as the last two lines, "As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." The symbol of motionlessness that the poet uses is not a real ship nor a real ocean, but a painted ship and a painted ocean. The "painted ship" and the "painted ocean" are perfect images of absolutely arrested motion. The remarks that I made about Tennyson's words apply equally to those of Coleridge. The two are equally simple and equally perfect. They resemble each other in their approximation to absolute perfection. They resemble each other also as results of long labor in the art of expression. No man stumbles on a thing like this. Well, no one arrives at this excellence in the power of language unless he loves language as such. Tennyson was always in love with language. He tells us that when a mere child he used to run over the moor or in the woods crying out things like this, "I hear a voice that's murmuring on the wind." There was nothing in the words. They were a mere jingle of sounds. But the artist was stirring in him.

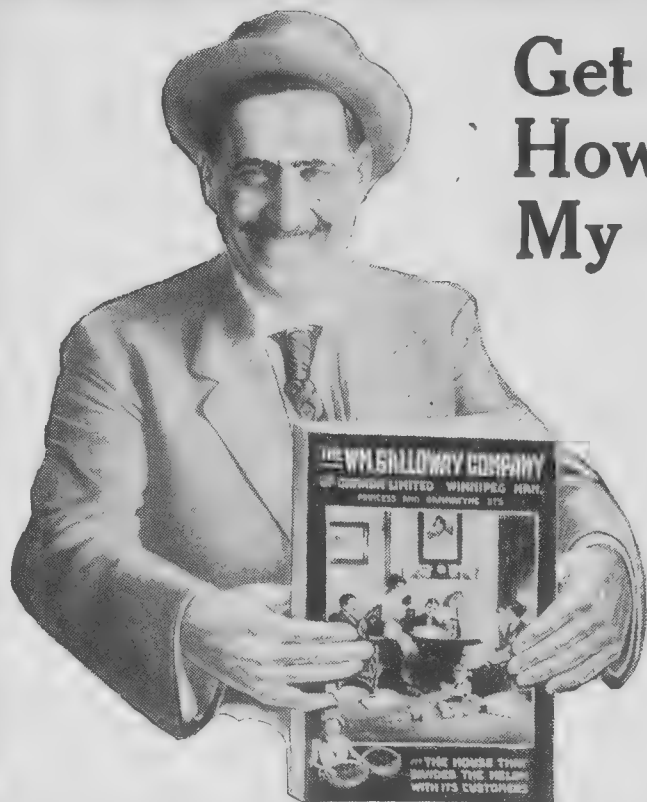
Language

Talking of orators, speakers, and poets, Language is their medium. The sculptor works in marble. The architect works in stone. The painter works in oils and colors. The orator, the speaker, the poet works in and with words. Words are linked into phrases, clauses, sentences, paragraphs, essays, poems, orations, speeches. No whole without its parts. No organism without its elements. Language is the raw material then. No man can use it effectively who does not understand its genius. Among the languages, English is one of the noblest. How few know the history of our splendidly composite English speech. Why should not any farmer's son have by him a good plain history of our English language. At its base a dusky band of Celtic words. It is worth something to know that words like "basket" and "whiskey" are not Anglo-Saxon, not Roman, not Norman French, but Celtic. I speak from the merest memory, but I think I am not mistaken. Close to its heart a throng of homely Anglo-Saxon words, "heart," "home," "father," "mother," "church," "God," "good," "evil," "hearth," are natively Anglo-Saxon. Why should not any farmer's son have by him an etymological dictionary like Skeat's? In a trice he could then look up the history of any word. You use a word powerfully only when you know its history, when you can break it up into its elements. I remember how pleased I was when I learned the facts about "pea-jacket." That word says the same thing twice. "Pea" there is the same as the German word "pfeit," which means "shirt." Take a word like "murmur." That is just a doublet. It is what they call an imitative or onomatopoeic word like "where" or "wibble." "Mur-mur," the same syllable repeated. Take the word "win." Only three letters. We say: win a prize, win the palm, win a victory. It seems to suggest glory and triumph. I remember again the thrill of surprise I felt when I found in the old Gothic word "winnan." There you have the ancestor of our little "win." But what did "winnan" mean on the lips of that early Germanic tribe? It meant to "suffer." And so, you never "win" anything without suffering. "Suffering is the badge of all our tribe," is true in a wide sense than Shylock means. Our whole language is electric with significance. Just as the summer clouds are pregnant with lightning, so language is fraught with history and significance. The man who would use language powerfully must know its origin, its history, its vicissitudes.

Florence Nightingale and Votes For Women

It is interesting to recall that fifty years ago John Stuart Mill wrote to Florence Nightingale a letter urging her to join a woman's suffrage society. Florence Nightingale was at first reluctant to join the society—first, because she had become an invalid, and had made it her rule never to lend her name when she could not give her work, and also because, as she expressed it, "I have never felt the want of a vote." But a couple of years later she decided that the time had come for her to give the weight of her name to the cause of woman's suffrage. "That women's political power should be direct and open, not indirect—that women should have the suffrage—no one can be more convinced than I," she wrote. In 1871 her name headed a memorial to the House of Commons in support of John Bright's bill to introduce votes for women, but even her great influence did not avail to save that bill from being thrown out.

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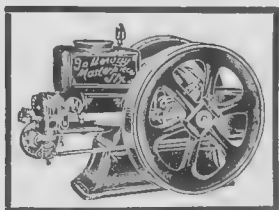
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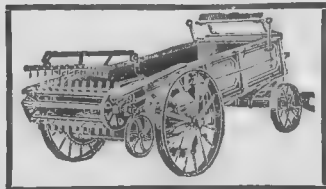
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all about it—sit right
down now and send for it



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Robert Louis Stevenson's Famous Boat "Casco" Once More Puts Out to Sea

By Francis J. Deckie



*He used a pebble to
keep his mouth moist—*

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gives us a wholesome, anti-septic, refreshing confection to take the place of the cave man's pebble.

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Lasts!**

MADE IN
CANADA

20



THE Casco has put once more to sea. If these words and the accompanying photograph which shows her taken recently at Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, do not convey any meaning to you, go to your own or the public library or the nearest bookstore and get a copy of Robert Louis Stevenson's South Sea Tales, and when you have read them turn once more to this photograph and article, for the Casco was Robert Louis Stevenson's boat a quarter of a century ago. On her he sailed the South Seas, and in her snug little cabin wrote some of his best work.

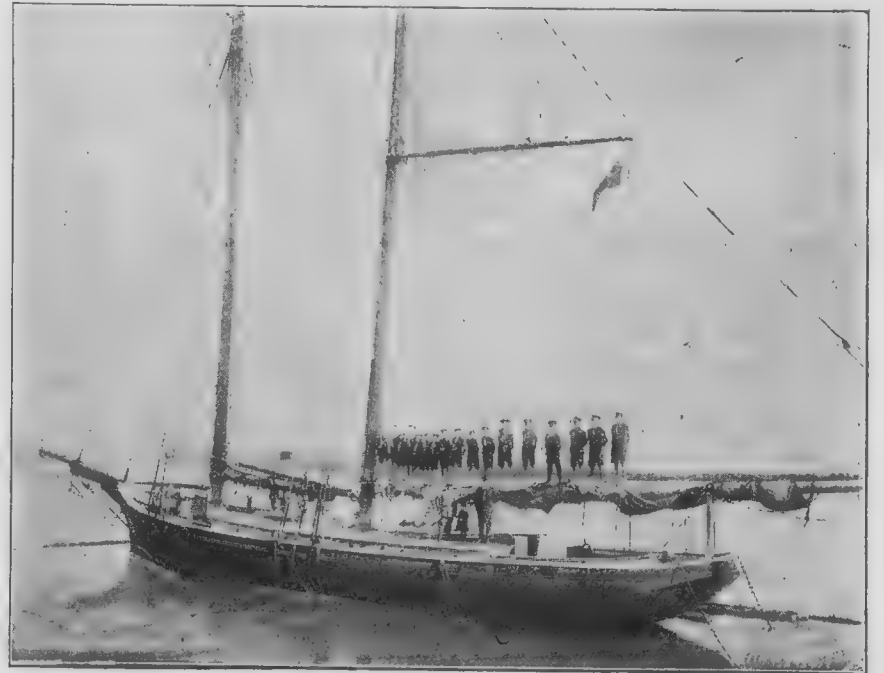
Still stout and weathertight is the Casco, though over a quarter century old, and capable yet of breasting the roughest seas of the north Pacific, for all that she has been beached or lying idly tied to half a dozen wharfs at Vancouver and Victoria for nearly a decade. And for all the years of her wild career of sailing and later disuse and neglect, the Casco promises to ride the seas for many a day yet.

Built at San Francisco some thirty years ago by admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous Scottish writer,

and given to him fully equipped and crewed to carry the ailing author to the South Seas, the Casco stands to-day a striking remembrance of perhaps one of the finest gifts ever tendered a writer of books by an admiring public.

From San Francisco the scene of her launching, she carried Stevenson to the South Seas. In her he cruised thousands of miles, gaining inspiration and health from the new environment. In a comfortable cabin, especially designed by the builders with a foresight of an author's wants, Stevenson wrote many of his most famous things which have charmed millions of readers.

When he died in 1895, the Casco became a sealing ship, sailing on many famous voyages upon the Pacific when that trade was at its height, and returned to various Pacific coast points with many rich catches. For awhile—though upon this particular period her history is clouded in obscurity—she was owned by one of the most famous opium and Chinese smugglers upon the coast. The practice of her owner and that of other captains similarly engaged reads like a page from frenzied and unbelievable fiction, but is nevertheless; there are



The "Casco," Robert Louis Stevenson's Gift Ship

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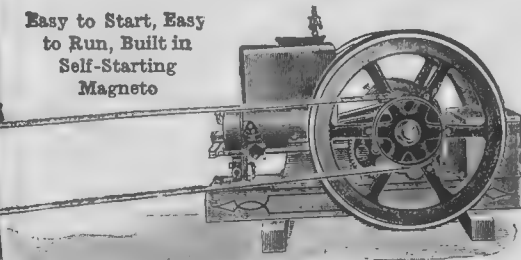
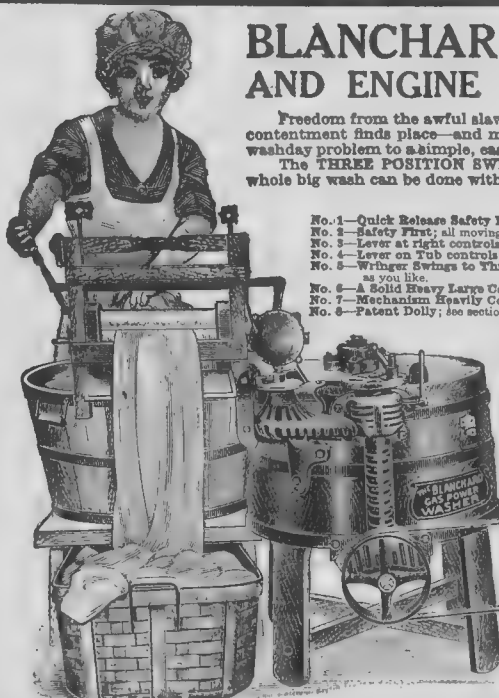
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- No. 7—Mechanism Heavily Constructed, carefully fitted and encased to prevent accidents.
- No. 8—Patent Dolly, see sectional view of Silent Kase-Go. This is the most effective dolly in use.

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- No. 2—Blanchard Gas Power Washer and Engine Outfit, consisting of Washer, Wringer and 1 h.p. Engine, Battery Ignition and Belt ready to run. Shipping weight, 375 lbs. Price... **\$62.95**
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This Engine is built for economy of operation and enduring service. There is no other Engine which measures up to this one in high standard of quality. For Details of Specifications, SEE OUR CATALOG.

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many old sailormen who will vouch for the truth of operations, of which the following is a brief outline:

Into the United States only Chinese accredited as merchants or students are allowed. But there is large possibilities for making money in the domain of Uncle Sam, to which fact the little yellow men are very much alive. For this reason they were and are still willing to pay well to obtain an entrance into the States without being submitted to the usual searching examination of the immigration authorities. The first step is to come to Canada, for which they have to pay the not small sum of \$500. Upon their arrival at Victoria or Vancouver is where the before mentioned smugglers come in, and the deeds of the Casco. It was the custom of the smugglers to take on a load of recent Chinese arrivals in some quiet bay along the Canadian mainland or on Vancouver Island, or to lie off shore several miles and have the intending immigrants rowed out to them in boats under cover of the dark. From the point of embarkation the yellow men were carried to some out of the way spot on the American side, there to be dumped off under cover of the dark and left to shift for themselves upon this so desired land. Once arrived on American soil the Chinese would make their way to the nearest town or city, and once there who was to know whether the quiet little man shuffling along had entered the States in the proper manner as merchant or student. This business was a very profitable one for the smugglers, they receiving from fifteen to fifty per head

from the entrants, according to the varying size of the man's bankroll.

Pitted against the smugglers were the revenue cutters and the secret service men of both Canada and the United States. Many a time the revenue cutters ran down suspicious ships and took off their loads of smuggled men, and sent the captain and crew to jail. But sometimes while the cutter was running down the ship, strange things would happen aboard the pursued one; and, lo and behold, when the suspected boat finally hove to and allowed the revenue men to come aboard, there was nothing to find; the ship was to all appearances an ordinary coasting or fishing vessel; and always upon such occasions would her captain be righteously indignant at the "outrage" of being pursued and boarded. So the story goes of the smuggling of Chinese.

That a tap on the head will quiet a man is well known, and that a chunk of coal or iron tied to his feet will take him a long way towards the bottom of the ocean is also a matter of common knowledge. And such is the way many a hard pressed smuggling ship is reported to have gotten rid of a dangerous cargo. After all—so doubtless the smugglers argued—what is the life of a few Chinese compared to a long term in prison. So oftentimes a suspected ship when at last boarded was able to present an apparently clean bill of health.

But in the case of "the stuff of dreams," when the carrier was too hard

use. Probably no collection of vessels ever gathered together on the North American continent was ever more saturated with romance than this sealing fleet beached at Victoria. Among them, to mention one more beside the famous Casco, was the late command of Skipper McLean, one of the most reckless, daredevil, genuinely brave and terribly cruel men that ever sailed the Pacific. From him the late Jack London built his famous character of Wolf Larsen in the Sea Wolf.

All the vessels passed into oblivion of dismantled ships except the Casco. She, what of her valuable teak hull, her capacity for speed and perhaps her historic connections was saved, and after nearly a decade of idleness carried a cargo of junk to Vancouver. For awhile she lay on the waterfront, and, pending a buyer, served the noble purpose of training ship for sea scouts, a boyish organization given to nautical training, but much similar to the boy scout order on land.

Then recently a man of some means, and with some appreciation of her historic value, J. Frick by name, bought her to use as a combined trading and pleasure yacht along the coast.

So the Casco has put once more to sea. The varied purposes of many men has she served. Romance, crime, commerce, each in turn has played upon her decks. Upon her a great writer has spent some of the happiest hours of his life, hours in which he has given to the world some of his best work. Her decks have dripped with the blood of ten thousand seals, and her hold reeked with the stench of the gathered pelts. Even a carrier of junk, an unseemly degradation for such a boat, has been the Casco, and lastly a training ship for Sea Scouts.

It would seem that such a ship were worthy of a finer ending than that now in store for her. The most fitting resting place would be some great public park or museum. Here she might rest as a lasting memorial not only of one of the finest gifts ever tendered a writer by the reading public, but as a monument to the memory of the great Scottish author. Here is a mission for modern admirers of the late Robert Louis Stevenson to take up a subscription and buy her in, and preserve her for posterity. Certainly such a gift ship deserves more than an ignoble end.

The Day of Desire

By J. H. Arnett

After the winds and the rains
And the snowy showers of spring,
With the drifting, shifting clouds,
And the early flowers they bring,
To the weary, waiting earth
There comes a fullness true
In the hush of the greening grass
Neath the warm skies, clear and blue.

So, if there are winds and rains
And clouds in your heart to-day,
With the deadening chill of the snow;
Remember, that this is the way
That leads your longing heart
To the day of its desire,
The hush of the perfect bliss,
The light of celestial fire.

Opportunity

Said yesterday to to-morrow:
"When I was young, like you,
I too was fond of boasting
Of all I meant to do.
But while I fell a-dreaming
Along the pleasant way,
Before I scarcely knew it
I found I was to-day!"

"And as to-day, so quickly
My little course was run,
I had not time to finish
One-half the things begun.
Would I could try it over,
But I can ne'er go back;
A yesterday forever
I now must be, alack!"

"And so, my good to-morrow,
If you would make a name
That history shall cherish
Upon its roll of fame,
Be all prepared and ready
Your noblest part to play
In those few fleeting hours
When you shall be 'to-day'!"

—Pacific.

Classified Page for the People's Wants

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL ANYTHING IN THE LINE OF POULTRY, FARM PROPERTY, FARM MACHINERY, OR IF YOU WANT HELP OR EMPLOYMENT, REMEMBER THAT THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS OF THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY ARE ALWAYS READY TO HELP YOU ACCOMPLISH YOUR OBJECT. COST 3c WORD, MINIMUM 50c. CASH WITH ORDER.

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Loving the Word

A poor widow, who worked hard all day for a pittance, loved her Bible so dearly that she could not deny herself a half-hour's candlelight each day in winter so that she might read it. This was her one luxury. To make the most of it, she was wont to read a few verses and then blow out her light and think over the passages until she had got it well imprinted on her mind. Then she would light her candle and read again, and thus continue until she had reached the limit set.

Few Bible students excelled her in familiarity with the word, and her soul literally fed upon it. She received it all by simple faith, just as if she had heard the words spoken by the voice of God in her ear.

Have we ever prized the Bible enough to take so much pains to read it? It is such earnest seekers that find the pearl of great price hidden there.

A visitor among the poor paused one evening before the half-open door of a tenement room to listen to a boy's voice reading. A moment showed him that the book was the Bible. Sure of a welcome, he went in. The home was too poor to afford a candle. But the boy had gathered a heap of shavings through the day, and a little sister sat beside the broken hearth, and now and then dropped on a handful; then the lad seized the moment to read a verse or two to his eagerly-listening mother, who lay on her sick-bed.

That Bible-reading was blessed to both. The visitor was deeply interested in the lad, and helped him to a better education. He became at last a minister of Jesus.

Love God's word, and let it dwell in you richly. It is a possession more choice than great stores of gold and gems, for it will never perish with the using, and you may take it with you beyond the floods.

Getting Into and Out of a Corner

It is said of Mr. Beecher that once on a time, listening incog. in a country church to a young minister, he heard flippantly rehearsed one of his own best sermons, nearly or quite verbatim. Going out of church he remarked to the young tyro, "That was a very good sermon. How long did it take you to write it?" "O," said he with the utmost nonchalance, "I tossed it off in an evening." "Indeed! Why it took me longer than that to think out the bare frame-work of that very sermon." "Are you Henry Ward Beecher?" "The same." "Why, then, Mr. Beecher," replied the unabashed youth, "all I've got to say is, I'm not ashamed to preach one of your sermons any day."

What the Hottentot Thought of It

A Dutch farmer at the Cape, seeing a poor Hottentot reading the Bible, scornfully remarked: "That book is not for such as you."

"Indeed, but it is," was the reply.

"How do you know that?"

"Why, my name is in it," said the Hottentot.

"Your name! Where?"

"Here," said the man, reading, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—that's my name, and the book is for me."

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Dr. Markland is the only female surgeon in the British Army. Dr. Markland is a most unusual miss, and the distinction which she holds, has been won by her great skill as a surgeon.

She holds a reputation in her private practice which makes her one of the foremost women surgeons in the world.

Dr. Markland will see service very probably in one of the hospitals behind the firing lines in France. She has won the commendation of many physicians in Great Britain, and when she offered her services to the Army, she was accepted after some deliberation as to whether a woman doctor could serve in the Army ranks.

There is little question but that Dr. Markland will prove that women doctors in the field can be of considerable service, and soon many more of her sex will be seen in the ranks.

pressed, though the opium often went overboard, a marking buoy went with it. For opium is costly and much more to be regarded than the lives of a few "heathen Chinese." In this manner the smuggler after submitting to search, could wait till the revenue cutter had gone, and then return and pick up his cache upon the face of the ocean.

And the Casco, seventy tons register, built of teak, and fine of line making her a master sailer, after having been completed as a loving gift from a host of honest and appreciative literary people to one of the greatest writers of the century, became in turn the carrier of illicit human cargo, and was the scene at times of crime, bloodshed and brutality. In 1902 her history shows her to have again been in the sealing business. And when the trade ended in 1907 through the practical exhaustion of the seals caused by man's unusual wasteful taking of life and neglect of ordinary conservation laws, the Casco was beached at Victoria along with a dozen other sealers, there to lie and rot from inattention and dis-

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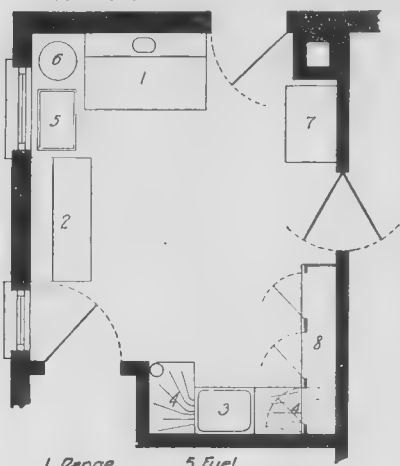
9

Better Farm Homes

By Professor L. J. Smith, Manitoba Agricultural College

It was hoped that the Farm Home Competition would give some good plans of small houses, but very few plans were entered of homes smaller than 28

PLAN OF LAYOUT OF KITCHEN



- 1 Range. 5 Fuel.
2 Cabinet. 6 Hot Water Tank
3 Sink. 7 Refrigerator
4 Drain boards. 8 Cupboard

ft. by 30 ft. There is, however, a strong demand from the newly settled districts for a small modern home, and Plan "C" has been gotten out in the hope that it will meet this demand.

of the centre of the living room, and are much more convenient to the kitchen than the ordinary front hall stairs. It also makes a very convenient arrangement for the cellar stairs. Four steps lead from the kitchen down to a landing which has an outside door at ground level. By this arrangement anything going into or coming out of the cellar does not have to pass through the kitchen. The advantages are obvious. The cellar stairs lead to about the centre of the cellar, making all parts equally accessible, and allowing for an easy arrangement of the basement. A full basement should be planned for. In it will be placed the furnace, wood and coal storage, a vegetable room, fruit storage, soft water tank, pneumatic tank and pump, the lighting system, space for drying clothes in winter, and laundry and dairy arrangement, if desired. A basement can be far better utilized than attic space, and is much more accessible.

The kitchen is not large but is conveniently arranged. The sink is in the proper position for washing and putting away dishes, and is conveniently located for use in cooking.

The outer kitchen door is planned to have glass in the upper half. The position of the doors and windows makes possible plenty of ventilation to keep the kitchen cool in summer, a most important consideration.



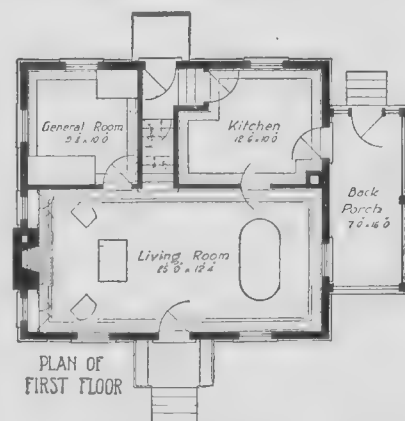
The small, two story house is the architect's most difficult problem, when one is anxious to secure a good external appearance, as well as economy. A study of the perspective of Plan "C" will convince the reader that the architect has solved the problem.

In working out these plans, the main effort was to secure as economical a house as possible without sacrificing convenience. The house is 24 feet deep, and has a 27 feet frontage, which would best face the south. The gambrel roof gives a pleasing appearance, and, at the same time, a very economical and compact style of construction.

The first floor has but three rooms. The large room across the front gives a convenient and comfortable living and dining-room. A fireplace in one end would add to the cheerfulness of the room, and under no circumstances should be omitted. The dining table can be run lengthwise of the room when it is desired to accommodate a large number, as at harvest, or a Christmas or New Year's dinner, and, by removing the table altogether, a large space is available for parties and other social gatherings.

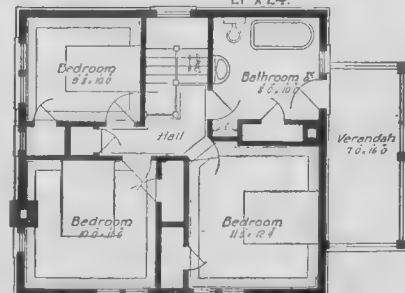
The 9-ft. 8-in. by 10-ft. general purpose room off the living room will be handy for sewing, for use in case of sickness, or when visitors come, and for various social events. It also affords a good quiet place to put the youngster for his daily nap, and thus avoid climbing to the second floor. If desired, it can be used as a regular bedroom.

The front hall and stairs are generally unnecessary in the smaller country home where the front door is not used to the extent that it would be if it were a city home. The stairs rise directly out



PLAN OF
FIRST FLOOR

MANITOBA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
PLANS OF FARM HOUSE "C"



PLAN OF
SECOND FLOOR

Copyrighted, August 1917.

The large kitchen porch will be especially appreciated in summer. Here, out in the cool fresh air, a great deal of the kitchen work can be done; here, the youngsters can play; here, also, a

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table can be provided, and the family can eat their meals outside in warm weather. A summer's experience of this sort makes one very loth to eat inside, even when fall comes.

No house is considered modern in these days unless it has a sleeping porch. This can be provided above the kitchen porch by having a door off the bath room. It is planned to have a gas pipe frame work upon which canvas may be stretched for protection from the weather, while the sleeping porch is being used. Some might prefer to have the door to the porch open off the adjacent bedroom, rather than off the bathroom.

The upper hall is three feet wide and does not take up much space. The window at the stair landing gives ample light and ventilation. A linen closet is provided for, off the hall.

A large bathroom is conveniently located at the head of the stairs, and being above the kitchen, is most economically located from the plumbing standpoint.

There are two large and one small bedrooms with ample closets which will appeal to the housewife.

To many, the plans might seem lacking in bedroom space. The room on the first floor can be used by the family when visitors come, for the modern davenport is an equally good bed, thus the old spare bedroom is dispensed with. Then, again, often the farm hands live in a separate bunk house, or the hired man may be married and live in the old house and board the other men, thus giving more privacy to the owners of the farm, and lifting a big load from the shoulders of the housewife.

With a large house on the farm, the time often comes when the young people have gone to homes of their own, and then the big place with its extra rooms and upkeep becomes a burden instead of a pleasure.

Working drawings, showing front and two side elevations, sectional elevation, basement plan, exterior and interior details (6 sheets, 14-in. by 24-in.), together with specifications and bill of material, can be had by writing the Department of Agricultural Engineering, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg. This material is sold at a nominal price with no intention of securing a profit, but to cover the cost of the reproduction of individual copies. The cost to applicants residing in Manitoba is \$3.00, and for those residing elsewhere \$5.00. Applicants, when sending for this material, should allow plenty of time for the getting out of copies of the specifications and bills of material.

The Shorthorn on the Range

Rustling capacity has in the past been considered essential to a successful range steer, but conditions in every sphere of beef production change, a statement that is as applicable to the pastoral area as the cornbelt. This year's range cattle market has related a mute but eloquent story. Thousands of "peaked" little steers, mostly of southern breeding, have sold anywhere from \$6.75 to \$7.75, while a few loads of big cattle, bred in the Northwest have been eligible to \$10.00 at \$10.40 and a top sale was made at \$10.75. There were practically all 4-year-old steers, grown under the same conditions and the difference between \$7.75 and \$10.75, plus the extra weight that the higher price implies, means the difference between a substantial profit and what was doubtless a loss, as, if the owners of these light grass cattle figured closely they would face a balance on the wrong side of the ledger in most cases.

Let us take the \$10.75 drove of steers as an illustration of what can be accomplished with the Shorthorn in the great pastoral area west of the Missouri River, where, as in other sections of the country, the problem up to the grower is making the biggest steer in the shortest possible time. There were 35 head of these cattle, and they averaged 1,452 pounds. Other than some sheaf oats in calfhood they never tasted grain and were grass product. The Cross system of grazing is under fences, but as cattle belonging to other outfits run in the same pastures it is practically an open range proposition.

Telling how he carries on his cattle business Mr. Cross, who has been 33 years at the game, is a veterinarian

and a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College, said:

"Most of the blood in our herd is Shorthorns. We use Shorthorn bulls two years, then Herefords for a single season. I am no breed crank, but experience is part of our capital and it forces us to use Shorthorn bulls two-thirds of the time. We save our best heifers to recuperate the cow herd and Shorthorn blood predominates therein. These cows produce magnificent calves, imparting the scale and ruggedness of the Shorthorn. By this means we prevent our herd from running down in size, bone and vigor. Without the Shorthorn it would be impossible to produce as big or valuable a steer in four years, which is the age at which we consider it the most economical to market.

"For both fenced pasture and open range conditions I consider this mixture of blood the best. We cannot afford to raise little cattle as the profit is found in the added weight a preponderance of Shorthorn blood insures. We are not building for a few crops of calves, but on a permanent basis and must look ahead. The trouble encountered by most western breeders of commercial cattle is that after a few years their cows begin running down in size, losing bone and vigor and acquiring pointed ends. The Shorthorn has the faculty of remedying this and no other efficacious prescription can be written. Whenever you spot a load of big, framy bullocks wearing brands at the stockyards you may wager that Shorthorn blood is responsible and in proportion to the quantity will their merit be determined.

"On the breeding and feeding system adopted beef making on the range is profitable. But the best bulls money can buy are necessary and both cows and calves must have care. We winter our females and young stuff and in stormy periods give the older cattle a mess of hay. Rustling after the old style when they counted the dead ones after a mild winter, enumerating the live ones in the spring otherwise will no longer earn dividends. Putting capital in the scrub-bred stocker is questionable judgment and as the other kind is difficult to buy the alternative is to breed them. This we are doing along the lines I have stated and when it ceases to work out we will quit. We find that such Shorthorn cattle at two years of age have attained maximum size and can then be marketed more profitably. That they are good cattle our market topping performance at Chicago demonstrates. Each breeder must operate to suit his conditions. Some may find it more profitable to send yearlings to market, others to cash at the two-year-old stage and still others to carry them along, as we do, until they are practically mature at the four-year period, but no matter what method is pursued preponderance of Shorthorn blood will be an essential to securing the maximum weight over the stockyards scale. We have shaped our course as the result of three decades of experience in the same sphere, the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and it is doubtful if the Shorthorn ever found a better place, to demonstrate its excellence as a beef producer."

Be Clean

The poultryman who follows the daily cleaning method, is generally the one who looks after the other essentials, considering them equally as important. Cleanliness should be more rigidly enforced in winter than in summer, for the reason than on account of much bad weather, and longer nights, fowls are compelled to spend more time in the houses.

The cleaning of the dropping boards is only part of the "be clean" idea. It is oftentimes painful to the up-to-date poultryman to step into the ordinary scratching pen. Some people seem to think that the scratching litter does not need to be changed from fall to spring. When the litter gets damp or musty, dry straw is added and for a few days the fowls enjoy fairly sanitary quarters. Their scratching and turning over of the litter soon contaminates it and the last condition is worse than the first. When we think of the daily droppings of the hens and the dampness from water spilled in the pen, can we conscientiously expect the best results from the flock kept under such conditions?

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Eskimos on Trial at Edmonton

The far reach of British Justice has seldom been better illustrated than in the case of the two Eskimos just found guilty at Edmonton of the murder of two Catholic Priests in the far North. The search and capture occupied over two years.

Inspector La Nauze, Corporal Bruce and Constable Wight constituted the R.N.W.M.P. party given the job of tracing the crime. They left Regina in May, 1915, and returned to Edmonton in August, 1917. In making the arrest they

Norman was looked upon as the base of operations and from there the party worked.

When Uluksuk and Sinnisiak were arrested it was about a year after the crime was committed and they did not make the least attempt at resistance, evidently thinking that the crime was forgotten. Though arrested at points over one hundred miles apart, and not having been in communication with each other for some months, they each told practically the same story in confession



Inspector La Nauze, N.W.M.P., and his two Eskimo prisoners, Ulksuk and Sinnisiak, just found guilty at Edmonton of killing two Catholic priests in the far north.

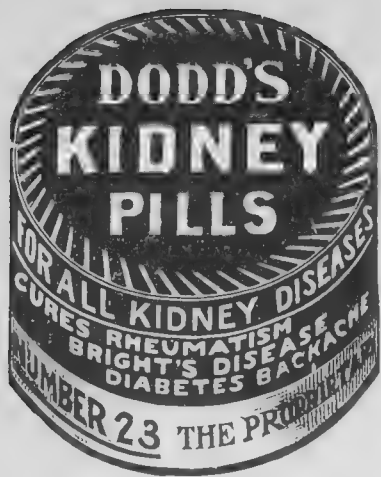


In the group of seven the prisoners are sitting down. Uluksuk, who was charged with the murder of Father Laroux, being to the left, and Sinnisiak, looked upon as the murderer of Father Rouviere, to the right. The figure to the left sitting down is Corporal Bruce and the other Constable Wight. Standing at the rear to the left is Ilivink, a native from Herschel Island, who was taken along as interpreter by the police early on the trip. "Patsy" Klengenberg is in the centre. He is considered a white man, being a halfbreed with a Dane for father, and acted as interpreter at the trial. The third standing figure is Koeha, the principal crown witness.

travelled afoot over 3,000 miles, using two dog sleds to carry food, etc. At times loads of forty pounds were carried on their backs, this being considered a reasonable burden. It was a pretty heavy load for two or three days, perhaps a week, but after that it did not bother them much. The sledding was, of course, done in winter, canoes being used in summer whenever there was water stretches. In summer on land they always travelled on foot. The greater portion of the travelling was done as the sun rose or was going down, as in mid-day it was too hot for walking. Fort

and gave particulars as to where trace of the deceased could be found. The bodies were cut to pieces, the livers having been eaten to prevent the priests coming to life again—a belief with the Eskimo. Getting all the evidence considered necessary, the journey outward was started. To make the return trip considerably less time was taken than in going for the prisoners, as the party came by Peace River, to which point the railway had been built since the journey was undertaken.

The police report the Eskimo as a quiet, contented people, living in peace

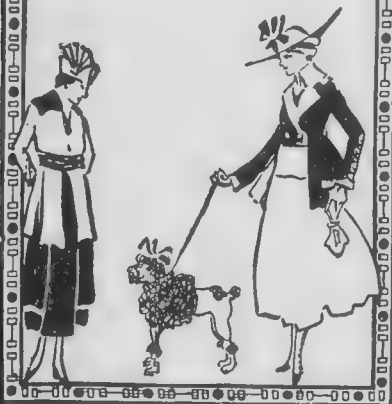


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and happiness if left alone. The prisoners in their confession stated that they were forced to the act, through intimidation and so on. The evidence was considered conclusive enough by the jury to warrant a verdict of "guilty." It was accompanied, however, by a strong recommendation for clemency, and, as the Chief Justice who presided concurred in this, it is not likely that the Eskimos will suffer the supreme penalty.

It cannot be said that the police had a pleasant trip making the arrest. They found the Eskimo ready to assist, and quite hospitable, setting an example as to the latter to the white folk. The regular clothing of the police was discarded when the real north country was reached, skin clothing being used. This could be worn with either the fur outside or inside, the party with whom the writer conversed wearing his with the fur out. In this way it has no unpleasant feeling after being on a little, as the hide becomes moist with the heat from the body, and, through this, the skin is pliable, leaving the touch to the body soft, and the fur outside has a tendency to break the wind and ward off the cold. Native shoes were also worn,

something of fishhook or spear style. Cups are made out of horn and thimbles as well. A pair of scissors were exhibited made of bone with copper blades. A comb was of bone about three inches long by one and a half wide, the teeth being two inches deep. Bone needles are used, quite clumsy looking affairs. The knives all have copper blades with bone handles. There is plenty of copper to be found in thick sheet form. This is heated at open fires, and, while hot, pounded on the rock into the desired shape. The wood used inland is chiefly willow. All the work of the Eskimo is done in the open, and with common everyday hand tools, chiefly the jackknife, there being no factories or machinery.

Charles D. La Nauze, the man who had charge of the expedition, is one of the youngest inspectors in the R.N.W.M.P. force. He is 28 years of age and was 25 when given command of the longest patrol ever undertaken by the Mounted Police.

For the years they were on the hunt they travelled over the open or frozen rivers and barren plains, covered with snow in winter, in the great northland, much of the time without timepieces,

occasion when a huge storm rose on Great Bear Lake and almost swamped the York boat carrying the expedition. Features were frozen and beards and clothing solid with ice when the party finally reached port.

The childlike confession was made by Sinnisiak. He said that the trouble arose at the Copper Mine River. Father Laroux asked him to pull his sleigh and he would pay him in traps. Both he and Uluksuk, the second accused, gave their aid. The next day while they were still helping it was storming and they lost the road. The two Eskimos found a cache and were looking at it when the priests came. Father Leroux was angry, said the confession, and when asked if he was going to kill them nodded his head. After some further quarreling, they be-

came frightened and Sinnisiak stabbed the priest in the back with a knife and Uluksuk finished him. Father Rouviere, the narrative continues, ran away and Sinnisiak took the rifle from the sleigh and shot the fleeing priest, and with the aid of an axe and a knife they both killed him. They then cut up the bodies, eating the livers. The interpreter testified to the authenticity of the confession.

Courtesy Returned

Mr. Lloyd-George, after distributing prizes at a school, said he hoped the children would have a good record when he came again. Thereupon they rose and with one accord said: "Same to you, sir."—Argonaut.



Major-General Sir Arthur Currie commanding all the Canadian Divisions in France and his A.D.C. He is the first Canadian to command the Dominion Forces and is a native of Ontario, but a resident of Victoria, B.C., for many years. He went overseas with the first Expeditionary Force and his promotion has been rapid. General Currie took a keen interest in military matters from his boyhood.

being of skin with no nails in them, more of a heavy moccasin than regular shoe. The headgear was a sort of hood. In the garments, with a little additional wrap, sleep was obtained. Bathing was done with snow in winter and in the water in summer. The food was largely obtained on the way, much caribou, of which there are great herds, being consumed. No serious illness befell the party on the trip.

Many interesting stories of the trip are told by the police and some relics were brought out. Up to two years back it is said that the Eskimo knew nothing of firearms, the bow and arrow being the chief shooting instrument, and they are large, clumsy looking things, made in three pieces, strengthened and held together with twisted sinew of the deer. The string of the bow is also of sinew, very strong. Arrows are made in different forms, wood, bone and copper being used—one seen had a copper head with projections from the top backward,

and making about ten miles each day.

In connection with the Eskimos, the gentleman of the party with whom the writer conversed had no hesitancy in saying that the attempted christianizing of this people was a mistake. If left to themselves they would be better and get along nicely.

The report of Inspector La Nauze to the government tells of trees found in the north that although only six feet high proved to be 200 years old according to the annual rings in the trunk.

Progress far beyond the tree line was also made. Months were spent in travelling through territory where there was not even a shrub to break the monotony of the journey. Shaggy herds of long-haired musk-ox were seen at intervals lumbering through the tundra.

At times the red-coated patrol disturbed monster flocks of northern lake birds. The Arctic eagle, a pure white bird, was also seen on several occasions.

The party was nearly drowned on one



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The Real Fun of Mountain Climbing

By Aubrey Fullerton

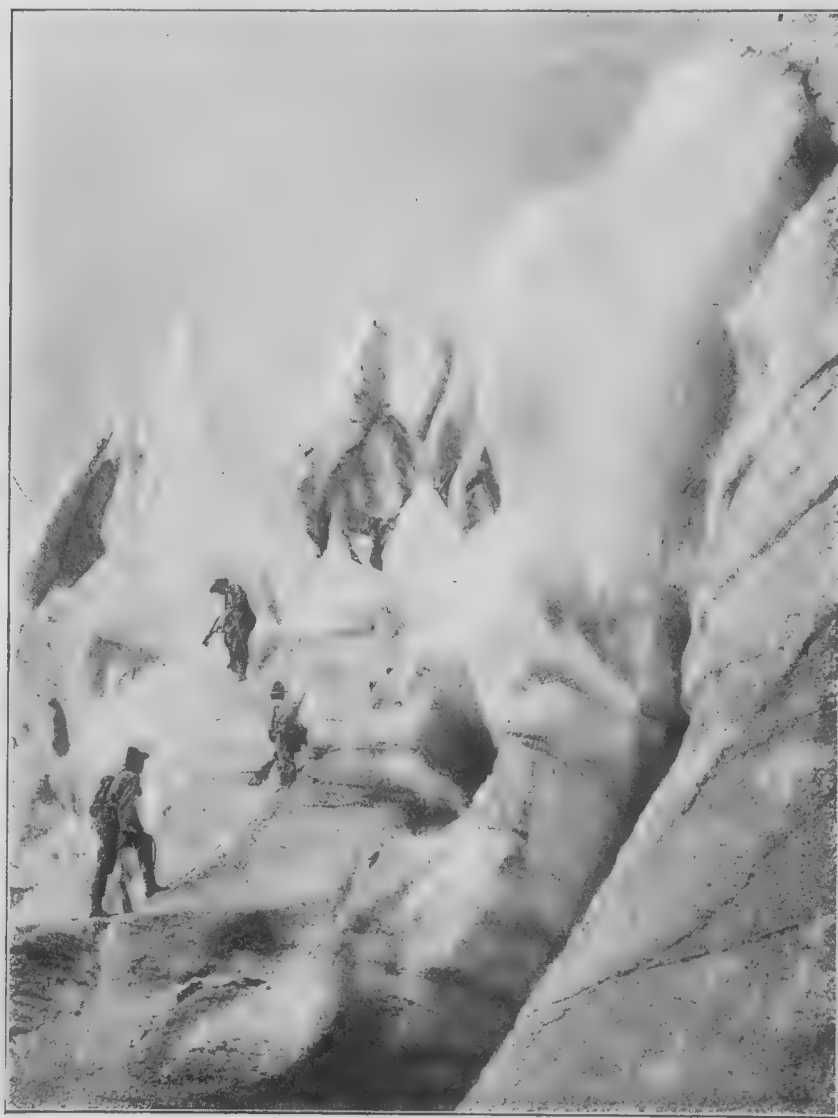
NOT everyone likes it, of course, but there are some who claim that mountain climbing is the best sport in the world. Certainly no other has so large a playground, nor sets so ambitious a goal, in the reaching of which a deal of effort and some very good fun are always mixed. It is the balancing of the two that makes it such excellent sport.

There is no better place to play the game than the hill country of Western Canada, where the Selkirk and Rocky Mountain ranges run like a double backbone through Alberta and British Columbia. Though mountain climbing in these ranges began about thirty years ago, it has been a recognized summer pastime for only the past twelve years, and has been raised to its present favor largely through the agency of the Canadian Alpine Club. Every year now the Club meets for a camping out holiday and a climb on some new peak, and as a

ascent, the exercise itself will stiffen the muscles and invigorate worn nerves. There is no better medicine, say those who have tested it, and the inspiration that is always associated with mountains makes even the play tonic.

To stand in the distance and admire a noble peak that lifts itself majestically into space is a quite different matter from standing at its base and looking up at the nearer climb it represents. What was then a piece of landscape beauty now becomes merely a towering mass of rock and ice, in many cases showing almost perpendicular walls and great, beetling cliffs. But it is the challenge of places like these that gives mountain climbing much of its attractiveness. There is a satisfaction in doing difficult things and reaching a goal that means effort and mastery.

In the actual work of getting up one of these lofty rock-piles the climber must be prepared for many changes in the



Crossing an Icefield—An incident of mountain climbing in Northern British Columbia.

result of its holidaying thus far a great amount of information has been added to the book of Canadian geography. There are still, however, hundreds of peaks untouched by any foot of man.

A considerable degree of danger is involved in playing the mountain game, and one's powers of endurance are often severely tested. At the best it is arduous and tiring, since it means the labor of climbing an average hill multiplied a thousandfold, with one's own road to make as he goes. Where, then, can be the fun?

The answer given by more than one experienced climber and mountain lover is that the enjoyment and zest of this banner sport are in its physical exercise, its companionship in camp and field, and the visions of beauty that are gained from the hard-earned heights. Any one of these is perhaps a sufficient reason for the alpinist's enthusiasm.

It takes good muscles and a sound heart to climb mountains, and a medical examination is sometimes recommended to candidates for membership in the Alpine Club. If, however, the heart is strong enough to undertake a 10,000 foot

road and for as many differences in the modes of traveling. For a part of the way there may be loose shale, where one must be careful not to send down showers of stones upon those behind him; then will come some "rock work", in which footsteps must be chosen carefully on narrow ledges or in the cracks of the mountain-side; but harder even than this is getting up the ice walls, for there one has to cut steps and finger-holds as he goes. Sometimes there are couloirs, in which the climber must edge himself up by shoulders and legs, and at other places it is prudent to make the ascent of particularly difficult cliffs only by means of ropes, with which the whole party link up for safety's sake. In these various ways the heights are gained, and the pleasures of climbing realized.

After a day of such work, the climber is usually glad to return to camp and its rest. One enthusiastic alpinist puts it this way: "Tired? Of course. Exhausted? By no means. Happy? Only those who hold in memory the retrospect of such a day can know the feeling."

Not always, to be sure, is even such hard exertion rewarded with success.

Sometimes the mountain-tops are unattainable, and the climbers have to turn back while still short of their goal. But as another mountain sportsman has said, "Defeat does not always mean lack of pleasure, for in mountain climbing, as in most other things, the very striving itself is enjoyable. When a party of mountaineers, protected by a careful guide, spend a day on a mountain that tries all their skill, and constantly taxes their ingenuity, every moment is replete with pleasure."

If the going itself is so real a part of the fun of mountain climbing, despite its difficulties, one need not wonder that there should be included with it the pleasure of mountain-top sensations. Marvelous views are disclosed to eyes that look down from heights of ten thousand feet. Even a little way up, these views begin to open out before one, and every hundred feet or so new vantage points are gained from which still grander and larger pictures may be seen. Visions so rich and satisfying, comprising miles of nature's wonder-world stretched out in almost endless panoramas, are a reward for all the effort of climbing, and the goodness of the sight is enhanced by the sense of having earned some right to it. What matter if one is weary?

There is another very considerable pleasure about this mountain pastime. It is the pleasure of the camp. If one goes under Alpine Club auspices, there

will be a camp base near the mountain that has been chosen for the season's work, and from that base daily expeditions will go a-climbing. The camp is always placed at some convenient point near a lake or below the tree-line, where there will be protection from storms. Here is where some of the real fun of a holiday in the mountains is made. The contagious comfort and delight of a camp in the woods, almost anywhere and at any time, are multiplied when the site is at the base of some Rocky Mountain peak and the pleasures of the climb either in prospect or already realized.

Necessary to the success and pleasure of both the camp and the climbing, however, is the matter of companionship. One should not go to the mountains alone; without the saving flavor of human fellowship they are too overpowering, too big and lonely. The peculiar opportunities that a mountaineering holiday gives for the making of friendships form one of its best and most characteristic features, and it is for this, perhaps as much as for any other of



A piece of rock work on lower half of Mount Rundle, Banff.

its pleasures, that it is remembered and prized.

"Just think of the recollections of companionship," said an ardent climber at one of the Alpine Club reunions. "You have a genial companion for a week; you give him chaff, and he probably gives you more in return; and so you go on as if the whole thing were just a happy lark. Suddenly there comes a crisis. In a moment your companion is like a steel spring. He knows exactly the right thing to do, and exactly the right way to do it. Many and many a time that steel spring, instinct with keenness of mind, has saved a valuable life. When two or three men have climbed together, the safety of each depending upon the skill, judgment and watchfulness of his companion or companions, I believe that a feeling of confidence, sympathy and friendship must spring up between them strong enough to outlast all the wear and tear of later life."

This unusual sport of mountain climbing therefore has the elements of real fun in it—fun of the larger, truer, and more solid kind—for it gives strength of body by the work it involves, it provides feasts of beauty for eye and soul, and it gratifies and develops the social instinct. Incidentally, the men and women who have played the mountain game have contributed materially to a greater knowledge of our own country and its outdoor science.

Election-time was drawing near, and an enthusiastic politician was addressing his constituents in a frenzied speech. Not a few of his assertions, reduced to cold thought, were dramatically opposed to one another, but each proposal was received with applause. A judge turned to his companion and said: "This reminds me of the Irish leader who was cheering his men on to battle. 'Min, said he, 'ye are on the verge of battle, an' I want to ask ye before ye start, will yez fight or will yez run?'"

"'We will,' came a chorus of eager replies.

"Which will ye do?" says he.

"We will not," says they.

"Aha! Thank ye, me min!" says he, "I thought ye would."—New York Times.

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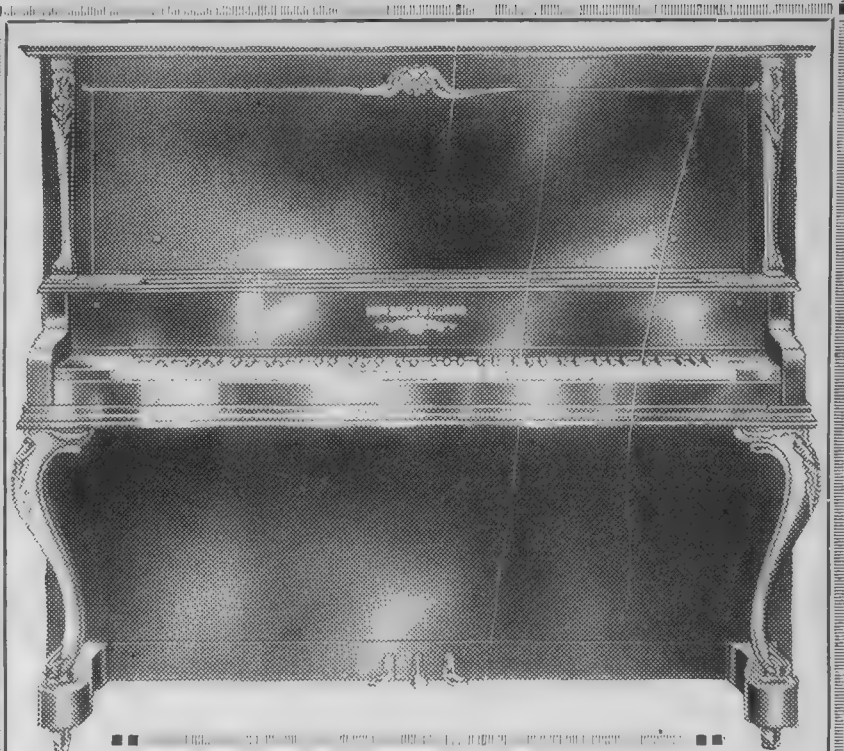
The free trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S HAIR COLOR RESTORER proves how quickly gray hair disappears when this scientific restorer is used. Simply applied with special comb; leaves hair clean, fluffy and natural; does not interfere with washing. Make this test on a lock of hair and you will never accept a cheap imitation. Then buy a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me. But be sure that the bottle you buy is the real Mary T. Goldman's.

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The Home Doctor

A Phase in the Prevention of Tuberculosis

There was a time when tuberculosis was above all looked upon as a hereditary disease. That was especially so before the period of modern bacteriology and experimental research. It is true that even long before the definite establishment of the relation of micro-organisms to disease, keen observers had already expressed some doubt about the hereditary transmission of many cases of consumption but even for a considerable time after the causation of the disease had been cleared up, people persisted in believing that heredity played a very important part in its propagation. Many persons do so yet and before the discovery of the tuberculosis bacillus as the sole cause of the disease the reasons for so believing were apparently very good. At this time, however, it is a great disadvantage that this belief still lingers here and there, because it may prevent that efficient measures of prevention be taken at the proper time.

After the clearing up of the facts concerning tuberculosis transmission it was found that it was not the event of merely being born from diseased parents that weighed heaviest in the child being affected in a similar manner later on, but that it was the intimate daily contact with such parents which did the mischief. This view is strikingly supported by the comparative low percentage of tuberculous cases among infants of tender age as is shown by a vast number of autopsies.

Children More Liable to "Catch" Than Inherit

As we already pointed out, the child of which either the mother or father or perhaps both are tuberculous has a

much greater chance of coming into contact with the causative organism than the child of which the parents are free from infection. The former does not inherit the disease but, using a popular expression, "catches" it from the diseased parent from whose body germs are more or less continually given off.

This method of transmission is now well understood and the modern views regarding the same are amply confirmed by the many cases of children born from tuberculous parents who absolutely escaped infection when adequate measures of prevention were consistently applied.

While parental infection after birth is thus proven to be the most active reason for "consumption running in families," another type of parental influence in the production of the disease deserves recognition. This influence is found in the fact that parents may transmit to their offspring a certain predisposition to the disease.

Certain poisonous materials of the consumptive child-bearing mother may lessen the normal resistance of the infant, while a certain individual predisposition, the true nature of which is still unknown, may apparently be transmitted.

Prospective Mothers Should Be Careful

In cases where there are reasons to fear such a predisposition, this danger must never be overlooked, because by the observance of certain hygienic measures it can be largely overcome. Those measures should begin before the child is born. The prospective mother should live under the best possible sanitary surroundings and among those a maximum amount of, time spent in the open air occupies the most prominent place.

The practice of deep breathing, that is, the complete filling of the lungs at each respiration, should be cultivated as this enables a person to take in about three times the amount of air usually inhaled by the ordinary careless breathing of the uninitiated.

Ventilation of sleeping and living quarters should be as perfect as possible and in bedrooms at least one window should be kept open during the sleeping hours.

When prospective motherhood becomes an assured fact, the use of constricting garments should be abandoned. Corsets are only deadly weapons. A healthy amount of bodily exercise is advisable, but overwork, especially that performed in close, stuffy, quarters, endangers the good health prospects, both of mother and child.

Care of the Child

After the birth of the child, the latter must be given the benefit of the best possible hygienic surroundings. Fresh air is as much a requirement of the child as it is of the mother. Warmth must of course be provided for the former, but the air of the nursery or room must be pure and dust free. Its ventilation should be adequate and the temperature should be regulated, avoiding too high as well as too low a temperature.

With the progress of the child's development it should gradually become accustomed to a cooler air, and, when the weather is suitable, no greater service can be rendered to the little one than by a daily excursion out-of-doors. When doing so, it is not necessary to wrap it like a parcel post package. Have it dressed warmly, but leave the face free. If a veil is at all necessary, this should be a very thin one.

As the child develops, attention must be paid to its method of breathing. Ascertain that it breathes through the nose and not through the mouth. In case mouth breathing is conspicuous, have a reliable physician determine the cause and in case the latter consists of the presence of adenoid growths surgical relief should be given without great delay.

Proper Dress and Fresh Air

A predisposition to "colds" must not be overlooked and should never be a reason to deprive the youngster of pure air.

Under the advice of a physician, the judicious use of cold water in the form of cool baths to which the child may gradually be accustomed after it is a year or so old, will often prove beneficial.

In the dressing of the child, the use of constricting garments should be avoided, especially such parts as neckbands and collars. Young girls should as long as possible be protected against the murderous effects of tight lacing.

As soon as the child reaches school age it should gradually be instructed in the practice of deep breathing and out-of-door exercises.

Children in whom a tuberculous predisposition is feared, must above all have more years of play and the time of entering school can well be postponed until the eighth year. Such children require more than the ordinary amount of sleep and the more the bedroom air is like that of the outside the better. The open air habit is a most valuable asset in this type of children and therefore should be carefully cultivated. It is above all the factor that will most efficiently neutralize any inherited disadvantage so far as it relates to a tuberculous predisposition.

Suspicious—As Widow Watts bent industriously over her wash-tub she was treated to polite conversation by a male friend, who presently turned the conversation to matrimony, winding up with a proposal of marriage.

"Are ye sure ye love me?" sighed the buxom widow, as she paused in her wringing.

The man vowed he did.

For a few minutes there was silence as the widow continued her labor. Then suddenly she raised her head, and asked:

"You ain't lost yer job, 'ave yer?"—Tit-Bits.

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Vertigo

Vertigo means literally "turning round"; it is another name for dizziness. A person who has always been free from this trouble and who is suddenly attacked by it is usually much alarmed; he is not unlikely to fear that he has some serious form of brain trouble. But vertigo is caused by so many things that his apprehensions are generally unfounded. We are all familiar with the vertigo that is caused by whirling rapidly in a merry-go-round, or that which children induce by spinning round on their toes; that is the result of a rapid disturbance of the fluid in the internal ear.

The worst attacks of giddiness are seen in Meniere's disease, which is a disorder of the internal ear. When that is complicated by a hemorrhage within the ear, the sufferer sometimes falls violently and suddenly to the ground. Some persons are seized with vertigo whenever their ears are syringed, or when the physician begins to remove wax from the ears by any method.

Vertigo is also caused by a disordered stomach, and therefore it frequently accompanies seasickness. Many persons who are alarmed at recurring attacks of dizziness have been cured at once when they have had proper glasses fitted to their eyes. Great nervous strain and prolonged loss of sleep are sometimes at the root of the trouble, and poor circulation, which prevents sufficient blood from being carried to the brain, is occasionally responsible for it. Finally, any growth, like a tumor or an abscess, growing on the brain will produce very severe vertigo, together with many other symptoms.

When an attack of vertigo comes on, the sufferer must keep perfectly quiet and, if possible, lie down for a time. Then he must seek to discover the underlying cause of the attack. Many slight cases of vertigo yield easily to treatment directed to the general digestive system. If the person is anaemic, that condition must be corrected, and in all cases it is necessary to examine the ears and the eyes very carefully.

Fractures

The word fracture comes from the Latin word frango, which means, I break; therefore a fractured bone is a broken bone. Fractures may be either simple or compound. In a simple fracture the bone is broken inside the skin, without much laceration of the surrounding parts, and without any external wound. A compound fracture is a much more serious affair, for the skin is broken, and sometimes the fractured bone protrudes through the wound. In very bad cases the bone itself is splintered into small fragments, and the tissues all round are severely lacerated. When a fracture is "complete" the bone is broken entirely across; when it is "incomplete" the bone is broken partly through, or the tough membrane that covers the bone is not torn.

Children are much more likely to escape with incomplete, or "green stick," fractures than old people are, because their bones are much less brittle. Therefore a broken bone in a child often cracks halfway through, and then splits up lengthwise, just as a green stick breaks when you bend it. The bones of the old, on the contrary, usually snap right across, just as the same stick snaps after it has grown dry and old.

The treatment of fracture varies according to the particular bone injured, and also according to the kind of fracture—whether simple or compound, or whether complete, incomplete, or splintered. The most difficult thing is to get the broken ends of the bone exactly into place and to keep them in place after they are set. That is because the constant pulling of the muscles sometimes makes it almost impossible to keep the broken ends together.

When the break is in the middle of a long bone, like the arm bone or the thigh bone, the usual practice is to put the limb into a splint, after the fracture is set, and to fasten a weight to the lower extremity. That keeps the muscles stretched so that they are unable to pull the bones out of place. Occasionally this method is ineffectual, and then it is necessary to cut down to the bone and fasten the two ends into place by means of a metal plate, nailed right into the shaft of the bone.

The result, even with the most expert treatment, is sometimes unsatisfactory, and the surgeon in many cases is blamed unjustly for a deformity that nothing could have prevented.

Young People

Striking Pay-Dirt

By A. H. Dreher

DID you ever hear the expression, "He's a rube from a high-grass town?" asked Allen Thurston of David Roth, the day after they graduated from high school.

"Well, that is what we are here, in Bellville," Allen continued. "We are a lot of rubes, and the grass is so high we can't see out. I'm going to the city, where there's a chance for a young fellow to make something of himself."

David listened in silence to Allen's tirade. He had heard similar uncomplimentary remarks about Bellville many times before.

Each year, after the commencement exercises, a number of the boys who graduated from high school went to the city, and about an equal number remained in Bellville. Those who stayed in the home town drifted along with the small industries of the town. The others usually returned to Bellville once or twice a year and painted colorful pictures of their life and work in the city, but after a few years these visits ceased and the young men seldom were heard from.



Summer Blossoms.

David could not recall a single instance of a youth leaving Bellville and attaining real prominence in the city. Some of them, eventually, were listed in Bradstreet's, but the business in which they engaged usually was only a small one, a little grocery store, perhaps, or a haberdashery, only one of thousands of similar institutions in the city.

"Isn't it possible," suggested David, "that there are opportunities right here that no one ever has recognized?"

"Show me one," demanded Allen. "Show me a real opportunity in Bellville and I'll anchor right here. Show me something really worth while for an ambitious fellow to do in this town."

Ambition! What an ambiguous word it is. Here was Allen Thurston chock-full of it. David, himself, was just as ambitious as Allen, but his ambition ran in a different direction. Allen saw the big city beckoning him. He didn't recognize the odds against which a young man must fight where he is one insignificant human being among a million.

"It seems to me," said David, "that opportunity is something one cannot be shown. One must find it for himself. It's like a gold-mine; if a man discovers one he keeps it for himself. He doesn't say, 'Here, I have found a mine, help yourself to the gold.' But, all around his mine, other men will stake claims and many of them will fail to find 'pay-dirt.' It is the man who is first on the ground that is the most successful."

"Do you imagine you are going to strike gold here in Bellville?" asked Allen with a cynical expression.

"I do," asserted David. "Isn't it possible that a fellow might strike gold if he should cut down some of the 'high grass'?"

"That's it!" exploded Allen. "Cut down the high grass! Make hay; be a farmer! That is just what I want to get away from. I want to get to the city where people really live."

"Where people spend most of their time trying to make others think they are living well," retorted David.

Bellville, with its seven thousand inhabitants, and the usual small industries, like a thousand and one other towns of its size, seemed to offer little in the way of encouragement to ambitious youths. The prospect of being a clerk in one of the small mercantile establishments of the town for the remainder of his life was not an alluring one to the average high-school boy.

David Roth and Allen Thurston both were dissatisfied with Bellville. Allen decided to leave and seek opportunity in the city; David concluded to remain where he was and discover opportunity where others had failed to find it. He would cut down the tall grass, if need be, and study his environment. If there was something wrong with Bellville, he would find out what it was and try to correct it.

David had been left fatherless when he was fourteen. His mother had managed to keep him in high school by augmenting the life-insurance money with what she earned with her needle. If he had only himself to consider, David would have worked his way through college, but he was unwilling to be a further burden to his mother.

A week after Allen departed for the city, David obtained a position in the First State Bank, Bellville's only banking institution. For his work there he was paid twenty dollars a month.

"It isn't much on which to support a family of two," he said to his mother, "but I'm going to make it grow."

On the next day David commenced cutting the "tall grass." He started in his own back yard. Not only did he mow down the grass, but every evening after he had finished his day's work at the bank, he labored with a spade at the difficult task of digging up the yard.

He had learned from his mother that she had been expending between twenty and thirty dollars each summer for vegetables and garden produce, and he resolved to eliminate that expenditure by raising the products in their own back yard.

"But we need so little, David; we won't be able to use all the things you expect to raise," his mother protested, fearing he was working too hard.

"What we do not need for ourselves I shall sell," asserted David.

Not only was their table unusually well supplied with green vegetables that summer, but Mrs. Roth saved twenty-four dollars in table expenses, and, in addition to this, David sold five dollars' worth of produce to their neighbors.

"I hear you have been digging for 'gold' in your back yard and found nothing nearer resemblance to the yellow metal than carrots," wrote Allen, who had secured a position in the hardware section of a large department store in the city.

David smiled as he read it. He was not of a vindictive nature, but he could not help thinking that it was rather early in the game for Allen to crow.

"Wait," he said to himself; "wait until I have a little time to work out my idea."

Slowly, but surely, David's idea was developing. As yet he had said nothing to anybody about it. His days were devoted to the earnest performance of his duties at the bank, and his garden kept him busy nearly every evening until dark.

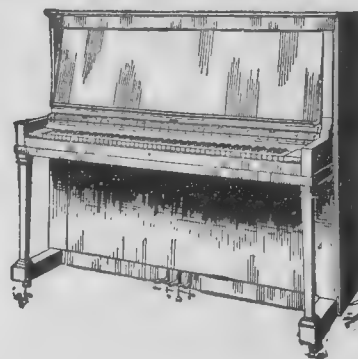
News of his success as a back-yard gardener spread rapidly. Finally it reached the ears of Mr. Hemingway, the president of the bank.

"What is this I hear about you and your garden?" he asked David one day. The tone of Mr. Hemingway's voice was not encouraging; in fact, it seemed the president of the bank was displeased with what he had heard, but his stern visage did not disconcert David in the least. On the contrary, this was just the opportunity he had hoped for—to attract the attention of the president.

"Have you made up your mind what you intend to make your life's work—farming or banking?" Mr. Hemingway

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\$500	NORDHEIMER In Mahogany or Walnut	\$420
\$525	HAINES In Mahogany or Walnut	\$445
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wanted to know, when David admitted that he had been doing some gardening.

"I hope to be a banker," David answered.

"Then," returned Mr. Hemingway, "I would suggest that you concentrate your attention on banking."

"Mr. Hemingway," said David, "I believe I have not neglected my duties at the bank. It was necessary for me to earn more than I was getting for my work here, so I decided to cultivate a garden. But, in addition to saving in table expenses, I struck 'pay-dirt' while digging in my back yard."

"Pay-dirt?" repeated Mr. Hemingway. "What do you mean?"

"Do you know, sir," asked David, "what is the amount of the time-deposits savings accounts in the bank?"

"H'm! It seems to me," scowled the president, "that is rather an impertinent question."

"On the contrary, I shall convince you that it is very pertinent," asserted David. "At the close of business yesterday we had \$78,435.73 in time-deposits."

"H'm! Well?" demanded Mr. Hemingway.

"There should be twice that amount on

deposit," said David. "There are two reasons why the amount is so small: some of the people are not saving any money, and some of those who are are not depositing it in the bank."

"And how, may I ask," Mr. Hemingway wanted to know, "would you persuade these people to deposit their money in our bank?"

David felt encouraged. He had gained the interest of the president. The fact that he referred to the bank as "our" bank indicated that Mr. Hemingway no longer thought of him as a mere boy.

"Advertise," said David. "Advertise!" The word was shouted back at David. "Ridiculous. I don't believe in advertising for banks."

"Not in the newspapers, perhaps, nor bill-boards," agreed David, "but the sign painted on the window of the bank shows that you do believe in a certain kind of advertising. Let me use that window for a week or two, and I am sure I will be able to increase the deposits by several thousand dollars."

Then David disclosed his idea. The twenty-four dollars his mother had saved in table expenses by using produce from his garden had been deposited in the bank.

Several scores of persons had expressed their intention of cultivating vegetable gardens next year. These people should be urged to put their savings in the bank, where they would earn interest.

On the following Monday morning, when the bank opened and the blind on the large window was raised, a table containing a display of vegetables was disclosed. There was a head of cabbage, several beets, a quantity of beans, carrots, tomatoes, potatoes, and other vegetables. A neatly lettered sign-card on the table explained its significance:

"Vegetables like these, raised in a backyard garden, saved one family twenty-four dollars in table expenses. The saving of two dollars a month will amount to two hundred and forty dollars in ten years."

"If it is deposited in this bank, and allowed to earn interest, the two hundred and forty dollars will grow to \$294.51."

"Grow vegetables! Save expenses! We will make your money grow."

The display attracted considerable attention, and, most pleasing of all, the bank's deposits commenced climbing.

A week later David changed the display. "Save a dime a day," was printed on a card, in front of which was placed one

dime. Next to this was a pile containing three hundred and sixty-five dimes, marked, "One year." Another pile, containing more than five times the number of the ten-cent pieces in the first pile, was labeled "Five years." The larger pile bore a card on which was printed:

"A dime a day deposited here will amount to \$441.76 in ten years."

Six months after his first conversation with Mr. Hemingway David was called into the president's private office.

"Our business is growing so rapidly that I find we shall need more help," he said, placing his hand affectionately on David's shoulder. David smiled as he thought of the contrast between this and his first meeting with the president of the bank.

"Commencing the first of next month," continued Mr. Hemingway, "you will take the position of assistant cashier."

"Thank you," said David. "May I ask whom you are getting to do the work I have been doing?"

"A young man who formerly lived here and desires to return after a year's trial of life in a big city," smiled Mr. Hemingway. "His name is Allen Thurston."

The School Report

By Julie A. Kennedy

In Reading I am "Good," it says;
In Spelling, "Excellent,"
And always in Geography
I get a high per cent.

I'm "Good," too, in Arithmetic,
In Music, and the rest;
And father says he's glad to know
In school I do my best.

But then he shakes his head, and says
He wonders how 'twould be
If teacher asked him to make out
A "Home Report" for me.

There's "Rising Early," "Bed on Time,"
And "Minding Promptly," too;
And "Table Ways" and "Cheerfulness,"
And "Little Things to Do".

In some, perhaps, I might get "Good,"
In others, I am sure
My marks would not be more than "Fair,"
And some would be just "Poor".

Rigmarole

A group of bright country club people complained the other day that they were always being improved. They said they'd like something that was sheer fun—no pencil-and-paper contest or stunt. So this game was played.

After the players have taken their places in a circle round the leader he gives a sentence which must be repeated correctly by each player in turn. The leader then adds three or four words to it and the whole is repeated as before.

The leader says: "A good fat hen and about she goes." Each player repeats this. The leader begins again: "A good fat hen and about she goes, a couple of ducks." The next addition is "Three squeaking wild geese," which must be repeated by all, along with the preceding sentence.

Then follows: "Four plump partridges"; then, "Five fishermen fishing for flies"; next, "Six sailors sailing for Spain"; "Seven several salmon swallowing swine"; "Eight English earls eating eels"; "Nine nimble noblemen nimble on parade"; and lastly, "Ten tin tinnors tinkering ten tenpenny tin-tack nails."

The last time the rigmarole goes round the circle, now rocking with merriment, each player is trying to repeat: "A good fat hen and about she goes, a couple of ducks, three squeaking wild geese, four plump partridges, five fishermen fishing for flies, six sailors sailing for Spain, seven several salmon swallowing swine, eight English earls eating eels, nine nimble noblemen nimble on parade, ten tin tinnors tinkering ten tenpenny tin-tack nails."

A forfeit may be imposed if there is any omission or hesitation.—Country Gentleman.

Cause of Asthma.—No one can say with certainty exactly what causes the establishing of asthmatic conditions. Dust from the street, from flowers, from grain and various other irritants may set up a trouble impossible to irradiate except through a sure preparation such as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Uncertainty may exist as to cause, but there can be no uncertainty regarding a remedy which has freed a generation of asthmatic victims from this scourge of the bronchial tubes. It is sold everywhere.

What Did We Plant in Our Vegetable Garden?



What vegetables do these pictures represent?

WHEN your answers to this interesting puzzle are received we shall gladly mail you without cost a sample copy of the latest issue in order that you and your friends may become acquainted with this great new publication and realize the place in Canadian Home Life that RURAL CANADA now occupies.

It is entertaining as well as instructive. It abounds in fine short stories, timely articles, fashions, embroideries, crochet work, recipes, a children's page, a family doctor and many other fine features. Its editorials are inspiring and uplifting. In short, to know RURAL CANADA is to love it. You and your friends will be glad to make the acquaintance of so bright, interesting and good a magazine.

Follow These Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest

WRITE on one side of the paper only. On one sheet of paper put your answers to the puzzle pictures, with your full name and address, (stating Mr., Mrs. or Miss) in the upper right hand corner. Anything other than this must be on a separate sheet of paper.

Boys and girls under ten years of age are not allowed to send answers to this Contest, because

Vegetable Garden?

TO help win the war we must all produce, so every patriotic Canadian has a vegetable garden this year. We have a fine assortment of vegetables in our garden, and if you will study the pictures at the right you may be able to discover what we are growing. Each of the pictures represents a common vegetable that you all know. Here are two examples from the series our artist drew and we will tell you that No. 1 is Cauliflower (Call-eye-Flower) and No. 8, Beets (Bee-eats). Now see if you can solve the rest and when you have them all, write your solutions on a sheet of paper and send them to us.



This Contest is Free of Expense to All

YOU do not spend a single penny of your money, nor will you be asked to buy anything in order to enter this great Contest and win the Chevrolet Car or a fine prize. The Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the strongest and best known publishing firms in Canada is conducting this interesting Contest in order to quickly advertise and introduce "RURAL CANADA for Women" the wonderful new magazine for Canadian Farm Folk and land-lovers everywhere.

RURAL CANADA is different entirely from any other Canadian Farm Paper, because it is edited and published mainly for the women folk in our Canadian farm homes.

AS soon as your answers are received we shall write and tell you how many of the names you have solved correctly, and send you free a copy of this month's fine issue of RURAL CANADA. Then when you know your standing for the big prizes you will be

later on we intend to have a fine contest for our boy and girl friends. Employees of this company are absolutely debarred from competing.

To ensure absolute fairness and impartiality in awarding the prizes, the properly qualified entries will be judged by a committee of three well known gentlemen, having no connection whatever with this firm, and contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. The prizes will be awarded to the duly qualified contestants whose entries have the greatest number of correct or nearly correct names and are consid-

ered by the judges to be neatest and best written, (proper spelling, punctuation and style of entry also being given consideration). A contestant may send in as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set may win a prize and not more than any one prize will be awarded one family or household. The Contest will close December 27th, immediately after which the judges will award the prizes. Send two two-cent stamps to pay postage on your free sample copy of RURAL CANADA, prize list, etc.

What vegetables do these pictures represent?

asked to help us advertise and introduce RURAL CANADA in your neighborhood by showing your copy of the new magazine to just four of your friends and neighbors who will appreciate the worth and high purpose of RURAL CANADA and want it to come to them every month. State your willingness to accord us this simple favor when you send your answers. It will only require a few minutes of your time and you are guaranteed and will be sent at once a big cash payment or valuable reward for your trouble. If you wish we will gladly send you extra sample copies to leave with your friends to read.

1st PRIZE



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WE WILL SEND YOU THE BIG COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED PRIZE LIST

Address your solutions to

THE CONTEST EDITOR, RURAL CANADA 33 CONTINENTAL BLDG., TORONTO

About the Farm

Points to Consider when Selecting a Heifer

There are several points which should be taken into consideration when purchasing a heifer, or when picking out the heifers in the herd to keep for breeding purposes. The very build of some calves stamps them as undesirable for dairy purposes. They should conform to breed type and conformation. A thicker shoulder is permissible in a heifer than in the mature cow. As the development advances and milk is secreted the shoulder of the dairy-bred animal usually takes on more of the wedge shape. There should also be a wedge form from shoulder to hook bones. Large capacity and strong constitution are desirable. These are donated by depth and thickness of body. A shallow-ribbed heifer tucked up at the fore flank seldom turns out to be a heavy producer. There must be room for the vital organs to operate properly, and for a storage of large quantities of feed. The heavy, consistent milker is usually a hearty feeder. A heifer lacking in constitution seldom develops into a strong, rugged cow.

It is essential that they have a feminine appearance; heaviness and coarseness are objectionable. The eye indicates a good deal. It should be full, mild but bright, and more or less active. A dullness about the eye denotes a sluggish disposition, which has a tendency to lay on flesh rather than produce a large flow of milk. Large nostrils which permit easy entrance of air to the lungs are usually associated with depth of chest and lung capacity. There should be a co-relation of parts which give symmetry to the body. One part cannot be overdeveloped without detracting somewhat from another. While it is desirable that a cow should have a mild disposition, she should also be alert, sensitive, and active. These qualities should be noticeable in the heifer. The skin and hair denote the quality to a large degree.

Even with the calf the mammary system is an indication of what those organs will develop into in the mature animal, and should receive consideration. Examine the udder carefully and note whether the teats are well placed or not, and that there are indications of the udder being well attached. The milk veins should extend well forward if they are tortuous, branched, and end in deep milk wells so much the better. The points mentioned can be seen with the eye, but there are other things which must be taken into consideration. The quality of blood which flows in the veins is important. The pedigrees and records of the ancestors should be studied, as the characteristics of both sire and dam are inherited by the offspring. It is not enough that the immediate ancestors possess the desired qualities; they should extend back several generations. Some breeders lay a good deal of stress on the outward appearance of an animal, while others claim the quality of blood to be all important. However, both individuality and pedigree should be considered. No matter how good the pedigree may seem, if the calf is deficient in form it is of little value. On the other hand, a calf which appears almost perfect to the eye may turn out to be a very poor producer of milk and butter-fat.

Proof That Keeping Records Pays

Further proof that it pays to keep individual milk records was shown at a recent auction sale of grade dairy cattle. As each cow was led into the sale-ring, the owner gave her milk records for the past year and the average test; also the weight of milk for her best day and for certain months after freshening. The records of the dams of heifers not in milk was also given, so that prospective purchasers had a fair idea of the producing value of animals they were bidding on. The result was that grade cows sold as high as \$165 and yearling heifers brought \$110. These prices are above the average for grade stock, and it shows that the public are willing to pay what an animal is worth. Cows without records, but from outward appearance as heavy producers as those of which records have been kept sold around \$100. In this case the records were worth practically \$65 per cow. If a cow has given 10,000 pounds of milk in one lactation period, a man knows that his gross returns will be \$160 for the year, if milk is selling at \$1.60

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Because, in the first place, we buy our skins direct from the Trapper, and sell direct to you for cash, saving you a great share of the middlemen's profits—high store rent—bad accounts—salesman's salaries. Then you are sure of satisfaction when you buy by mail from Hallam. You see the articles in your own home and can examine them without interference—if the goods do not please YOU in any way—you can simply send them back AT OUR EXPENSE, and we will cheerfully return your money—you are not out one cent—we are thus compelled to give extra good value as we cannot afford to have goods returned. The articles illustrated in this advertisement are fair samples of Hallam's great values and will be sent promptly on receipt of price.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

Eleven years ago a few enthusiastic farmers of the West organized a small grain commission company in the hope that they might improve conditions under which grain was sold in Western Canada. They worked under handicaps and against heavy competition, but succeeded. Later, other organizations were formed in Canada, each with co-operation the key-note. What they have achieved is well known. Soon there was a demand for closer co-operation among these companies in their business efforts, and now—

On September 1st, THE ALBERTA FARMERS' CO-OPERATIVE ELEVATOR CO., LTD., and THE GRAIN GROWERS' GRAIN COMPANY, LTD., will no longer be separate organizations as heretofore.

By a practically unanimous vote of their thousands of shareholders, these companies have joined hands so that they can work together in the interests of the farmers of Western Canada. The problems of marketing the products and supplying the needs of the farmers are identical throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This union of the two old companies with shareholders running well over 30,000, with assets exceeding \$3,000,000.00, with over 300 country elevators, with terminal elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur, with machinery and supply warehouses in Calgary, Regina, and Winnipeg, and with an efficient organization under the supervision of a board of farmer directors having full knowledge of the farmers' needs, provides a company that can give maximum service to Western farmers.

The old companies have appreciated your business, and they will be very glad to serve you in the future under the name of

UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LTD.
WINNIPEG - REGINA - CALGARY

Let any of our 300 elevators handle your grain or consign it direct to us. Ship your live stock to our stockyard offices in Edmonton, Calgary or Winnipeg. Order your lumber, fencing, implements and other supplies from Winnipeg, Regina or Calgary—we have offices and warehouses in all three cities.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS WILL MAKE YOU EAT.

The sufferer from dyspepsia and indigestion who has to pick and choose his food, is the most miserable of all mankind.

Even the little he does eat causes such torture, and is digested so imperfectly that it does him little good.

What dyspeptics need is not artificial digestion but something that will put their stomach right so it will manufacture its own digestive ferments.

Burdock Blood Bitters restores the stomach to a normal, healthy condition so that food no longer distresses, but is thoroughly digested and assimilated.

Miss Ella McDonald, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters, and find that few medicines can give such relief in dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was troubled for three years with dyspepsia and could not get anything to do me any good until I took B.B.B. I took four bottles, and I can honestly say I am now cured, and can eat anything without it hurting me."

B.B.B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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You are assured of these by a "HECLA." Think of what it means to the housewife to have her house heated with a

HECLA FURNACE WARM AIR

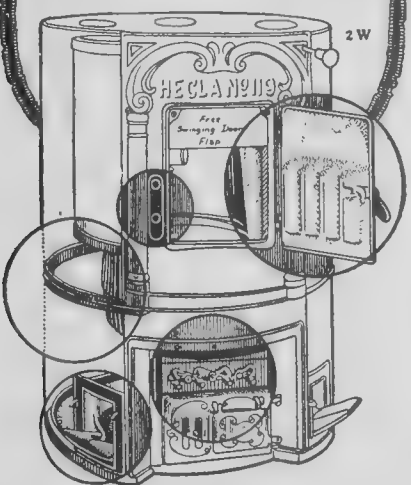
They are big items towards the comfort and health of the family—especially the kiddies. The picture below shows some of the "HECLA" exclusive features—the patented fused joints, the steel ribbed fire pots—the convenient and scientifically correct water pan—the individual grate bars—the air jets in the door which turns the gas into heat—the easy method of attaching water heating coils—and there are several other features not shown.

A furnace is something you buy to last for years. It's well to take time to buy right in the first place. A "HECLA" heated house brings coal bill satisfaction.

If you have any intention of changing your present heating system or of installing a system in a new house

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per cwt., or if the test is 3.5 per cent he knows that he will have 350 pounds of butter-fat to sell, besides retaining the skim-milk on the farm. On the other hand if no records have been kept, the real value is not known. Buying dairy animals which have no records is a speculation and no one will take too great a risk. It is the owner of the animal that suffers by the failure to keep records.

At a pure-bred stock sale in the same County, choice individuals without records were knocked down at from \$100 to \$150 less than no better looking cows with good breeding but of which records of production had been kept. The pure-bred heifers from untested cows sold at grade prices. It was also noticed that the cows which had been tested were in higher flesh than those which were not, which is an indication that the dairyman who is interested enough in his business to weigh each cow's milk night and morning and to have it tested occasionally, usually pays more careful attention to the housing and feeding of his animals than the man who keeps no records.

The time has passed when the mere statement that such and such a cow in the herd is the heaviest producer, or that she gives about a pailful of milk when fresh, carries much weight. When a man goes to buy a cow he wants to know in pounds, how much milk she is capable of producing in a year, and how much the milk tests. The buyer and seller then both know what the animal is worth. On the other hand the owner thinks a certain cow will give so much milk, and the buyer, having no proof, will pay a price that will minimize risks and so safeguard him. The individuality and outward indication of milking qualities were all that were required by purchasers a few years ago. Now, they require to be shown the yearly production, and the dairyman who raises cows to be disposed of at auction or private sale, but keeps no records of the production of the same, fails to get full value for all his animals. Of course, his stock may not make very high records, but some cows in most herds are more than average producers. It is well to know definitely which these are. Without the use of the scales it is difficult to estimate the individual milk yield, and without the Babcock test the richness of the milk cannot be determined or the cows' ability to profitably convert feed into milk and fat estimated.

The chief objection to weighing and testing milk is that it takes too much time. True, it does take some time every day, but not more than one minute per cow at each milking, or two minutes per day to weigh the milk and mark down the weight. The testing need only be done once a month, and with a four-bottle tester a whole herd can be tested in an hour. It is the extra time required at milking that is most difficult to get around. However, those who do keep records claim that it pays well in more ways than one. The unprofitable as well as the profitable cow is pointed out, feeding can be done more intelligently, and the exact value of each cow from a producing standpoint is known. If the cow milks for 300 days, the time required to weigh the milk will not exceed 600 minutes, or 10 hours for the lactation period. The man who sold the grade cow which had no phenomenal record received approximately \$65 for his 10 hour's labor, provided records had only been kept for the one year. To this must be added the increased value of her calf due to the known production of the cow. The man with pure-bred stock secures even a higher price for his cows. Few men are able to earn so remunerative a wage. The higher the record made the more valuable the cow is to the dairyman. If she only gives 4,000 pounds of milk, she barely pays her way. It is better to keep one cow that gives 8,000 pounds of milk in one lactation period, than two which only give 4,000 pounds. It is not the size of herds which counts so much as the yearly production. Keeping records pays the owner of a grade herd as well as the owner of pure-breds. If not yet convinced, commence this winter to tabulate the daily yield of all milking cows in the herd. A set of spring balances which can be purchased for around a dollar will be satisfactory, and a sheet of paper can easily be ruled to give space for the records of each cow for each day of the month. The total weight can be copied into a book for ready reference. A small Babcock tester is not expensive. Many dairymen

who do not care to do their own testing have samples of milk tested at their District Representative's office, where it is done free of charge. The individuality of the animal and its producing powers are inseparable when estimating real value.

The Shorthorn as a Yearling

By J. Brown Hitt

To assert that the Shorthorn has no superior in the field of yearling beef production does not involve production of proof. Each season they leave the hands of thousands of competent feeders, go to market and do a creditable stunt in the selling transaction. What is more important, they give satisfactory results to the producer. They are what is popularly known as "good doers." Give a competent feeder a load of decently-bred Shorthorn cattle and results can be forecasted without risk.

Our Shorthorn yearlings are the best money-earners that leave Grove Park. We have fed thousands of steers of all breeds and ages, but Shorthorns get the preference and others are not purchased when it is possible to get reds, whites and roans, but each year we experience more difficulty in getting feeders that are real Shorthorns, the alternative being to breed them. After an experience covering nearly 20 years feeding and fattening cattle, and having made the test from time to time, there is no doubt in my mind that the red, white and roan is the greatest grower and will put on more pounds during the feeding period than any of the beef breeds.

The editor of the Shorthorn World has asked me to give facts and figures concerning the drove of 35 head of Shorthorn yearlings fattened this year at Grove Park and sold at Chicago, Oct. 11th at \$11.10 per cwt., averaging 1024 pounds. These calves by the 1st of March were on full feed. They averaged in weight 464 pounds and were invoiced at 9 cents per pound. Their feed consisted of all the chopped ear corn that they would consume, which was fed twice daily in outside troughs; the racks in the barn which they had access to were kept full of clover hay, and they also had the run of a good 20-acre blue grass pasture. During the month of March they were gradually worked up to a full feed of shelled corn, and by April 1st the self-feeders were opened and they were allowed to help themselves to shelled corn at all times. They were continued on this ration of all the shelled corn and clover hay they desired until about the 5th of May, when the blue grass became so luscious that they completely lost interest in the clover hay. At that moment the barn doors were closed and their ration on through the feeding period consisted of the shelled corn in the self-feeder and blue grass, until about 30 days before going to market, when 100 pounds of baled clover and timothy hay was fed once daily in outside hay racks. They arrived in Chicago on October 11th, and on a slow market sold for \$11.10 per hundred, averaging 1024 pounds. This shows a gain in the feeding period of 7 months and 10 days of 560 pounds, an average of 2½ pounds per day from March 1st until they were marketed. I should like to give accurate amounts of all feeds consumed, but it is impossible, for these little cattle were fed in connection with others. That they were profitable, there is no doubt. The gains were excellent and the selling price was such that estimating the amount of corn consumed at a selling price of 80c per bushel, there is a balance of around \$20.00 per head to pay for grass, hay, and other feed, and to this balance must also be added a profit of \$15.00 per head derived from hogs.

Selecting the Herd Boar

The saying that "the sire is half the herd" is as true in the hog feeding business as in any other. It is of great importance, therefore, that the boar to be used, be selected early and carefully. It is commonly assumed that the prepotency of each parent is equal and that they each exert about the same influence upon the offspring. This is not in all cases correct, but taking it to be true, the boar would be the sire of each pig in the herd and he would have the chance to stamp upon each his good qualities,

FATS DIRT

CLEANS AND DISINFECTS

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SOME OF ITS USES:

- For making soap.
- For washing dishes.
- For cleaning and disinfecting refrigerators.
- For removing ordinary obstructions from drain pipes and sinks.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

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WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

Where Did It Go?

Many stories are told of a former Canadian bishop, who had passed his youth in Scotland, but flattered himself that not a hint of his origin could be gained from his speech or manner. One day he met a Scotchman, to whom he said at last abruptly, "Hoo lang hae ye been here?" "About sax years" was the reply. "Hoot, mon!" said the bishop sharply, "why hae ye na lost your accent, like myself?"

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Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, or Muscles. Stops the lameness and pain from a splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair gone and horse can be used. \$2 a bottle at drug-gists or delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and interesting horse Book 2 M Free.

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Is the best and cheapest horse insurance. SUPPOSE your horse goes lame and can't work. With SAVE-THE-HORSE you cannot lose. It is sold with a signed Contract-Bond to cure SPAVIN, Ringbone, Thoropin and ALL Shoulder, Knee, Ankle, Hoof and Tendon Diseases. No blistering—no firing—horse works as usual. Our 96-page FREE BOOK tells how to treat 68 kinds of lameness. It's our 21 years' experience. Expert veterinary advice, Sample Contract and BOOK—ALL FREE. Address **TROY CHEMICAL CO., 142 Van Horn St. TORONTO, ONT.** (Made in Canada)

INSURE YOUR HORSES TO-DAY BY GETTING A BOTTLE OF KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Tested by farmers, veterinarians and horsemen for 25 years and found effective for Spavins, Curb, Ringbone, Splint, Bony Growths and Lameness from many other causes.

Present price \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. "Treatise on The Horse" free from your druggist, or write us.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.

Enosburg Falls
VERMONT - U.S.A.



whereas there may be two or three sows in use and they can only influence their own offspring.

The keeping of the best as a sire is therefore of great importance. Great care in his selection is necessary. He must have a good form, be a good feeder and an economic producer, all of which he must be prepotent enough to transmit to his progeny. Usually the best cannot be procured when he is required for immediate service. The early choice is generally the safest one. "Buy now" is a good axiom. Thus, the young animal can be put in fit condition and become accustomed to new surroundings before the mating season commences.

Wormy Horses Do Not Thrive

Many horses lose condition, or fail to make gains during winter months because they are infected with worms. This is especially true of colts. Horses suffering from worms generally have a good appetite, but apparently benefit little from the food eaten.

There may be no symptoms which point conclusively to worms, but this trouble is so common that if the colts and horses are not doing as well as they should for the feed given, a worm remedy may prove of decided value. In treating horses for worms, Dr. L. S. Backus, of the University of Missouri College of Agriculture, suggests it is well to keep in mind that the drug is meant for the worm rather than the horse and should, therefore, be given in as concentrated form as possible. To insure this, little or no bulky food should be fed during the course of the treatment, and as the parasites are stupefied by worm remedies rather than killed, the animal's bowels should be kept in an active condition so that the stupefied worms may be passed out before they regain their vitality. A well salted bran mash once a day will generally insure such an action.

The following formula is a worm remedy which is also of value as a tonic: Powdered Nux Vomica, 2 ounces; powdered Genetian Root, 4 ounces; Powdered Arec Nut, 6 ounces; Sodium Chloride, 4 ounces; Arsenious Acid, 2 drams. Mix.

Give one heaping teaspoonful to every 250 lbs. weight, every morning and evening for about ten days. The medicine may be mixed with ground feed or sprinkled over oats or corn which has been dampened.

The Weather

Us farmers in the country, as the seasons go and come,
Is purty much like other folks—we're apt to grumble some!
The spring's too back'ard for us, er too for'ard—ary one;
We'll jaw about it anyhow, and have our way er none!
The thaw's set in too suddent; er the frost's stayed in the soil
Too long to give the wheat a chance, and crop is bound to spoil!
The weather's either most too mild, er too outrageous rough,
And altogether too much rain, er not half rain enough.
Now what I'd like and what you'd like is plain enough to see,
It's jest to have old Providence drop round on you and me
And ast us what our views is first regardin' shine or rain,
And post 'em when to shet her off, er let her on again!
And yit I'd ruther, after all, considerin' other chores
I got on hand, a-tendin' both to my affairs and yours—
I'd rather miss the blame, I'd git a rulin' things up there,
And spend my extry time in praise and gratitude and prayer.

University of Minnesota Announces Discovery of New Corn Secret

Now that the farmers of the North-west are facing a situation as regards seed corn, such as may forecast a decrease both in acreage and production the coming year, the University of Minnesota comes to the front with the announcement of a discovery which may go far toward righting conditions.

If future tests sustain the present indications, every bushel of corn planted may be made to send up more sprouts, and these sprouts may grow so fast that several weeks may be gained in the maturing time of the corn.

Scientists at the University Farm believe that they have discovered, quite by accident, a commercially practicable method of increasing the germination rate of seed corn. It came about in experimenting with various insecticides to be used in treating grains.

Professor Wm. Moore of the entomology department and Professor H. K. Hayes of the agronomy department have been working on fumigation processes for killing grain parasites. It is important that germination qualities of grain treated should not be impaired in fumigating so they regularly checked plantings of the untreated.

It was in connection with the use of nitro benzine that they bumped into the unexpected. They found that not only was the grain not impaired for seed purposes, but that it was actually bettered. Corn seemed to thrive on the fumes of nitro benzine. Not only was the percentage of germination increased by treatment, but the rate of germination also was speeded up.

The experimenters checked and re-checked, again and again, with the same results. An experiment with 1911 corn, for instance, brought out the fact that the fumigated seeds sprouted nearly two days before the unfumigated, when planted at the same time, and of the former about 18 per cent more kernels germinated than of the latter.



The Morning Meal.

"We are not saying that the treatment will so result with all corn," Professor Moore said, "as our experiments have not gone far enough to justify so sweeping a statement, but we expect to wind up the most significant test of all on the subject next week, after which we shall have something to announce."

"Nitro benzine is an oil, a coal tar derivative. Its price has been raised somewhat by war causes, but it is commercially obtainable. We fumigate the corn by placing it in a closed box in which is suspended a cloth saturated with the oil. The fumes do the work."

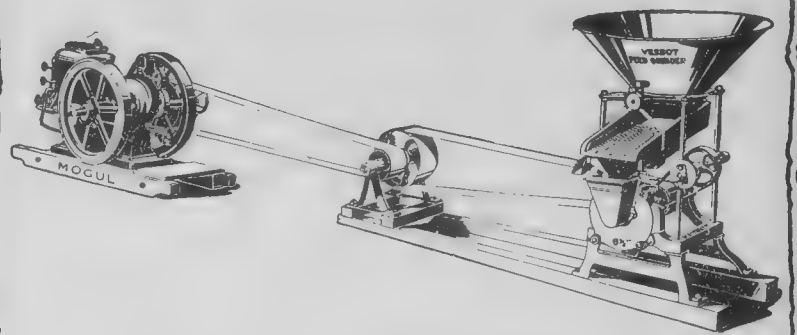
"We think well enough of present indications to make known our findings at this time, so that farmers who are facing a critical seed corn situation may try out the process if they see fit."

"Why does the treatment so affect the corn? We haven't the slightest idea. We only know that it has had that effect with corn we have treated."

First Landlady—"I manage to keep my boarders longer than you do."

Second Landlady—"Oh, I don't know. You keep them so thin that they look longer than they really are."—The Pathfinder.

These Pills Cure Rheumatism.—To the many who suffer from rheumatism a trial of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended. They have pronounced action upon the liver and kidneys and by regulating the action of these organs act as an alternative in preventing the admixture of uric acid and blood that causes this painful disorder. They must be taken according to directions and used steadily and they will speedily give evidence of their beneficial effects.



Are You a Miller?

NO? Well, that makes no difference. You can run a Vessot "Champion" grinder just as well as any miller could. With it you can save the miller's profit on all kinds of grinding—flax, barley, corn, crushed ear corn, oats, wheat, rye, peas, buckwheat, screenings, mixed grain, or any kind of feed stuff, fine or coarse as desired.

This grinder cleans grain as well as it grinds. The spout that carries the grain to the grinder is made with two sieves, a coarse one above and a fine one below. The coarse sieve catches nails, sticks and stones, but lets the grain fall through. The fine sieve holds the grain but takes out all sand and dirt. The grain passes to the grinding plates as clean as grain can be.

And it comes from the plates well ground. Vessot plates have such a reputation for good work that we have had to protect our customers and ourselves by placing the trademark "SV" on all the plates. Look for it.

To do its best work a Vessot grinder should be run by the steady power of a Mogul kerosene engine. Then you have an outfit that cannot be beat for good work or economy. Write us a card so that we can send you catalogues of these good machines.

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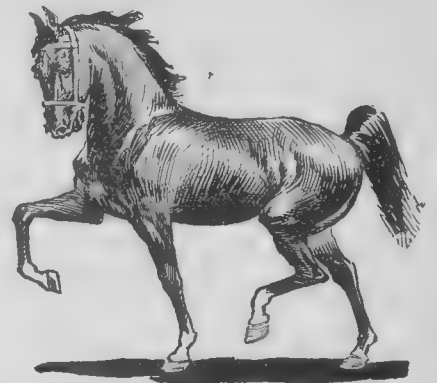
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Could Not Lift Stick of Wood

Would Almost Faint From Severe Pain in Back—Doctors Could Not Get the Kidneys Set Right

Benton, N. B. (September)—A great many people suffer the results of deranged kidneys and do not understand the cause of trouble or the way to obtain cure. The writer of this letter suffered excruciating pains in the back and in vain his physician tried to cure him. For some reason or other his medicines did not have the desired effect.

Mr. Olts' brother was a merchant selling, among other medicines, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and he heard his customers telling about how they were cured of kidney derangements by their use. This led to Mr. Olts putting them to the test, with the splendid results reported in this letter.

Mr. E. C. Olts, Benton, Carleton County, N. B., writes: "I am glad to let you know how much your medicine has done for me. I suffered from my kidneys, which at one time were so bad I could not lift a stick of wood without getting on my knees, and then would almost faint from the pain in my back. I consulted a doctor about it, and he gave me some medicine, but it did not help me. My brother, who is a merchant, and carries all your medicines, advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I got one box, and they helped me, so I got another one, and kept on until I had taken five boxes, which cured me. I have had no trouble with my back since, and am never without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the house. Last summer I also suffered from piles. I used three boxes of your Ointment, and it cured them. I can certainly recommend Dr. Chase's Pills and Ointment."

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BOOK ON DOG DISEASES

and How to Feed
H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.
118 West 31st St., N.Y.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

A Personal Inventory

Sticking too close to our work sometimes narrows our vision and makes us overlook important things. A vacation that detaches one from the vision of her own personality, and gives one a true vision of herself, will increase a girl's efficiency a hundred per cent. Just now when so much destruction is taking place, it is our duty to create, to construct, to build, to encourage.

We cannot get happiness by taking it away from some one else. I met a young woman this summer, who is the most unhappy person I know. She spends her whole life in planning schemes to deprive others of blessings. She thinks she should never think of anyone's comfort but her own. Day after day she sits in her room—miserable and unhappy. We keep happiness by giving it away, and the more we give away the more we have.

Have you a little blank book? If so, write on the first page these words: "Leaves of Happiness." On each page write successively the date of the month. Every morning determine to make some one happy on that day. Record it at night and write a helpful quotation to learn while you are dressing the next morning. When you have had a month of this experience your face will have lost some of its wrinkles, and you will look younger. It is the best beauty secret I know. When you have had a year of this happiness work your friends will ask you where you found the Fountain of Youth.

Some girls wrinkle their faces into horrible lines when they speak or think. Beautiful expression shines through the eyes and plays about the mouth. Happiness is a mood of the mind—the condition of the mental vision.

Doing right creates moral health. Doing wrong starts disease vibrations in our nature. There is a very close relation between healthy morals and a healthy body.

Purity is that which gives joy to life. To be at our best we must be in harmony with purity. "Keep thyself pure," is a motto that will give a girl supreme happiness. Impurity undermines the ambition and lowers the whole standard of life.

Have you ever taken physiology and studied this wonderful body God has given us? We are built on a moral plan, built for purity. Purity is woman's greatest power.

I wish our girl readers would begin

this Happiness Book and write me their experiences.

"Give just a little love to bless and bind A heart that beats alone, and reaches out To find a heart to dream about; It costs so little just to stop and hear Some heart's sad secret, or its throb of cheer;

To care a little that a soul is glad; To care a little that a soul is sad."

A Girl and Her Education

Perhaps there are young girls in every community who are hungry for an education, yet cannot see their way through. Letters of this nature come to my desk continually. Some young women have worked at home until they are no longer needed, and feel they are too old to begin an educational course. Others are young—in their teens—and are anxious to work their way through school.

Let me say this to the first group: You are never too old to begin an education. The other day I saw an article about a woman of seventy who learned to read and write. She was in an infirmary. So full of work had been her life that she had never attended school. But she learned to read and write after her life's work seemed at an end. Another woman of eighty took a course at the University of Wisconsin.

Two women of sixty interested me this summer. They had raised their families, and were alone.

"Why, we are just beginning to live!" one exclaimed to me, as she showed me her ticket to a course of lectures.

A young woman of thirty realizes the advantage of an education, and is not too old to begin.

In answer to the letters from girls in their teens—let me advise work in night schools. There are good places in homes where girls can do housework and take a course in night school during the evenings. I know girls who have done this. I feel that the Winnipeg Board of Education and their staff of teachers through the night schools have done more for the welfare of wage earning girls than all the churches in the city. It is the best movement for the young that has been launched.

In choosing our life work, we should choose that which will call the biggest woman out of us, and not that from which we can coin the most dollars.

We cannot live truthfully unless we

progress. The blood in your veins is the blood of heroes and heroines.

The Canadian girl has a rich inheritance, and is placed in a magnificent environment. The noble experiences of your parental ancestry blazed the way for a great work in your lives. In the vision of your future, do you see a place in life you want to reach? God would not have given you that dream without ability to reach it. "In Sesame and Lilies" Ruskin says: "You cannot make a girl lovely if you do not make her happy. The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years, full of sweet records, and hope of better things to be won. There is no old age where there is still that promise."

Make a palace of your mind. Furnish it with the beautiful, beautiful bits of poetry, Bible gems, and splendid acts of kindness. Fill it with knowledge and thoughts that encourage justice and love. One woman I know understands six languages. Another but one—the language of kindness. She understands and sympathizes with humanity. The first woman is the personification of loneliness. It was the understanding of the second woman that created the palatial mind of Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Fry and all other women who have blessed humanity.

The Red Cross nurse may not speak a word, but the brave lads who know her understand her. It is the use to which we put our knowledge that tells in the history of our lives.

The Creator never made an odd girl not any more than He has never made an ear of corn with an odd number of rows of grain. At some point in life every girl touches the life of another, and for that touch that life rises or falls. The world would be bankrupt without the godward motive.

Mental brilliancy can never take the place of moral integrity in the mind of a woman in her influence over men.

"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble to dust but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten all eternity!"

In the Glare of the Searchlight

Every girl is in the glare of a searchlight if she but realizes it. I want to tell you of some of the searchlights turned on and what they reveal:

I had a talk with a business man regarding wages. He said if the wages were increased the girls would buy more extravagant clothes. Another man watched a group of applicants who wore shoes with high heels and jingly jewelry, and said: "If they would spend more time dressing the inside of their heads instead of the outside, they would fare better in the end." This raises the question, "Should there be uniformity of dress?" What is the opinion of our readers? In one store the dress of one popular girl was the cause of a complete reformation of dress in that establishment.

Are business girls as close companions to their mothers as home girls? I overheard a man say: "Business girls are so tired when they reach home that they are irritable." I am not expressing my opinion on any of these remarks—I am simply asking for opinions. That reminds me of another remark I heard, "We need women who will teach us ideals—young women with spiritual insight."

The Meaning of an Idea

One day I sat down near a dear old lady in her little rocking chair and I looked into her face so full of beauty—youthful beauty because it is a face often lifted toward God, and such a face beams with a loveliness of expression that will endure and grow for ever. A beautiful face I said, after all the only sure recipe for beauty is, "Heavenly Thoughts."

This old lady wears a dainty white ribbon on her dress. At her throat is a brooch framing a miniature likeness of the picture on the wall. And I said to

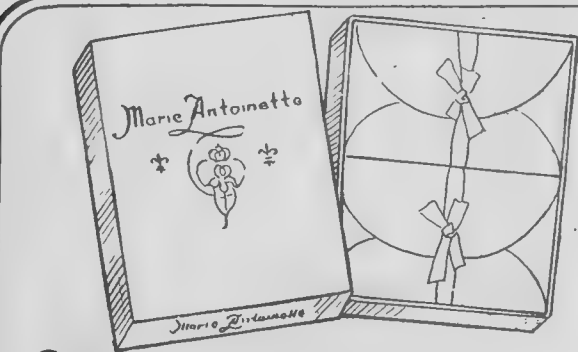
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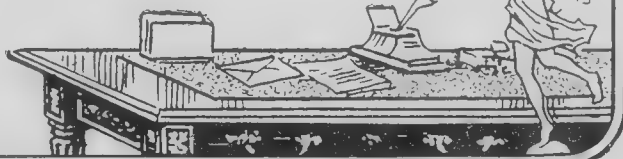
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myself, "Who is this woman that seems to mean so much to this dear old lady," and I thought of the five splendid sons she had so wisely mothered, and of the grand-children who said that to talk with her and see her face seems to make one want to live better.

There must be something in the life of the woman whose picture hangs on the walls, and whose miniature is worn at the throat of the grandmother, that is worthy of study. It must have been a noble life.

The picture on the wall and the books in the little library and the photo in the brooch are those of Frances Willard.

Then this mother whom five big men adore and whom many grand-children honor was influenced by the life of Frances Willard.

It must have been a noble life—and I turn to study the noble life of Frances Willard, for her life influenced not only this dear old mother, but thousands of other mothers, and the number is increasing with marvelous growth, so let us study not her biography but her life—the purity, the tenderness, the hopefulness, the sympathy, the thoughtfulness, the helpfulness, the cheerfulness, the inspiration, the godliness that make up a noble life. I sometimes think we dwell too much on the fearful evils of sin and not enough on the blessings of good.

I think our faces should be directed upward to view the great, and good, and beautiful, more than lowered to face the awful tragedies of evil doing. It is true we need to know the sad and pathetic about us in order to sympathize, but I believe we need to look up more, for by looking up we shall be able to lift up more. Purity seems to be the first requisite of the noble life. Do you want a clean soul? Do you want a stained soul? Your thoughts clean or stain your soul.

What is it in Frances Willard that lives?

Her character. Many other famous women live only in name.

There may be brilliant women, there may be clever men of world-wide reputation, but they are not noble men and women if their characters be not pure.

The lives of some of our most noted men and women in history are scarred with the black blots of impure character, and their power in the world's history is weakened when we refer to them personally.

The noble life is a pure character.

The heart that is lifted up to God as a lily lifts up its chalice to the sun will be purified and cleaned, because impurity must decay in the light of the cleansing power of the Heavenly father's love.

The noble life is a tender hearted life—it is full of little kindnesses for others. Frances Willard had a heart and mind that were filled with great longings for the betterment of humanity. She heard the moaning of heart-broken lives, the cry of a hurt baby, or the agony of the strong. One writer says she stood on the shore of life and battled to save human souls and bodies from its angry waves.

Frances Willard was a lover of humanity.

She longed to share with everybody all the good things in life.

She said at one time:

"In spite of what is said of dishonesty I believe in human nature next to God. I believe the eyes into which I look are friendly." What we need is not only love, but radiant love.

A little child one time at a great meeting gave her a bouquet—lifting the floral gift up and holding it toward the audience she said:

"Blessed is the woman to whom children give flowers."

There was intense interest manifested and tears were wiped away.

She showed her appreciation of life's blessings by radiating love and help wherever needed. Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God the void can fill. Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longings still.

Is thy heart a living power? Self-entwined, its strength sinks low. It can

only live in loving and by serving, love will grow.

Words of sympathy and praise and helpfulness came from Frances Willard because her heart was overflowing with loving kindness. This is one great lesson from her noble life that I wish to impress. We do not praise and help others enough, but we criticize others enough. There seems to be a serpent-like fascination to criticism. It is the most poisonous element that can crawl into our personality. Let us choke it. One time when Miss Willard's friends were greatly aroused over some act of grave injustice toward her and were criticising them severely Miss Willard said: "Now girls, I've been thinking it over, and it isn't the Christian way to air our grievances. I'm going to quit; and in token I'm going to sign off from speaking ill of people, and in my Bible I want you to take the pledge with me."

They signed the pledge.

Could not we be more helpful if we would sign a similar pledge?

We so often criticize when we do not know the environment in which the one criticised is placed.

Kind words are the music of the world.

One of the surest hindrances to right-doing is talking about people's wrong doing. Gossip and love do not get along well together.

Frances Willard was a true friend. How often we wonder if a friend be true.

We say we cannot tell.

What is a true friend?

A true friend is one that keeps us facing the ideal in life.

When an acquaintance turns your face from the ideal, he is not a friend.

Take this thought as a test and go review your acquaintances.

Miss Willard appealed to the highest in human nature and brought it out. She discovered people, she saw talents in others that they did not dream of possessing. She had the ability to recognize possibilities in others of which they themselves were not conscious. Then she opened new and wider paths of usefulness for them. In her presence one felt at once called to the highest and best. Such a woman is a friend.

I wish you would, in your room when alone, review your acquaintances. Make two lists. In one put those who are an inspiration to you—who make you face the ideal—and in the other those who turn your mind away from the ideal.

Which is the longer list?

"Which will you choose as friends?"

Another phase of Miss Willard's nobleness of heart was that she was not jealous of others' greatness.

Small souls are filled with jealousy. They are afraid that another may outshine them.

The truly great think of the welfare of the work which claims the use of their talent.

Miss Willard drew about her strong women who were able to accomplish tasks, because she was not afraid that their success might outshine her own. Many great undertakings fail for lack of this broad-minded generosity on the part of the leaders.

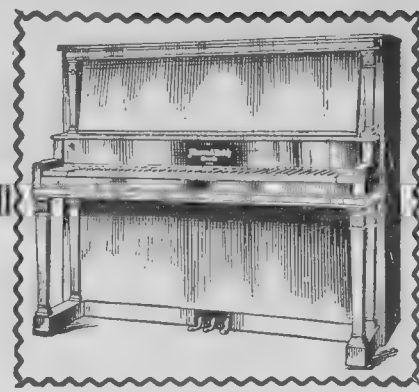
Miss Willard drew strength and love from other great women—so should we, it would aid us much more than harboring jealousy.

In analyzing the characteristics of Miss Willard's noble life we must not forget her unusual thoughtfulness, the most memorable thing about her. Those most closely associated with her in public work were deeply moved by her loving mindfulness of others.

One night after a very hard day's work when her friends urged her to rest, she saw an old woman in a distant corner of the church who seemed to be alone. Quick as thought she said: I want to speak to that lonely-looking sister.

As Miss Willard approached, the old woman timidly arose, but when her hands, rough with daily toil, were clasped cordially by Miss Willard, the old lady's face was filled with a light that lasted for many days.

A Power of its Own.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has a subtle power of its own that other oils cannot pretend to, though there are many pretenders. All who have used it know this and keep it by them as the most valuable liniment available. Its uses are innumerable and for many years it has been prized as the leading liniment for man and beast.



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Lift Corns Out With Fingers Don't Hurt a Bit--It's Magic

Few drops stop soreness, then the corn or cal-lus shrivels and lifts off. Try it and see! No humbug!

This tiny bottle holds the wonder of wonders. It contains an almost magical drug called freezone. It is a compound made from ether.

Apply a few drops of this freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a hardened callus. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn or callus so shriveled and loose that you just lift it off with the fingers. It doesn't hurt one particle.

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Just ask in any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. This will cost but a few cents but will positively rid your poor, suffering feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, or the tough calluses on bottom of feet. Genuine freezone bears the name of Edward Wesley Co.,

The Best Magazine Value Available—
The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 a Year

Heart's Sunshine

Oh, if only those who love us
Would but tell us while we live,
And not wait until life's journey
Ended is, before they give
The smile we hungered after,
Tender words we longed to hear,
Which we listened for but vainly,
For many a weary year!

There is much of pain and sorrow
All must bear, and bear alone,
Yet how helpful is the sunshine,
Of a cheery look and tone,
How it brightens up life's pathway,
And dispels the shadows grim,
And restores our shattered idols,
Which we built in days now dim.

Then bestow your sunshine freely!
Let it shine from out your eyes,
Let it speak in warm hand pressures,
Let it breathe in heartfelt sighs,
Let it cheer the fainting spirit
Of some sister in distress,
Let it thrill our jarring voices
With a note of tenderness.

For in serving fellow mortals
We best serve the Father, too,
And in lightening their burdens
Ours grow light and fade from view,
And a sympathetic nature
That vibrates to other's needs
Is a bit of God's own sunshine
Quickening to noble deeds.

Miss Willard from childhood was very systematic—her play with her brothers was that of forming organizations. As a school girl she was more reckless and careless about religious affairs than the others. In fact she ridiculed religion a great deal. But when her heart was touched and her eyes opened to the Christ life, a boundless amount of love and beauty and truth and Christliness sprang from a personality so deep that it penetrates into all parts of the world.

We have had in the world's history many clever and brilliant women who needed their blinded eyes opened to the beauty of the Christ life in order to save humanity from vice and sin.

When great mentalities are placed in the world, they are needed to serve humanity. When we feel the influence of this one woman like Miss Willard who had Christ in her heart, we realize how empty and useless are the lives of famous women who had not Christ. —Madame de Stael.

Then I like Miss Willard's spirit of cheerfulness. She said she wanted to make the world more homelike—to make humanity feel at home.

I like the thought in the song "Always leave a person happy when you say good-bye."

Such is a brief outline of the study of the purity, the tenderness, the hopefulness, the sympathy, the thoughtfulness, the helpfulness, the cheerfulness the inspiration, the godliness that constitute a noble life—that formed the life and noble life of Frances Willard. But I would not do the subject justice if I should leave out the theme of Miss Willard's life work, for Frances E. Willard was the founder of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Though the first woman in the United States to be chosen to the important and responsible position as dean of a college of ladies when the Lord called her to the temperance work in 1873, she left her work in the college and joined the women in their prayers and fight to free the wrecks of humanity from the power of strong drink. Her beautifully trained life she dedicated to God and temperance, and her matchless oratory won friends to the cause of temperance in all parts of the land. Let us remember this quotation from her writings.

"Only a clear mind can think God's thoughts after Him—only a steady hand

can glorify the Divine carpenter. Only a heart unhurried by artificial stimulants can be loyal in its love to Christ and humanity."

Miss Willard—America's uncrowned queen—left these words for us to remember—that were her last words: "How beautiful to be with God". A fitting farewell to a noble life.

The Summer Boarder

(Continued from page 16)

any use for him after he jumped out of the rig that time."

"Thank heaven! I—I—there's something I've been wanting to ask you, Rosemary. I'll put it up to your pa when I come back."

"Ask me now, John. Anyway, if you catch that—that fellow, dad can't refuse you—anything."

But John gathered up the reins quickly. "No—I'll wait. It'll give you time to decide—on the answer."

"The answer won't change—ever. Good bye, John—dear!"

Then John dug his heels into the mare's flank and was out of the gate and down the road like a flash.

"Silver Sam" was captured at a border town that night, and Billy and John—and Rosemary—shared the reward of six thousand dollars.

Handicapped

An elderly woman, slightly deaf, who is inclined to make the imperfect ear a greater handicap than it really is, was recently taken to a moving-picture show.

"And how did you enjoy the pictures?" asked her companion afterward.

"Well, on account of my poor hearing I do not get the pleasure from entertainments I used to."—Harper's Magazine.

Correcting Faults Through Play

By May Belle Brooks

A visit to a kindergarten where I saw little children rapidly absorbing facts through impressions gained in play gave me the idea of experimenting on my own little ones regarding several inconvenient habits.

The most annoying of these was slowness in dressing and making their morning toilet. The oldest had formed the dilatory habit of putting a book before her and reading as she dressed. Of course she would become interested in the development of her story and consequently cease dressing. Or the children would become absorbed in a discussion among themselves and oftentimes start a game, completely oblivious to their unclothed condition or the lateness of the hour.

I organized a fire brigade, naming one child the captain. At the rising hour I rang a loud bell rapidly. They scrambled out of bed in great glee and slid down the banister rail (like the fireman they had once seen sliding down a pole) and fled to the bathroom. Here they pretended they were afire and proceeded to "put it out" with a vigorous onslaught of soap and water. Then the bell clanged again and the one who was dressed first received a credit mark. He who claimed the largest score at the end of the month had the privilege of being treated by the others to anything they decided to do or give. One child disliked her task of washing the dishes and grumbled a great deal over it. But when I taught her to bring her imagination to bear upon the hateful work, it was quite different. I started her off by pretending that the dishes were dollies all waiting for their bath. The colored decorations were their dresses. The pots and pans were little pickaninies. Each morning, instead of saying, "Hurry, now, and wash your dishes," I said, "Well, what are your dishes going to be to-day?" I tried to make the work interesting.

Another thing they are now eager to do where before they were driven to it, is brushing the teeth. A well-known advertisement gave me the idea of a tooth-brush drill. I waited until all were ready, and then at a signal from me, their general, the paste was spread on the brush. Command number two was to bring the brush to the mouth, number three to scrub, and number four, to rinse the mouth, was not given until I was satisfied sufficient time had elapsed to insure a thorough cleaning. Number five was to put brush and glass in their proper places. Then, "Face about, forward, march!" I called, and they filed in to breakfast.

Breaches of etiquette and courtesy have likewise been corrected through interesting games. The most difficult thing of all to learn was that children—and older people for that matter—must not interrupt others in speaking, or monopolize the conversation. They were so eager to tell all about their little affairs and a great deal of the family's also. So I played house with them a few times and through my example they learned how to conduct themselves when visitors came.

It was also easier to impress their minds with correct ideas for table conduct through little tea parties than by means of advice administered at the family dinner table. Children enjoy playing "make believe" at anything and if I noticed a fault at meal time, I did not correct it then, unless very annoying, but next day I invited the children to a tea party and took my opportunity to correct it then, possibly through instruction to the dolls.

Habit is a blessing as well as a curse. Knowledge and efficiency are the outcome of well-established habits and if a good habit may be inspired through play, the kindergarten methods are the best weapons at the parent's command for the welding of character in her children.

Let me but live my life from year to year
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hurrying to nor turning from the goal.
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

—Henry van Dyke.

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cover with photographs of hundreds of sumptuous furs, coats in Persian Lamb, Hudson Seal, etc., Muffs, Stoles and Cravats in many styles and many furs. The Book is a wonderful fashion guide. And not only that—it's the key to economy in fur-buying for it offers the beautiful fur pieces at surprisingly low prices. In whatever part of Canada you live you should not be without a copy of this book. It's yours for the asking. Don't delay—Write for your copy today—it's free.

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Woman and the Home

Reconciliations

By Calvin Dill Wilson

The mother is wise who sees to it that her children grow up in an atmosphere free from hate and grudges and old feuds. Wherever alienations exist among her relatives or friends, it is well for all concerned and especially for the children to bring together the separated parties, heal the troubles and bring about reconciliations. If the children have known of such quarrels, it is well to let them see also the joy of reconciliations, and feel the waves of kindness and good will where before there was hatred.

Harm is done to young people by the existence and perpetuation of quarrels, by hearing of these, by seeing the signs of ill-feeling and unkindness. They grow up to feel that grudges are natural and general and to expect or take for granted the same disturbances in their own lives. They fail to learn the folly and harm of hate, the misery of permanent feuds.

The mother has a great duty in this respect. She should purify the atmosphere in which her children are growing up. Most of the vexations of this kind come from small origins and are not worthy of being dignified by permanency. Many start and are kept up with gossip, inane and senseless talk of trouble makers. When real wrongs have been committed, it is the nobler and more magnanimous part to ignore, forget, forgive, pour oil on the troubled waters, put coals of fire on the head of the wrongdoer by kindness. Most of these petty quarrels are kept up by pride; resentment of slights, real or fancied, is a form of egotism. Wise people let many things go by default, rather than make a great point of them.

Give the children the benefit of an atmosphere free from hate and filled with good will.

Contact with Evil

By Francis McKinnon Morton

What normal mother sending her little child out into the world does not simply long with all her heart to spread out her mother-wings and protect him from all contact with evil? But—it simply can not be done. The knowledge of good and evil is a part of the heritage we take in common from our primeval human parents. My child must take his with my neighbor's children and I can not save him from it, but I can give him a blessed armour of self protection that no mortal shaft can pierce; and that is a clean mind well furnished with knowledge of the pure and the beautiful and with a clear understanding of the sacred things out of which the low minded make evil thoughts.

When my eldest was between three and four years old he started to a little neighborhood kindergarten. One day a little playmate told him of a certain form of evil of which he had learned through a Japanese serving boy. My little one came and brought the story to me because we are quite intimate friends and this was the natural thing to do. My impulse was to gather my baby in my arms and keep him there, forbidding the kindergarten and further association with the poor little playmate who had brought the story to him. I felt like doing this but—I didn't do it. Neither did I scold or appear shocked or denounce the unfortunate little informant as an indecent child.

There is really nothing that can come to a mother out of the clean mind of a little child that need shock her sensibilities so severely that she can not look it squarely in the face and give it its proper proportion in the eyes of the child. The silly exaggeration of a child's thoughts about himself does more to over-emphasize them in his little mind than any other one cause. The little child who told my boy was interested in what he had seen and heard, merely interested and curious because it was all new and strange to him. At the time it was certainly not evil or immoral to him, it was merely a matter of natural human interest. To my boy, who has somewhat different tastes, it was simply distasteful, not evil at all, so why should I make it so with my foolish fears. We had a little talk about it and I tried to give it to him in its natural proportion and we remained close friends with no break in our understanding of each other. One thing I had

to combat, the incident had given him a thorough distaste for the little friend whom he had loved.

It was now my task to teach him the duty of friendship, which is to help as well as to love. The two children have since been thrown together a good deal and are friends but not close friends, though I have never by any conscious act done anything to prevent that. My own boy has a better sense of proportion in life and its interests, and the two of them could never grow close to each other except by a change of viewpoint in one or the other.

It pays to trust a child after you have given him the very best mental and spiritual furnishings for life that you can offer him. A normal child resents any restrictions placed on the free exercise of his own will and he is right to do so. Character can grow strong only by the free use of the will and a child has a right to grow. If you have a child with abnormal tendencies of any kind you are perfectly justified in forcing him into certain lines of conduct, but a child who is normal and clean needs his freedom of choice as much as he does the free use of his limbs. The mother may watch and guard and guide but she needs to beware of the weapon of force.

Later on two little girls, little sisters and as sweet and beautiful as children could be in appearance, moved into our street and came to play at our house a great deal. They taught my boy another side of the mystery of sex. We were such close friends though that the knowledge was not complete until he had shared it with mother and so we talked it all over together. I made no mystery of it and gave it no evil significance. I tried simply to give the thing its right place in his eyes and I was so successful that he felt with me the desire to protect the little girls from their own folly. They were both older than he and very intelligent children, and we all played together a great deal more before they finally moved away from the city, but they did not hurt my child, and he had no feeling that I had been unjust in my judgment or harsh toward his friends. He cared for them less after the incident than before because his sense of propriety was offended.

Still later he had a little friend a few years older than he, who continually wished him to deceive his parents about the simplest acts of his play. The little friend would say, "It's no use to tell your mother that, it'll just worry her for nothing," but my boy has learned that his mother doesn't go into hysterics over trifles so he brings them all to me, big things and little things, and I make it my task to try to set them in their proper places for him so that he may have a man's knowledge of good and evil and a just sense of values in the real things of life.

In this stage of his life he is hearing a great deal of bad language, both profane and vulgar, and I have no way to protect him from that except by an inward protection. Little boys who go among other boys will almost always hear things that you wish they wouldn't hear; but when you hear such things yourself you have no desire to adopt that style of speech and that manner of thought, and you can give your child the same means of protection against it that you have yourself. I shall never go into a fit of hysterics over a bit of profanity for I have known kind men who did swear horribly, but I have no desire to swear and I want my boys to realize that it is a foolish weakness they don't have to adopt just because their friends have it.

I try to teach my boy that he may have a friend with a broken leg and may care for the friend but need not break his own leg because of that. It seems to me that only in this way will a child's natural selectiveness become the strong hold of his character. The contact with evil is ever present and there is no protection except the inward protection of moral good taste.

A dear little baby boy lost his beloved playmate and brother and in the loneliness of his baby heart he prayed this beautiful prayer: "Please God, keep mother and me together so that we won't get so lonely." What voice of prayer could have expressed more eloquently the natural hunger of every child's heart for an understanding love? One hour of inti-



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Every First-Time User Is Surprised

You see on every grocer's shelf some rows of Puffed Grain cartons—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

They look like ordinary cereals. And thousands of people, even yet, don't know what lies within.



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Open a package—say of Puffed Wheat—and you find whole wheat grains puffed to eight times normal size.

You find airy, flaky bubbles, flimsy and flaky, toasted, thin and crisp. Taste them and they taste like toasted nut meats.

With sugar and cream they taste like confections. In bowls of milk they are almond-flavored wafers. Mixed with fruit they give one a most enticing blend.

To folks who discover them, they bring to a thousand meals a multiplied delight. Nothing else made from wheat or rice is comparable with Puffed Grains.



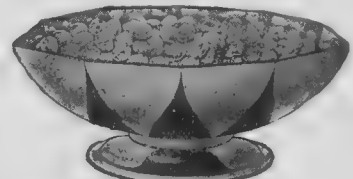
Mix with Fruit

Puffed Wheat

Both 15c.
Except in Far West

Puffed Rice

Yet Puffed Wheat and Rice are whole-grain foods—the utmost in nutrition. Each grain is puffed by a hundred million steam explosions, so every food cell is blasted. By Prof. Anderson's process—shooting from guns—digestion is made easy and complete.



Salt or Butter and Let Children Eat Like Peanuts

So these are scientific grain foods. Every atom is fitted to feed. They supply to folks, in a dainty way, the needed whole-grain nutrition.

Folks who don't use Puffed Grains are missing more than they know, for no other food is like them.

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Care for what? Your personal appearance. I can help you—I have helped others—because I have a recipe for a face cream that you will use and value during your lifetime. It is worth many times the price I ask for it. Your men folks will see the difference and wonder. Keep them guessing. It is the best remedy for poor complexions, and preserves good ones. No French cream from Paris is better than you can make right at home yourself in five minutes. Send me fifty cents in stamps at my risk and the recipe is yours, or send me a Dollar Bill or money order and you will receive by next mail the face cream recipe and thirty-five laundry and dye work pointers. My laundry pointers will save your temper and purse, the cream will save your skin. Fill out the attached coupon and trust me. All correspondence confidential and sent in plain envelopes. I can send you references if you wish.

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I enclose 50 cents in stamps. Send me your Face Cream Recipe.

Name..... (Mrs. or Miss)

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Cut this out and mail. You won't regret it. If you want the Laundry Recipes too, enclose \$1.00 and change the coupon.

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Chemically Self-extinguishing

"Silent 500s"

the matches with "no after glow"

EDDY is the only Canadian maker of these matches, every stick of which has been treated with a chemical solution which positively ensures the match becoming dead wood once it has been lighted and blown out.

Look for the words "chemically self-extinguishing" on the box.

macy during the busy day is not enough and will not satisfy the little life nor bind it to the mother's heart with chains that take hold of eternity and live when the mother has slipped to the other shore. The intimacy must take in all the small details of the child's life so that nothing shall ever make him fear to go to mother with what concerns him. Of course, the mother's duties are varied and exacting, for the home must be kept orderly and the children must be clean and well nourished, but the heart and mind and the aspiring soul of childhood has its hunger that only mother love can satisfy. The child who is "intimate with mother" has always a friend that is true and a confidant to be trusted.

Enamel

Avoid scrubbing anything made of enamel with a preparation that contains sand.

The latter thins and finally cracks the enamel.

Soap and hot water should answer, if the utensils are cleaned regularly; they will need no further treatment than this.

Paint Stains

Equal parts of ammonia and spirits of turpentine will remove these stains from clothing.

Saturate the spot three or four times, then wash with soap-suds.

Rinse well in clear water.

Keep away from the fire while doing this.

Grained Doors

The very best way of cleaning these, or any woodwork that is polished or grained, is by using linseed oil.

Take a piece of flannel and soak it with a little of the oil; rub this upon the grained wood and polish with a soft cloth.

This method preserves the wood and makes it look newly grained.

Tinned Foods

If the top or bottom of a tin containing food bulges and refuses to keep flat when pushed down, you may be sure that the contents will not be fit to eat.

A dull hollow sound upon tapping the tin in the bulging part will often indicate the same thing.

Creases

Clothes that have been packed away become creased and old-looking.

Hang them up in the bathroom, turn on the hot water tap and leave them for a few hours in the steam; then press with an iron.

A Good Way

After carefully removing all dust, rub the leather over with milk or the white of an egg. Leave to dry in, and polish with a soft dry duster. Should the chairs be covered with Morocco leather; after carefully dusting, varnish with the white of an egg only, which, after drying, should be polished with a velvet rag.

These methods have been tried and proved successful in restoring shabby leather goods.

The Best Way

I have always found that there is nothing to equal the white of an egg for cleaning shabby leather chairs. First of all collect all chairs, etc., that you want cleaned, and if nice and fine carry outside, and give all a good brushing; then beat the white of an egg (of course, it just depends on the quantity of chairs to be cleaned; if several, you will need two or three white.) Well rub in, and take a good dry duster and polish up. Anyone trying this old-fashioned recipe will find it hard to beat.

Very Successful Results

Dip a flannel in milk and lightly rub the old leather chairs. When quite dry use fresh flannel, and apply "Ronuk," or a mixture of beeswax and turpentine, polish with a soft duster. I have tried this with excellent results.

Miller's Worm Powders act so thoroughly that stomachic and intestinal worms are literally ground up and pass from the child without being noticed and without inconvenience to the sufferer. They are painless and perfect in action, and at all times will be found a healthy medicine, strengthening the infantile stomach and maintaining it in vigorous operation, so that, besides being an effective vermifuge, they are tonic and health-giving in their effects.

Work for Busy Fingers

Cake and Sherbet Serving Set

Materials—For the baskets, 6 ginger-ale glasses, 4 balls of No. 20 mercerized crochet cotton, No. 5 steel hook.

For the tray, 1 piece of glass cut circular, 12 inches across, 3 balls of No. 10 mercerized crochet cotton, No. 3 steel hook.

For the basket, start with 6 ch sts, join forming a circle.

First row—3 ch sts make 17 d c into this circle.

Second row—3 ch sts 2 d c into each st of preceding row.

Third row—5 ch sts, 1 d c into 2nd st, of preceding row, * 2 ch sts, 1 d c skip 1 st, repeat *.

Fourth row—5 ch sts, * 1 d c over ch of preceding row, 3 ch sts, repeat *.

Fifth row—3 ch sts, * 3 d c over ch, repeat *.

Sixth row—* 1 s c skip 2 sts, 5 d c into the next st, skip 2 sts, repeat *.

Seventh row—* 1 s c into each of the first 2 sts, 3 ch sts, 1 s c into each of the next 4 sts, 3 ch sts, 1 s c into each of the next 2 sts, repeat * and break thread. This completes the base.

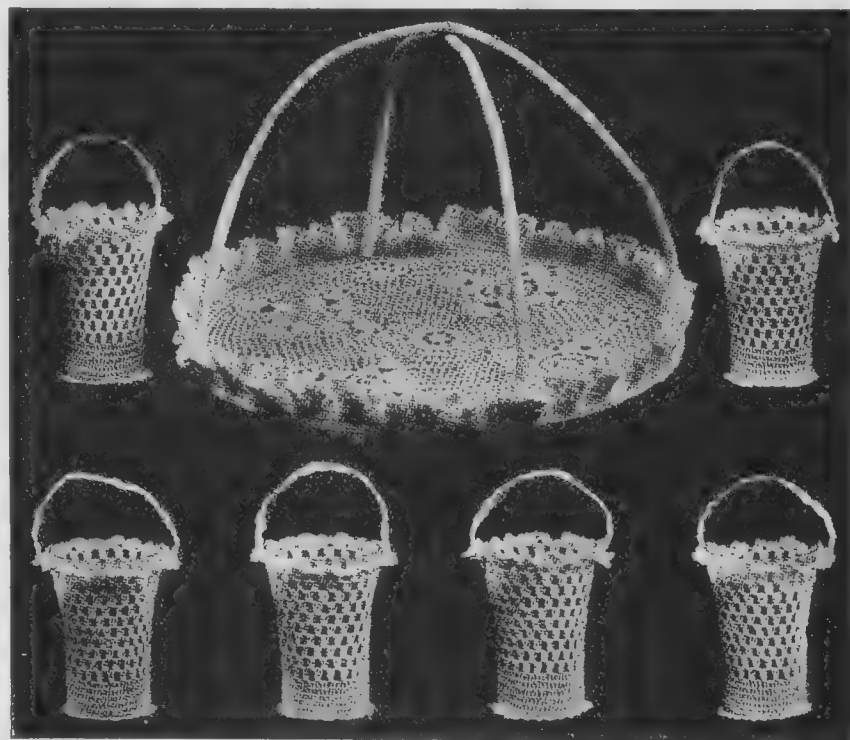
Start at the top of the 5th row, 3 ch sts, 1 d c into each st of the 5th row, and 2 sts into the last st, repeat until you have 6 rows.

Eighth row—1 s c into each st for the first 9 sts, catching the front loop of each st only, 1 ch st turn, skip the first st, 1 s c into each st omitting the last st, making 7 sts, 1 ch st turn, 1 s c into each of the 7 sts, 1 ch st, turn, skip the first st, 1 s c into each st, omitting the last st, 1 ch st, turn, skip the first st, 1 s c, into each st, omitting the last st, continue making 1 s c into each st, along the side of this point until you reach the 7th row, repeat * for each point until you have 8 points.

Ninth row—* 9 ch sts, connect with the first st of the first point, 1 ch st, turn, 1 s c into each ch st, form point as before. 3 ch sts, fasten with 1 s c along the side, make 3 loops to the base, continue these loops down the point below and up to the next one. Across the top of this point make 1 s c into each st repeat * break thread. For the small medallion use the first 4 rows only. Baste the medallions to the pattern as per illustration, connect with 2 ch sts, 1 d c to fill all spaces.

For the rim make 1 d c into each st repeat for 4 rows.

Scallop, 3 ch sts, * 1 t c, 1 ch st, repeat until you have 6 t c into the same st, skip 4 sts repeat *.



Seventh row—3 ch sts, 3 d c into the 2nd st, * 2 ch sts, 3 d c skip 2 sts, repeat *.

Eighth row—5 ch sts, * 3 d c over ch of preceding row, 2 ch sts, repeat until you have 7 rows or until you reach the place where your glass widens, then make 4 d c over each for 3 rows or to the top of the glass.

Scallop 3 ch sts, 1 t c over ch, 3 ch sts, repeat until you have 7 t c with 1 p. between each, repeat for each ch.

For the handle catch into the top row before the scallop, make 3 ch sts, 3 d c, 1 ch st, 3 d c all into same st, 3 ch sts, turn, 3 d c, 1 ch st, 3 d c all over ch of preceding row and repeat for length required, crochet to opposite side of basket.

For the tray, cut a pattern of heavy wrapping paper the exact size of the glass. The medallions are crocheted separately and basted to the pattern. Make 4 large medallions and 5 small ones. For the large medallion make 5 ch sts, join to form a circle.

First row—make 8 s c into this circle. Second row—2' s c into each st of preceding row.

Third row—6 ch sts, * 1 d c into the 2nd st, 3 ch sts, repeat * make 8 sps for this row.

Fourth row—* 2 s c, 5 ch sts form 1 p, 2 s c 5 ch sts form 1 p, 3 s c, 1 p, repeat * making 2 p, in each sp and 3 s c over the separations.

Fifth row—12 ch sts, * 1 t c catch into the center of the 3 s c, 8 ch sts, repeat * make 8 sps for this row.

Sixth row—1 s c, into each st.

Seventh row—repeat 6th row.

Last row—1 d c, 3 ch sts, form a p, 1 ch st, repeat, making 1 d c into each t c, break thread.

Turn the work, start at the base of rim, work inward, 2 ch sts, 1 d c into each of the first 2 sts, skip 1 st, repeat for 2 rows, fit in the glass and make 3 more rows, narrowing as required to fit. Make a length of ch sts to reach the opposite side, fasten and come back with 1 s c into each ch st, make another line in the opposite direction.

For the handles, make 7 ch sts, join to form a circle.

Make 1 s c into each st, for 3 rows, then take up the small st, which lays up and down between each st. Continue for the length required. Crochet the ends to the base of tray.

Jewel Box

Materials—Two balls of No. 39 mercerized crochet cotton, 1 yard of No. 7 satin ribbon.

Make 48 ch sts.

First row—1 d c into the 8th st, sps for this row.

Second row—5 ch sts, * 1 gr, 1 sp, repeat * having 2 sps at the end, turn, repeat having gr over sp, each row has 8 sps, 6 gr, make 27 rows, last row repeat 1st row, completing bottom of box.

First row of sides—* 5 ch sts, 1 t c, 2 ch sts, 2 t c, all over 1 sp, forming a fan, ** 7 ch sts, skip 2 sp, 2 t c, 2 ch sts, 2 t c, form a fan, repeat **.

Second row—3 ch sts, 1 d c, into center of fan, 2 ch sts, 2 d c, into the same

sp, 3 ch sts, 1 s c, into 4th ch st, of the 7, 3 ch sts, repeat fans for 3 rows, forming $\frac{1}{2}$ the height of box repeat * completing the box.

For the feet, make 2 t c, into the corner, 5 ch sts, turn 1 t c, 2 ch sts, 2 t c, into 1st fan, * 7 ch sts, 2 t c, 2 ch sts, 2 t c, into corner fan, repeat * for 3rd fan, turn, repeat 2nd row of sides for 2 rows. Repeat for each corner.

For the cover, make 115 ch sts.

First row—1 t c, into the 15th st, 1 t c into the next st, * 5 ch sts 1 t c, into the 6th st, 1 t c into the next st, repeat * making 16 gr.

Second row—5 ch sts, * 2 d c, 2 ch sts, 2 d c, over 1st sp, 3 ch sts, 1 s c, into 3rd ch st, of next sp, 3 ch sts, repeat *.

Third row—Repeat 2nd row, making 4 ch sts, instead of 3 ch sts.

Fourth row—5 ch sts, 1 fan of t c, into each fan of preceding row.

Fifth and sixth rows—Repeat 2nd row, break thread. This forms half the top of cover, repeat for the remaining half, for sides, make 1 fan of t c, over each fan, 7 ch sts between, into 2 corners diagonally across, make 1 extra fan, repeat 3rd row of cover for 4 rows.

Last row, 4 d c, 3 p for each fan, 5 ch sts, between, break thread.

For the handle, fasten thread at 3rd gr, of t c from the center, 20 ch sts, 1 s c, skip 5 grs, 3 ch sts, turn, 20 d c, 1 s c into cover, * 5 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 s c, repeat *.

Starch, then shape over a glass butter box or stiff cardboard.

Heavier the Cross

Heavier the cross, the nearer heaven;
No cross without, no God within—
Death, judgment from the heart are driven

Amid the world's false glare and din,
Oh! happy he with all his loss,
Whom God hath set beneath the cross.

Heavier the cross, the better Christian;
This is the touchstone God applies.
How many a garden would be wasting
Unwet by showers from weeping eyes!
The gold by fire is purified;
The Christian is by trouble tried.

Heavier the cross, the stronger faith;
The loaded palm strikes deeper root;
The vine-juice sweetly issueth
When men have pressed the clustered
fruit;
And courage grows where dangers
come,
Like pearls beneath the salt sea-
foam.

Heavier the cross, the heartier prayer;
The bruised herbs most fragrant are.
If sky and wind were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star:
And David's Psalms had ne'er been
sung
If grief his heart had never wrung.

Heavier the cross, the more aspiring;
From vales we climb to mountain-
crest;
The pilgrim of the desert tiring
Longs for the Canaan of his rest.
The dove has here no rest in sight,
And to the ark she wings her flight.

Heavier the cross, the easier dying,
Death is a friendlier face to see;
To life's decay one bids defying,
From life's distress one then is free.
The cross sublimely lifts our faith
To Him who triumphed over death.

Thou Crucified! the cross I carry,
The longer, may it dearer be;
And lest I faint while here I tarry,
Implant thou such a heart in me
That faith, hope, love may flourish
there,
Till for the cross my crown I wear.

Treasures

By J. H. Arnett

There are treasures untold
In the heart of pure gold
In the flower that grows by the way,
And a beauty that's rare
Floats out on the air
As the bird sings the joy of the day.

We struggle and fret
That some gold we may get
To buy up the pleasures of life;
But no money can buy
The treasures that lie
All unnoticed, because of our strife.

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste



The All-Around General Cleaner

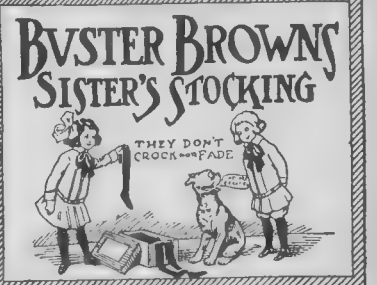
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For Hard Wear

Buster Brown Stockings are made to stand the test of rough and tumble play in which every healthy boy—your boy—spends half his time. Buster Brown stockings are the greatest wear resisters ever made—the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with three-ply heel and toe, well knitted, well finished and fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan.

No more darning if you buy Buster Brown Stockings.



Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

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MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONTARIO

Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children

HOW A MONTREAL WOMAN SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF CLOTHES

By MADELAINE MACLAIN

LAST spring a Montreal woman suddenly found herself face to face with the necessity of maintaining herself and three children on half the income that had previously been available for her use. Her husband had joined one of the early formed volunteer regiments and had gone to the "front." The family savings account was not large, and the mother of three realized that in order to provide food and clothing for herself and her children—two girls of seven and ten and a boy of five—on her reduced allowance, she would have to practice greater economies than those to which she had been accustomed.

A real problem was the matter of clothes. She had always taken pride in dressing herself and her little ones attractively. But now not only did she have less money to spend, but every article of clothing had increased in price. Unfortunately, this woman had never learned to sew, and this meant she was entirely dependent upon ready-made clothes or the rather expensive services of a dressmaker.

Then one evening, when she was beginning to realize the pressing need of some new dresses for herself and new clothes for the children for summer, she read in one of the women's magazines of the wonderful work being done by a school of domestic arts and sciences in New York which taught dressmaking and millinery entirely by mail. The article told of how hundreds of women with no knowledge of sewing whatever had learned by this new method in their own homes to make stylish clothes and hats for themselves for half or less what their clothes had previously cost them.

The story seemed almost too good to be true, for she could scarcely believe that the art of dressmaking could be learned entirely by correspondence. But she realized that if it could be done satisfactorily, it would solve her own immediate problem. So she wrote to the school and in a few days received a delightfully interesting book that explained clearly just how the instructions were given and gave a complete description of just what the course would enable her to do. Furthermore, the tuition

asked was so reasonable that she saw she could quickly make it up through savings on her own clothes. So she enrolled as a student.

The other day I met this little woman on the street. She was faultlessly dressed. In fact, her clothes struck me as being quite beyond the means of one in her circumstances. And the two little girls with her were wearing the most charming frocks and coats that I have seen this season. Of course, I remarked about her clothes—I just had to compliment her—and then she told me all about it, just as I have told you.

"It is just a few months," she said, "since I read of the Woman's Institute, and to think that in so short a time I could learn to make every article that the children and I are wearing. I have even made most all of Bobbie's clothes. We are all better dressed than we ever could be before, and we have more clothes than we had last season, although they have cost less than half what I was counting on having to spend. I think it is really the most wonderful opportunity that has ever come to women."

"And another thing," she said, "it has answered a big question that has been way back in my mind all the time. If anything should happen, I can now earn a comfortable living for us all."

The case of this brave little woman interested me so much that I have been making inquiries and find that, at the present time, no less than five hundred women in all parts of Canada have learned by this new method to make their own clothes—all with a success quite as great as that of my Montreal friend. And so I thought I would tell this story so that every reader of Everywoman's World might know about it. If you are at all interested in saving money on your clothes, or in taking up either dressmaking or millinery as a profession, I suggest that you write direct to the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences, Dept. 16-W, 425 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., telling them whether you are most interested in home or professional dressmaking or millinery. They will send you a charming illustrated book telling all about their courses and methods of teaching.

Fashions and Patterns

A Smart Dress, Suitable for Many Occasions. Waist—2182. Skirt—2181. Composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern No. 2182 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2181. Figured shantung, in tan and green, is here combined with Georgette crepe in a contrasting shade. The sleeve is new and novel. The collar and pocket are also new in their shaping. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt also in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. For the entire dress for a medium size it will require 6 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2½ yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Simple Dress for School and Home Wear. 2176—This style is good for gingham, serge, cashmere, lawn, voile,

'raglan style and made with one seam. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6½ yards of 54-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Style for Home or Porch Wear. 2001—Ladies' House Dress, with or without back yoke, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. Gray and white striped seersucker is here shown. The waist has gathered fulness beneath a square yoke, which may be omitted. The sleeve, in wrist length, is finished with a band cuff. In shorter length, a neat, pointed cuff forms a suitable trimming. The skirt has roomy pockets and is a three-piece model. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6¾ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards



batiste, organdy, repp, poplin, silk or percale. The guimpe may be of the same material as the dress, or of contrasting goods. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 1¾ yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe, and 3½ yards for the dress, of 36-inch material, for a 10-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Summer Dress. 2171—This model is lovely for soft crepe, silk, gingham, organdy, challie, batiste, voile and lawn. The waist is finished in shaped outline, below the waistline. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Model, a Good Coat for General Wear. 2185—This model is good for pile fabrics, zibeline, corduroy, velour, wool mixtures, double faced cloth, also for silk and velvet. The sleeve is in

at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Some New Things for the Baby. 2186—Infant's Set, consisting of a cap, a sack, a nightgown and a dress. Muslin, cambric, flannel or flannelette will do nicely for the nightgown, while lawn or nainsook is suitable for the dress, with embroidery, tucking and lace or edging for decoration. The sack will look well in silk, cashmere, flannel, or flannelette, and the cap is suitable for lawn, silk or "allover" embroidery. For the dress of flouncing, it will require 1¾ yards of 36-inch material with 1¼ yards of plain material for yoke and sleeves. Of nainsook or lawn 36 inches wide it will require 2¼ yards. The gown will require 2½ yards of 24 or 27-inch material. The cap, ½ yard of 18-inch material. The sack requires ¾ yard of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

2173—Dress for Misses and Small Women. This is a very attractive style, good for linen, silk, lawn, gabardine,

STOP-ON WHITE

The Best Possible Dressing for
: : Your WHITE SHOES : :

DRIES PURE WHITE
DOES NOT RUB OFF
ASK FOR IT AT YOUR DEALERS
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS



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and those with weak stomachs,
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than the real beer that can be
made in your own home with
HOP MALT EXTRACT
This beer is wholesome and invigorating. Anyone can make it. Small tins, \$1.00; large, \$1.50, prepaid. Agents wanted. Write at once.
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Hop Malt Co. - Beamsville, Ont.

Had To Sit Up To Sleep

Her Heart Was So Bad.

Through one cause or another a large majority of people are troubled, more or less, with some sort of heart trouble, but when it starts to beat irregularly, and every once in a while pains seem to shoot through it, then it causes anxiety and alarm.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will give prompt and permanent relief to all those suffering from any weakness of the heart or nerves.

Mrs. A. Russell, Niagara Falls, Ont., writes: "At nights I could not sleep, and had to sit up in bed my heart would beat so fast."

When I went to walk very far I would get all out of breath, and would have to sit down and rest before I could go any further. I was advised to get Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and before I had used two boxes I could sleep and walk as far as I liked without any trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE C. P. R. GIVES YOU TWENTY YEARS TO PAY

An immense area of the most fertile land in Western Canada for sale at low prices and easy terms ranging from \$11 to \$30 for farm lands with ample rainfall—irrigated lands up to \$50. One-tenth down, balance if you wish within twenty years. In certain areas, land for sale without settlement conditions. In irrigation districts, loan for farm buildings, etc. up to \$2000, also repayable in twenty years—interest only 6 per cent. Here is your opportunity to increase your farm holdings by getting adjoining land, or to secure your friends as neighbors. For literature and particulars apply to Allan Cameron, Gen'l Supt. of Lands, Department of Natural Resources, C. P. R., 911 First Street East, Calgary, Alberta.

Catalogue Notice

SEND 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Fall & Winter 1917-1918 Catalogue containing 550 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a Concise and Comprehensive Article on Dressmaking, also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

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Write for booklet and testimonials.

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Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. If unobtainable, order direct.

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Central Business College
WINNIPEG, MAN.
CATALOGUES FREE.

shantung, serge and Jersey cloth. The skirt and waist are joined at raised waistline. The sleeve is new and novel. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Summer Gown. 2175—Dress for Misses and Small Women. In white organdy or lawn, this model will be very attractive. It is also nice for silk, gingham, voile, serge, satin, linen and batiste. The closing is at the left side of the front. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material. Skirt measures about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Jaunty Coat for Girls. 2192—This model has inserted pockets in pouch

jersey cloth, serge, silk or satin. Pattern 2184 furnishes the coat blouse and waist, and 2187 the skirt. The waist and coat blouse are cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, for the waist, and 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards for the blouse, for a 36-inch size. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes also: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure, and requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Practical Apron Model. 2168—Drill, linen, khaki, alpaca, lawn, cambric, gingham, seersucker and chambray are nice for this style. The pocket may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 6 $\frac{1}{8}$



effect. The fronts are lapped at the revers edges, but may be rolled high, as in the small collar view. The sleeve is a two-piece model. This style is nice for cheviot, zibeline and other coatings, also for velvet, corduroy and silk. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires, for a 14-year size, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Dress for the Little Miss. 2183—Here is a smart little dress for warm, summer days—to which is added a guimpe with long or short sleeves, for cool weather. The style is fine for lawn, dimity, voile, repp, pique, linen, challie and albatross. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires for a 6-year size 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards for the guimpe and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards for the dress, of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Charming Three-Piece Suit. Coat-Waist 2184. Skirt 2187. The waist of this could be of crepe, silk or crepe de chine, and the coat blouse and skirt of

yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Jaunty Blouse. 2189—This style is good for flannel, serge, crepe, voile, satin, silk and crepe de chine. The fronts are gathered to yoke extensions of the back. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An Ideal House Dress. 2170—This model is unique and practical. It is made with reversible closing, and its fulness is held by a belt that fastens at the centre back. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Deep, ample pockets trim the fronts. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size, 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The dress measures about 3 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Millions of tins for the boys at the front

are needed to pack their pork and beans, their milk, etc. Don't do a single thing to stop that supply of tin.

You don't need to buy biscuit in tins. Our system of frequent prompt shipments to dealers of biscuit in paraffine-lined cardboard cartons brings you the nicest, freshest biscuits you have ever tasted—without a tin being used. Try

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packed in the triple-sealed, striped carton only. It's a duty to conserve the tin supply. Your dealer has Som-Mor Biscuit or can get them.

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21

DYSPEPSIA MADE A WRECK OF HER.

Ontario Soldier's Wife made worse by ordinary remedies, but soon cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Mary Lawrance, 9, May-Place, Kitchener, Ont., writes:—"Dr. Cassell's Tablets have made me a new woman. I used to be terribly depressed and suffered so much from Dyspepsia that I was almost a physical wreck. I tried various things, which only seemed to make me worse, and then at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They changed my whole outlook on life. I am well now, I romp with my children, and am looking hopefully forward to my soldier husband's return."

A free sample of Dr. Cassell's Tablets will be sent to you on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing. Address: Harold F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the supreme remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Troubles, Sleeplessness, Anaemia, Nervous Ailments, and Nerve Paralysis, and for Weakness in Children. Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life. Price 50 cents per tube, six tubes for the price of five, from Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Don't waste your money on imitations; get the genuine Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

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IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH

Drink a beverage having the tonic properties and general flavor of the finest beer. Easily made in your own home with

HOP MALT EXTRACT

Made only from pure hops and malt. An aid to digestion. Excellent for convalescents. Anyone can make it.

Small tins, \$1.00; large, \$1.50

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Rose Bud Ring Free Gold Filled, Guaranteed for 3 years. Set with beautiful Rose Bud. To introduce our big business, we will send this ring any size for 12c to help pay advertising. Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 18 Battle Creek, Mich.

Correspondence

RHEUMATISM WAS MOST SEVERE

Dreadful Pains All The Time Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



MR. LAMPSON

Verona, Ont., Nov. 11th., 1915.

"I suffered for a number of years with Rheumatism and severe Pains in Side and Back, from strains and heavy lifting.

When I had given up hope of ever being well again, a friend recommended "Fruit-a-tives" to me and after using the first box I felt so much better that I continued to take them, and now I am enjoying the best of health, thanks to your remedy".

W. M. LAMPSON.

If you—who are reading this—have any Kidney or Bladder Trouble, or suffer with Rheumatism or Pain In The Back or Stomach Trouble—give "Fruit-a-tives" a fair trial. This wonderful fruit medicine will do you a world of good, as it cures when everything else fails.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.



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LADIES—We make your combings into switches, any quantity, for... \$3.00

Satisfaction Guaranteed
New Hair added to
Combings if desired

We carry a full line of
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HILL'S WONDER RING FREE
Will never tarnish—made of Persian Ivory. Will last a life time. To make new friends I will send this Ring for 12c to help pay adv. Order today—now.
R. C. Hill, Dept. 19 Battle Creek, Mich.

Who Are Slackers?

Dear Editor:—Our parents have been subscribers to your most interesting paper for about twenty years, and we like it fine. We are farmers' daughters and this is our first letter, so we hope it will escape the W.P.B. If any lonely bachelor or any of the girls wish to correspond with us, we will gladly answer all letters. Our addresses are with the Editor.

About slackers—we have two brothers of military age and they are each working a half-section farm without hired men. Does any one think they should be called "slackers?" We do not, the Allies need grain as well as men.

Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, we will sign ourselves.

"Clover Blossom."
"Forest Fern."

From the Firing Line

Dear Editor:—Would you kindly allow me space in your valuable paper for a few lines. I have just finished reading an issue of your Western Home Monthly, and as I have a little time, I thought I would scribble a few lines. Before I came out here I used to be a subscriber to your paper, but I always manage to get an issue of it even on the battle-field. It is greatly prized by all the boys, also myself, especially the correspondence column. Well we are not like "Lonely Boy" at all, as we are not the least bit lonely out here, it is a bit quiet just now, but about a month ago it was somewhat different. I quite agree with "Pocahontas." If we had all stayed at home we would soon not have had any farms to work on. I myself left the farm and enlisted. I lived out in Western Manitoba, in fact on one of the sections of land alongside the boundary line of Saskatchewan, but I thought it my duty to enlist. We are having real Canadian weather just now, pretty hot, and of course our "tin lids" or rather "steel helmets" contract quite a bit of heat. The country around here looks lovely at present, even in its shattered condition. The trees and shrubs (what is left of them) are nice and green. Also around some of those old ruined towns one will find a rose bush here and there that has grown unscathed by shot or shell blooming sweetly, heedless of the great struggle that is raging only a short distance away. Even as I write, I can hear the roar of our big guns sending over to Fritz some iron rations.

I believe I will have to stop this scribble. Wishing the club, also The Western Home Monthly every success. I will sign myself

"Scotty."

P.S.—Would like to hear from any of the members especially "Pocahontas". My address is with the Editor.

Wants to Hear from Boys in Khaki

Dear Editor:—I have been a silent reader of your paper for sometime, and have at last plucked up enough courage to write.

I am a young farm girl and have lived on the farm all my life, so I hardly agree with "Pocahontas" about farm boys enlisting. She says that the business men need their boys as well as the farmers, if it was not for the farmers the Allies would be without food.

"Pocahontas" also says that she would not be seen with a civilian unless he had reasonable excuse for being here.

I went to a picnic the other day and there were no soldiers there, they were all young men without any excuse for not being at the front, only they are farmers, "Pocahontas" will likely call them all "slackers" because they did not enlist. I agree with "Irish Nora" about young men being called "slackers" by the young girls, but I think it is mostly the city girls who call them "slackers."

Would be pleased to hear from any lonely boys in khaki, but cannot promise to write very interesting letters as it is so quiet here and we are a long way from a town or railway.

"Sunshine."

Worms in children, if they be not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

About Slackers

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to your correspondence page, and I hope it will not be my last, I have been very busy of late and could not find time to write, but I now take the pleasure in scribbling a few lines to you.

I quite agree with "Irish Nora," in connection with the "slacker." I do not regard every man in civilian clothes a "slacker," but there are some who truthfully may be called "slackers," but who are they? Are they the farmers? No! I reckon not; the "slacker," is the person who hangs around the employment agency looking for work "and praying he won't find it." He is the one who should be called the "slacker," not the person who is staying at home on his little old homestead raising wheat to feed the ones who have already offered their services for their King and Country. I will sign myself

"Night Hawk."

Wants a Shorthand Correspondent

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested reader of your page for the past few years, but this is the first time I have written. I will try and make it worth while printing with the rest of your enjoyable letters. I have derived much pleasure from your page and it has helped to pass away many hours which would otherwise have been lonely.

I am a farmer's daughter and the eldest of six children at home. I help with the work both inside and out, but prefer the outside work, having done a lot this spring, such as plowing, milking, gardening and various chores around the farm. After spending the winter at Business College, I am out on the farm for the summer on account of the shortage of farm hands.

For a while back in The Western Home Monthly the main discussions on your page seem to be the war and slackers. "Irish Nora's" letter in your last issue voiced my ideas of the slacker and I would add that when applying that term to anyone we should be careful that we are not slackers ourselves. I know of many girls and women who go about pointing out whom they think are slackers and are doing nothing themselves.

As I write Gregg Shorthand, I would like a correspondent who can also write that system. There are no girls around here of my age, so time hangs rather heavily at times. I would also be pleased to hear from a western cowboy or any girl, as I am greatly interested in Western Canada. My address is with the Editor.

My favorite time of the day is the
"Twilight."

Interesting Words From a School Marm

Dear Editor and Readers:—Will you pardon an intrusion and allow me a space in your Correspondence Column?

Only recently have I become a subscriber to your paper, "The Western Home Monthly," although my mother has taken it before. I enjoy reading the various pages, and especially the Correspondence Columns, which contain some very good letters.

I am a school teacher (not an old maid, though, by any means, as the majority of teachers are mistaken to be) and enjoy the work fairly well, but there are many difficulties to encounter in this profession (as in any other, I suppose), especially in the country districts, where I have been engaged in teaching during the past year and a half. I am extremely fond of writing stories and could spend the greater part of my time, if it were possible, at this and fancy work. But my patience and time have been too much engaged in teaching to indulge in such pleasant pastimes. (But please don't get the impression that I am a miserable crank.) Sports, such as dancing, skating, horse-back riding, and almost any outdoor exercise are also enjoyments of mine, although I have taken very little interest in these things, lately. I have taken several lessons in oratory and expect to, in the near future, try my luck at music.

I am a Canadian girl and was born on a farm in Manitoba, where my

Had Awful Cramps Last Summer.

Suffered Two Days And Nights.

"Dr. Fowler's" Cured Her.

There is no other kind of disease comes on one so quickly and with so little warning as an attack of cramps, colic or bowel complaint in one form or another.

A person may retire at night in the best of health, and before morning be awakened by terrific cramps followed by diarrhoea or dysentery.

At this season of the year when bowel troubles are so prevalent, it would be wise to take the precaution of having a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the house, ready for any emergency.

Mrs. F. Martin, Brandon, Man., writes: "Last summer, in the hot weather, I was taken very sick in the middle of the night with awful cramps. I suffered two days and nights when the doctor was called in. He prescribed pills and powders which gave little or no relief. A friend said that if she were in my place she would order a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It came about noon, and the next afternoon I was able to sit up. I highly recommend 'Dr. Fowler's' above anything else, for I have proved it to be the best bowel complaint remedy I know of."

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for 72 years. Be sure and get the genuine when you ask for it. Price 35c. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bed-ridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 335D Gurney Bldg.,

Syracuse, N.Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

Children Need Help

Spanking doesn't cure bed-wetting—the trouble is due to weakness of the internal organs. My successful home treatment will be found helpful. Send no money, but write me to-day. My treatment is equally successful for adults troubled with urinary difficulties.

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 86, Windsor, Ont.

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You can read music like this quickly
Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly
Illustration make everything plain. Only expense
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The Western Home Monthly

parents, who are both English, resided for almost forty years, until a little over a year ago. Isn't this a record to have? They were the earliest settlers in that district and, I can assure you, they have had some thrilling experiences in their pioneer days and have endured many hardships. Still, they say those were the best days. They would still have been on the farm, had it not been for a sad and terrible misfortune that befell us, when through carelessness, over a year ago, we lost our only brother, a smart, young man commencing his noble career of manhood. For this sole reason we left the farm, for my brother was the only help my parents had. It was indeed a cruel blow, and one which can never be forgotten. There is only one spot that is dear to me in the old home now, and that is my dear brother's grave.

Dear Readers, won't it be a grand and glorious time when peace, firm and lasting, shall be proclaimed throughout the wide world? This is certainly a time of gloom and sadness, and many hearts are weary, wishing for the war to cease. I suppose there are few homes which this terrible conflict has not touched in some way or other. All my relatives, that are able to enlist, are either in training or at the front doing their bit. I have also many friends there. Had my poor brother been spared, he, too, would have enlisted. Oh, mothers, you who are called upon to make the supreme sacrifice in this great struggle, ought to feel justly proud of your brave boys, for they could never die a grander death nor fill a nobler grave. They have sacrificed all in this life for the justice and honor of the nation and their loved ones. Their names shall never be forgotten.

Should I be fortunate enough in having this letter printed, I shall endeavor to write again, provided I am granted the privilege. And, now while wishing the Editor and readers every success in the future, I will sign myself,

"Infelice."

Pleased with the West

Dear Editor:—I have been a very interested reader of your valuable paper for some years. I am especially interested in the Correspondence Column. This is my second attempt at writing letters to this page. My former one was not printed, but I think it must have been burned in the fire in the Stovel Building, as it was shortly before that I sent it in. I hope this endeavor at writing a letter will be more fortunate.

In reading the letters in the July number, I was greatly pleased with "Irish Nora's" letter. I think she was just right in her opinion about boys being called "slackers."

I would like to correspond with "Irish Nora." I think by her letter she would be inclined to be somewhat witty. I haven't seen any of "Mere Bachelor's" letters published lately. Have the young ladies frightened him?

I am living in a thickly populated district called "Wycollar." No doubt a good many of the readers will think that a strange name, as a great many have thought when they first heard it. But never mind, it is not as strange as it sounds. I have lived here for ten years and think there is no other district like it. We have a large number of young people and that is not the case in many districts in the West. Through the efforts of our present minister we have organized "A Young Peoples' Society," a splendid idea, which I think every rural district should carry out. It not only causes a meeting of the people, but it brings out the different views on the different subjects, and then it acts as a kind of recreation from the daily routine of work. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

We meet every Wednesday evening in the school, and have various topics discussed. Some nights a debate, such as: "Resolved that a man should pay his wife a certain wage every month." Other times we have socials or picnics. A great interest in these meetings is shown by all the members.

I will be pleased to hear from any of the members and will try to answer their letters.

"A Wycollarite."

Music in the Country Home

By Musicus

When we speak of music in the home, let us never forget that it is in the farm and the country home where good music has its purest and sincerest expression. City homes, even town homes, may have more music. Country homes get more out of music. In the city a family may be here this evening, out to-morrow; almost any evening one or more of the family is out somewhere. Seldom do we hear in a city a family gathered of themselves to enjoy an evening of music produced by the members of the family. As a general thing, it's somebody else that is invited to sing or to play. The family sit back and listen.

But for simple and charming enjoyment of music, appreciated every minute from the time dishes are washed until bedtime, commend us to the country home. There's a reason why the piano in the farm home becomes such a wise investment. There's just as good a reason why in many a city home a piano might as well be a sideboard for all the music it makes. The poor thing waits till somebody comes along to play it. In the farm home the piano gets a chance to be heard every evening. It was put there to make home more enjoyable, not to demonstrate what any member of the family or any visitor who happens to come in is able to do in playing it.

And it's no longer necessary to draw any line between good music on the farm and anywhere else. In the present practice of teaching, most of the world's best simple music is available for the farm home. It's a long while since one book of piano pieces—Richardson's or somebody else's—was the only thing to be found on the parlor instrument. Sheet music has been popularized. People know what is going on in the world of good and interesting music. They know that such music was made for people to enjoy. It makes no difference how long it takes this or that member of a family to learn a new piece. There's a joy to mother and father, weary of the day's work, in just listening to the same pieces practised over and over. Sometimes one piece goes a long way. It's appreciated, every bar of it. No such thing as saying:

"Oh, won't you please play something?"

"Ah! Thanks so much. Wasn't it pretty! What is it? Please play another."

There's nobody asked as a general thing to play or to sing in a country home who is not asked to do so because of a sincere desire to hear the piece. Mere politeness has nothing to do with it. Many and many a time have I sat and turned out pieces on a reed organ or a new piano in a farmhouse almost by the hour while the family sat back and listened until one by one the members were induced to get up and play. We were all gathered to have an evening of real enjoyment. Mother went on with her knitting or her patchwork quilt. Father read the paper. Perhaps some of the others played a game. But the music went right on and nobody missed a bar of it.

Still, I remember so many evenings when music was the only thing. There was a genuine hunger for it. Nobody wanted even to read while it was going on. And under such conditions everybody who played naturally did his or her best. There came to be real enjoyment in the doing of it.

Very often bedtime came before most of us knew it. The evening flew away on the wings of music. Nobody came in very often for a week. It made very little difference most of the time, so long as we had plenty of good music.

Of course, some people who don't think much of music say that music keeps people from being sociable. No such thing. I know that every new piano in a farm settlement meant a new centre of interest for the neighbors. We all wanted to hear it. Pianos were not such commonplace things to us as they seem to be in a town. Go down any city street, and you can find as many pianos as there are poles on the street, counting even the lamp-posts. Out in the country, pianos as a rule average at the most about four in a mile.

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What the World is Saying

Before There Can be Peace

The time to discuss peace will date from the day the enemy asks for terms, instead of offering them.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Kultur

"Microbes Made in Germany!" Oh, no, only naturalized there. They were made in Hades.—Paris Journal.

Not Like Alexander the Great

The new Alexander—of Greece—is not sighing for more worlds to conquer.—Montreal Gazette.

Inventive in Treachery and Falsehood

Edwin Pugh says the Germans are not an inventive race. Has Mr. Pugh been following Berlin's official war reports?—Chicago Tribune.

The Blockade

The gaping holds of the Dutch and Scandinavian ships lined up in port stand for a deal of emptiness in terms of German stomachs.—New York Herald.

The Fallen Czar

Nicholas Romanoff exceeded his prerogatives in falling off a bicycle and breaking his leg. One fall is enough for Humpty Dumpty.—Vancouver Sun.

Quite So

With regard to some persistent pro-Kaiser agents in this country, what they need is not internment, but interment.—Amsterdam Telegraaf.

The Kaiser's Talk

We note, too, a curious omission in the recent utterances of William the Unsilent. No reference is made to his former partner—the silent partner—Von Gott.—London Opinion.

Berlin Bravado

A Berlin paper declares that only "dreamers" expect Germany to release Belgium. Germany is the dreamer and her awakening will be a bitter one.—Manchester Guardian.

Just Punishment

The determination of the seventeen nations now at war with the Central Powers is to make those powers understand that they are to be punished for their crimes.—London Times.

No Flinching at the Front

About the only compromise that the boys in the trenches would listen to would be to strike an average of July and January weather.—Washington Post.

Women Sailors of Russia

Russia's first detachment of women sailors has been sent to the Murman coast. Of course, says H.H., a corresponding number of Russian jackies will be assigned to the Murmaid seaboard.—Hamilton Herald.

England's Quebec

Do you know there is a Quebec in England? There is. It is a village in Durham, and it has sent every available man to the army. So what's in a name after all?—Toronto Telegram.

Iron Crosses by the Ton

If the tons upon tons of iron crosses awarded in Germany had only been dropped from airplanes, the destruction of London might have been completed.—Dundee Courier.

It Means Nothing in German

Lloyd George says his country's honor is pledged to the restoration of Serbia. And "honor" still means something in English, French, Italian and the other Allied languages.—Providence Journal.

The Kaiser's Jaw

The story that the Kaiser's jaw had been injured by an assassin is branded by the Germans themselves as false. If it hasn't broken under the strain from within, exterior force could scarcely affect it.—London Truth.

"The Last German Gasp"

Michaelis says that Germany will fight to the last gasp. It is interesting to note that he means the last German gasp. The time has passed when Germany hoped to hear her enemies gasp their last.—Ottawa Citizen.

Moved, in Amendment

A correspondent suggests to us that the representatives and tools of the Kaiser in the American Congress should be hanged in effigy. We indorse the word "hanged," and move to amend by striking out the words "in effigy."—New York Sun.

A Fate That is His Due

Here's hoping the story of the attempted assassination of the Kaiser by an American is untrue and that nobody succeeds in a similar attempt. If there is one man on earth who should be kept alive till after the war it is William of Germany.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Men and Women

Charles Kingsley's famous mid-Victorian sentimentality, "For men must work and women must weep," is made obsolete by women at forge and lathe and furnace as well as by the bed of the wounded and dying.—London Daily Chronicle.

A Submarine Captain's Remark

"You and the British have too damn many ships," said a German submarine commander after sinking the American barkentine Hillagaard. This practical difficulty might have occurred to Berlin before beginning the campaign of sea frightfulness.—New York World.

Beyond Comprehension

How Kaiser Bill can say "God is with us" and then send a squadron of airplanes to England on Sunday morning to slay innocent non-combatants cannot be reconciled in the minds of those having human intelligence.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Need of Food Economy

Premier Lloyd George says Britain's food supply for two years is secured with reasonable economy. That reasonable economy must be practised in Canada just as much as in Great Britain if the speaker's words are to be made good.—Toronto Globe.

For a Free Canada

There is no middle course possible in fighting this war. It is a case of life or death for a free Canada. Those who are not with us are against us. Help to win, help all you are able, or quit saying you want the Allies to win.—Toronto Star.

Iron Crosses

Up to the end of June Germany had distributed 2,250,000 Iron Crosses, and is continuing to peddle them out at the rate of 26,000 a month. The German who has managed to avoid one so far is the boy to get a special medal after the war.—Victoria Colonist.

No Peace Until Germany Falls

No terms that Germany agrees to accept can be worth having. The only terms that can justify the awful sacrifices of the war will be those to which a humbled and contrite Germany will eventually be forced to submit. The enemy must be beaten in the air, on the land, and on the sea. The Hohenzollern bubble must be pricked. Then there will be peace.—London Daily Express.

The All-Highest is the Head Jonah

The theory that the Kaiser dropped Hollweg because he reminded him too much of the "scrap of paper" incident may, of course, be correct. But if the All Highest undertakes to lighten ship every time the sight of some subordinate makes him think of something he would prefer to forget, there are bound to be many Germans whose first name is Jonah.—New York Times.

The Work of the British Navy

Great Britain's command of the open seas in the present war is the outstanding achievement of mankind up to this date in world history. It is the proudest result of modern scientific progress, embodying as it does the employment of all known devices for the conquest of distance and time. It is a demonstration of the sum total of what man has accomplished up to this period in the eternal conflict with Nature. Few minds are capable of grasping the real greatness of this British achievement. For the appreciation deserved, it will require the perspective of future history in which, beyond doubt, it will stand as a milestone in the progress of mankind, a summing up of the ceaseless toil of the ages. Take off your hat to the British sailor! He deserves it.—Boston Transcript.

No Peace Without Victory

"We shall not continue this war one day longer to make conquest if we can make peace with honor," unctuously asseverates Germany's new Chancellor, holding in his hand, no doubt, "the sword from on high." We shall not end this war one day short of that victory for our forces afloat and afield, which will humble the Hun, restore the peace of righteousness and avenge the honor of an outraged world. That is America's answer to this latest bid from Berlin for barter. It will take blood and treasure, and it may take years, but there will be no turning back from the task, no time-killing conversation or correspondence about a compromise.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Baby-Killers

Is it supposed that the average Englishman, seeing the streets of his native town fouled with a disgusting outrage of this kind, will promptly cry out for peace with its authors? A more grotesque supposition never entered the brain of a madman. If the German Government desire to destroy the last hope of any kind of understanding with the British people, this is the way to do it.—London Daily Mail.

What the Kaiser Knows

That any one should be blind to the designs of the German war party is incredible, and the silly peace propagandists in Canada and elsewhere who imagine that Germany's present proposals for peace have any other aim than a respite and leisure to recuperate have only themselves to thank when the Kaiser reckons them among his allies. The recent changes in the German Government are not meant to encourage peace, but to strengthen the war forces. The Kaiser knows that for him it must be victory or the ruin and downfall of his dynasty.—Halifax Herald.

German Bluff

Chancellor Michaelis, in pretending that Germany is in a position to dictate the terms of peace is a bluffer, as all his predecessors were. You cannot believe a word that comes from a German statesman regarding existing conditions. He has the same profound contempt for the United States intervention as the Kaiser had for "Kitchener's contemptible little army," and it is about as well grounded. The United States has drawn the sword to win and the American sword will not be sheathed until the victory is won. The hair-brained chatter of Berlin proves that the Huns are worried by the appearance of the Americans on land and sea.—Liverpool Post.

Britain's Far-Flung Line

It was possible for England to talk about her "far-flung battle line" twenty years ago, when Kipling wrote the Recessional. But what about that line to-day. England has two million men in France; her navy has controlled the sea since the outbreak of the war. There is a British expedition in Mesopotamia and a British expeditionary force at Salonika. British monitors and British artillery are operating with the Italians near Trieste and British armored cars are supporting the Russian armies on the Eastern front. The plaint that "England has done nothing in this war" has about died away—and with good cause.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

As to German "Efficiency"

Every day brings new evidence that Prussia was efficient only in attaining a successful start on a journey; true efficiency is based on a successful beginning and a successful ending. An automobile that runs wild and maims its passengers but whose engine continues running amid the wreckage in a ditch is just as "efficient" as the Prussian military machine to-day. The exploding engine may harm the passengers more or the gas tank may burst into flame and sear innocent persons, but the machine fails to answer the purpose for which it was built. Every German actor with his old clothes, every soldier in his paper uniform and every barefooted student thus becomes a living advertisement of the fact that the machine "made in Germany" is not giving the service its builders promised.—Paris Figaro.

What Does "Old Fritz" Think?

In his latest speech—to his troops on the Western Front—the Kaiser made a special reference to his "well-beloved" Dragoon Regiment of Bayreuth, of Hohenfriedberg fame. This regiment had the proud satisfaction of being told it has fulfilled "the expectations of its Supreme War Lord," and that it has "accomplished deeds which will please old Fritz up there in the Elysian fields." Possibly old Fritz may have been pleased with the feats of this particular regiment, whatever they may have been, but we would give a good deal for a copy of the Elysian Fields Gazette with a full, true, and particular account of old Fritz's emotions on the course of the war in general.—Westminster Gazette.

Bismarck's Secrets in England

When Bismarck died he left instructions that the concluding portion of his memoirs should not be published until after the deaths of all the persons mentioned therein. This section of the great statesman's autobiography described his relations with the present Kaiser, and doubtless treated Wilhelm and his chosen friends with characteristic Bismarckian candor. Although Bismarck created modern Germany, he had no great trust in the modern German. For safety's sake the temporarily suppressed manuscript was, therefore, deposited with the Bank of England. It is there still. The British Government might well seize this "enemy property" and publish it. The German Government would, of course, shriek "Forgery!" but Bismarck is still the hero of his fellow-countrymen, and the influence of his last words might hasten disillusionment and peace.—Paris Matin.



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